

OCTOBER

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THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1907

	Page
LIFE STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE.	
Sir Robert Gillies Reid	11
Showing what the railway king has done for Newfoundland.	
Robert Henderson, Discoverer of the Klondike - By Major H. J. Woodside	104
William Henry Drummond By Clara Morris	106
An afternoon with Canada's "Habitué" poet.	
BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.	
Personality in the Working Force By G. H. Barbour	46
Personality is a strong factor in business success.	
ENTERTAINING SHORT STORIES.	
A Present for Teacher Grace L. Collins	17
How a young boy was aided in selecting a gift.	
Cupid Goes Stammering By Alice Hagen Rice	29
A novel courtship.	
Jimmy Hogan -By Robert Alexander Watson	39
The ghost and the gold.	
The Decree of the Woodshed Court By M. F. Ferguson	50
Administering Justice in a novel way.	
An Enterprising Man By Alfred B. Sampleigh	79
A story of a strong advertisement.	
TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.	
The Fisher Folk of Labrador By Dr. Grenfell	71
What Dr. Grenfell has done for Labrador.	
POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.	
Past, Present and Future of the Middle Classes By T. H. Everett	28
Meeting the requirements of these classes.	
China's Rejection of Opium By W. G. Tily-Gerald	34
How China is suppressing the use of opium.	
Parties and the British Empire are Drifting By Arthur Warren	63
Some of the evil effects of the party system.	
The Canadian Railway Commission	101
Showing how the Commission is improving Canadian railroads.	
SCIENCE AND INVENTION.	
The Right Time -By Clarence Rook	55
How Greenwich synchronizes the world's clocks.	
Sleep and Its Counterparts By Woods Hutchinson	112
How a tired head affects working efficiency.	



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ARTICLES FOR THE WORKERS.

The Mongolian as a Workingman	By Dr. Hufschmidt	119
The Pacific coast's experience with the Oriental problem.		
Co-Operation Brings Success		98
Showing the necessity of co-operation.		

WOMEN AND THE HOME.

The Influence of Business Life on Women	By Anna Richardson	57
A serious sociological problem		
Disadvantages of Family Concentration		110

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Individual Factor in Health	By Estelle Miles	41
Showing how the individual is to be guided according to health facts.		
Where Poison Haunts Men's Daily Work	By William Hard	66
The heavy toll in human life exacted by many modern industries.		
Wreckers of the Broken Coast	By Clive Holland	75
Destroying ocean ships for sake of plunder.		
The Good Features of Christian Science	By Rev. F. Eagles	123
What Christian Science stands for.		
What Men of Note are Saying		126
The Busy Man's Book Shelf		145
Humor in Magazines		148
"Weary Willie!"—A Railway Problem		103
How the railroads are solving the tramp problem.		

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XIV

OCTOBER 1907

No 5

Sir Robert Gillespie Reid

Commercial Magazine



IN the recent distribution of Royal birth-day honors, Mr. Robert Gillespie Reid, of Montreal and Newfoundland, was elevated to the dignity of Knight-

ness of the Province and making accessible to the prospector, the investor, the sportsman and the tourist the varied attractions this long-neglected island possesses, and the opportunities for the profitable employment of capital which it is now known to afford in abundance.

hood. This distinction was conferred upon him in recognition of his splendid achievements both here and in the Dominion and in the sister colony, where he is a sort of colonial colossus, a railway and steamship magnate who stands unequalled and whose other varied and progressive enterprises—in mining, lumbering, and the operation of dry docks, street-cars, electric lighting and similar industrial ventures, make him a unique figure in the front rank of the captains of industry whose far-seeing and all-embracing projects are revolutionizing the world in these latter days.

When the history of the marvellous progress of British North America the past thirty years comes to be written, the name of Robert G. Reid will be found linked with those of Donald Smith and George Stephen, the famous pioneers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as what they did for the Dominion in opening up the silent places of the vast Northwest, he has done for our eastern neighbor with the Reid Newfoundland Railway in penetrating the untrodden wilder-

nesses of that Province and making accessible to the prospector, the investor, the sportsman and the tourist the varied attractions this long-neglected island possesses, and the opportunities for the profitable employment of capital which it is now known to afford in abundance.

It is rather remarkable the principal figures in the stupendous enterprises which have rendered Canada so prominent since Confederation should all be Scotchmen and that the genius of the Scottish race should find such repeated expression in the development of the great Dominion. Thus, the Hudson Bay Company is officered almost entirely by Scotchmen. The Canadian Pacific Railway was projected and carried to a successful issue by Scotchmen. The Bank of Montreal has been made one of the world's greatest financial factors by Scotchmen. The Allan Steamship Company—Canada's special shipping line—owes its origin and its success to a Scotch family, and the forward march of Newfoundland along the highway of progress has been very largely due to this Scotchman—R. G. Reid—so prominent in railroading, the overshadowing business of the present day.

Robert Gillespie Reid was born in Comar-Angus, Perthshire, in 1844, and belongs to the class of men who are the architects of their own fortunes. His father was the owner of

small linen mills, and the lad, after some years' schooling, was apprenticed to a builder, who had leased quarries at Leys, three miles from his home. Here he learned his trade as a stone-mason, trudging daily to the works and back, with his dinner in his pocket. On attaining manhood he emigrated to Australia, in the days of the gold finds there. He and three others tramped some hundreds of miles through the bush to reach the gold "diggings," as he had got a tip from a returning miner, who had made his pile, as to where a promising lode existed, and the mining law in those times required at least four persons to combine to secure a claim. His chums, on arrival, though, were dissatisfied with the prospect and decided to abandon it. He, however, was of different mettle, and as he could not secure the claim by himself, he turned to his trade and took a contract to build a bake-oven at the goldfields, the first ever seen in that locality.

Recalled to Scotland, after three years in Australia, by the death of his father, Mr. Reid next crossed to New York and after studying industrial conditions there, concluded that Canada offered him a better field for the employment of his talents. Accordingly he moved to Ottawa, where he took several contracts in connection with the erection of the imposing Parliament Buildings there. From that he went to Buffalo, where he built the International Bridge and returning to Ottawa, constructed a series of ridges on the railway line between that point and Montreal, which is now owned by the C.P.R. Then he carried out the renewal of a number of bridges on the Grand Trunk Railway and next proceeded to Texas, where he built all the bridges on the International Railroad from Austin to Laredo. It was an easy transition from this to the carrying out of similar work on the Southern Pacific Railway west of the Pecos and one hundred and fifty miles into Mexico. Some of these undertakings were remarkable engineering feats. At Austin, where a treacherous bottom and rapid current had

defied all efforts to establish piers and masonry, he succeeded in overcoming these obstacles and in very quick time had the whole installation complete, the structure standing to-day as a monument to his skill and unswerving determination. At Eagle Pass, again, he spanned the Rio Grande with one of the finest bridges of modern times, an abiding testimony to his workmanship and talents. Yet another famous bridge which owes its erection to him is that across the Delaware Water Gap, one of the "rights" of that region. To this bridge attaches a story illustrative of the man. The contract had actually been secured by another builder, who had then induced Mr. Reid to join him in it. When the latter inspected the site he observed to the other: "We shall lose about \$15,000 on this job." Next morning the partner had decamped, but Mr. Reid built the structure himself and met the losses it involved, though he had not signed the contract at all when his partner disappeared.

This fealty to his pledged word has marked his whole career and has won him the unqualified esteem and confidence of all those with whom he has been associated in business ventures. His fame as a bridge-builder in the South was now so widespread and his work so satisfactory that the projectors of the C.P.R. induced him to return to Canada to undertake not alone the construction of their most difficult viaducts, but also the building of the heaviest sections of that railway itself along the north shore of Lake Superior. It was one of the most difficult divisions of the great transcontinental road, piercing through a rugged and broken country where deep gorges had to be spanned by mighty structures of stone and steel, and the frowning Laurentian cliffs gashed with yawning rock cuts and cavernous tunnels. Mr. Reid, though, carried this Herculean task through with the thoroughness and fidelity which attended every work he undertook and to which his invincible resolution inspired him. By the promptness and

perfection of his labors here he came to be recognized as among the leaders in his business in Canada and was admitted to the fraternity of sturdy empire-builders who have graven their names deep into the history of Canada by the bands of steel with which they girdled the continent from ocean to ocean.

But there were still great achievements for him to accomplish. It was now 1890, he was a millionaire, and his three stalwart sons, William, Harry and Robert—had come to manhood, and were able and efficient helpers to him in his various undertakings. East of Cape Breton lies Newfoundland, separated only from it by the 90 miles of Cabot Strait; and as a railroader he was aware that Newfoundland was struggling with an almost hopeless railroad problem. In 1881 the island colony had decided to build 80 miles of track to skirt round Conception Bay and connect St. John's and Harbor Grace, the two principal towns, and the numerous hamlets between, this being the most populous portion of the island. An American Syndicate had secured the contract, but had defaulted thereon, and some English bondholders completed the line and were operating it through a liquidator. The Government next attempted to build a line of 25 miles from Whitbourne, the central point on the former, to Placentia, but this proved so costly, because of political control, that no further essay in that direction was possible. An extension north to Notre Dame Bay, the great copper producing region, was now called for, and despairing of any more hopeful prospect the Colonial Government sought contractors abroad for the accomplishing of this work.

Among those who tendered was Mr. R. G. Reid and his offer was satisfactory beyond even the hopes of the Newfoundland Cabinet, for he agreed to build the line for \$15,500 a mile and to take in lieu of cash the Colony's 3½ p.c. bonds in payment for his work. His proposal was closed with at once and he started oper-

ations before the ink was dry on the signed contract. Fortunate it was for Newfoundland that she had a man of Mr. Reid's financial stability and resolute determination in the early days of the, for her, colossal enterprise she had engaged in, because the first five years of his labors were attended by a series of setbacks almost heartbreaking in their cumulative effect and calculated to make a less resolute contractor abandon the whole venture in despair. In July, 1892, the major portion of the town of St. John's was destroyed by fire, 11,000 persons being left homeless and the property loss being twenty millions with insurance of but one-fourth that amount. The effects of this disaster were felt far and wide throughout the colony, and Mr. Reid was seriously hampered in his undertaking in consequence. Eighteen months later, at the end of 1893, a general election was held, which saw the Whiteway Ministry returned with a reduced majority, but a series of election petitions were filed, which, on coming to trial in due course, caused the unseating of seventeen out of twenty-three of the Liberal members. When the first two seats were vacated the Ministry resigned, hoping to nullify the proceedings thereby, but the Governor refused to sanction dissolution, and the Liberals retorted by declining to pass a Revenue Bill. The bitterest partisan warfare was waged at home—in the press, in the courts, in the constituencies and in the legislature; public credit was impaired abroad; a truncated Parliament and a makeshift Ministry were collecting duties without warrant of law under cover of a warship's guns; timid investors were unloading the colony's securities at a paralyzing rate in London; and a railroad contractor was midway through the interior, trying to carry on his appointed task, but distracted by the reports of the political warfare behind him, which threatened at times to bring down the whole financial fabric of the colony. This, indeed, very nearly happened at the end of 1894, when the memorable bank crash

came, which proved the climax of all these troubles. The Colony's local banks went to pieces, many mercantile firms closed their doors forever, thousands were reduced to beggary, panic swept the island to its farthest shore and the Government had to pawn its securities at 50 cents on the dollar to raise the wherewithal to meet the interest due in London on the public debt on December 31, and thereby avert bankruptcy.

In this emergency, Mr. Reid proved a true friend to the Colony. He was mainly instrumental in inducing the Bank of Montreal to establish itself in the island and become the Government's financial mainstay, and he assisted materially in arranging for the rehabilitation of many crippled commercial concerns. Then, when the Colony's delegates, a few months later went to Ottawa, to seek terms of union for the Colony with Canada, he accompanied them and lent the influence of his powerful interests in the Dominion towards bringing about this result. Finally, after the negotiations for union failed, and when the present Premier, Sir Robert Bond, undertook his mission to Montreal and London to endeavor to raise a loan for the Colony, Mr. Reid went with him, and at Montreal introduced him to Hansen Brothers, Canadian agents for Coates & Co., London Bankers, and they successfully arranged with them the financial treaty which embled Newfoundland to restore its shattered fortunes. During the negotiations, a cablegram was received from the Colonial Ministry that the Government Savings Bank was in difficulties, and the Hansons and the Bank of Montreal arranged to supply the necessary funds to satisfy all claims for withdrawal of deposits.

The straits to which Newfoundland was reduced at that time can be imagined from the fact that Sir Herbert Murray, ex-Chairman of the British Board of Customs, was sent out to dispense a relief fund of \$250,000, appropriated by the Imperial Government towards the alleviation of distress throughout the island,

and was expending it in the construction of public works, paying those engaged at the rate of 50 cents a day. The Colony's credit stood at zero in London, and a large banking firm which had agreed to purchase a substantial block of Mr. Reid's bonds refused to do so. He was traveling in Egypt then, his health having been impaired by the difficulties of railroad construction through a wilderness like Newfoundland's, and the strain of such a series of setbacks, and on his return to England, found that this default had been made. By that time the crisis had passed in Newfoundland, and the Colony was no longer regarded as hopelessly bankrupt, and the bankers were profusely apologetic and desirous of taking up the securities. But Reid said: "No; you have broken your word and gone back on your bargain. I will not give you these bonds now." And he held them himself for eighteen months longer, before he sold them; while the moral of this, as impressed upon financial men, was that here was a capitalist who regarded a pledged word as sacred and lived up to that principle.

In Newfoundland he had, two years previously, demonstrated in striking fashion his adherence to it. His original contract with that Colony was to build 300 miles of railroad northward to Notre Dame Bay. Before this section was completed the Government were so well satisfied with his work and with the prospects of future development which the opening up of the interior indicated, that on his recommendation they decided to extend the road to Port-aux-Basques, at the Western extremity of the island. This meant another 300 miles, through an unknown country, which had never yet been surveyed, yet Mr. Reid signed a binding contract to build the line through this wilderness for the same price and under the same conditions as he had constructed the previous section. But the Government would not consent to operate the entire railroad system for a term of years, for the vicissitudes the Colony had undergone had convinced the

Ministry that when the railroad was completed and handed over to them to operate, they would have a "white elephant" of enormous proportions to deal with and that the operation of the line as a State venture would be ruinous financially. Mr. Reid agreed to operate the system for ten years without cost to the Colony, taking as his only remuneration 5,000 acres of selected land per mile or between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 acres in all, in alternate blocks on both sides of the track or elsewhere throughout the Colony, if that failed to provide sufficient, apart from swampy or barren areas. This offer the Government gladly accepted and thus it was that Mr. Reid became a great land-owner.

This negotiation was attended by the incident which proved Mr. Reid's fealty to his pledged word. The newspapers were taking place in winter in St. John's. The only civil engineer on the staff who had even traveled over the western part of Newfoundland was summoned to the city from the railroad to impart to his chief all the information. After remaining two days he started back again. He had to proceed to an advanced post on snowshoes and while doing so was beset by a tremendous blizzard which piled snow across the barren uplands forty feet high. When this cessation permitted him to venture abroad again he made for the nearest telegraph station and wired Mr. Reid to have nothing to do with the contract to operate a railroad across Newfoundland in winter, instancing his experience as a proof that no road could ever be kept open the whole year round.

His advice, though, came too late. Mr. Reid had given his word to undertake the contract, and though that instrument had yet to be ratified by the Legislature, he would not draw back. It is very doubtful, however, if the history of railroading the world over contains a parallel instance to this—where a contractor undertook to construct 300 miles of railroad through a country that had never even been surveyed; and also contracted to operate it afterwards, notwithstanding winters of almost

Arctic severity, and in defiance of the advice of his most experienced engineer. It is further characteristic of Mr. Reid, that by a lavish expenditure the past ten years, practically elevating the whole of his track on the exposed plateaus some three feet, he has eliminated the question of snow blockades seriously interrupting his winter traffic.

Succeeding the "Bank Crash" in Newfoundland, came a period of widespread depression in business which the magnitude of that disaster rendered inevitable, and drastic retrenchment in the shape of reduced salaries and diminished appropriations for the public service, equally inevitable if the Colony was ever to regain its former stability. The reaction of these conditions on the general industry of the island was to render it stagnant and the outlook gloomy and the reflection of this was the overthrow of the Whiteway or Liberal Ministry at the general elections in the autumn of 1897 and the return of the Winter-Morine or Conservative party.

Since 1901 Sir Robert Reid (as he now is) and his three sons have converted all their possessions and franchises in that colony into a limited liability corporation, the Reid-Newfoundland Company, with a capital of \$25,000,000, but the stock is held by them. He is himself the President and his sons are the directors and executive officers, who have taken off his shoulders the burden of the multifarious details of the varied phases of this gigantic enterprise. They have 6,000 square miles of lands in all parts of the Colony—lands rich in mineral, forest and farmstead wealth, silver, copper, iron, pyrites, lead, asbestos, slate and petroleum are amongst the products Mr. Reid is obtaining from the bowels of the earth; his mills have been sawing lumber for years and he was one of the principal holders of the lands acquired by the Harmsworths for the pulp-making plant valued at \$5,000,000 which they have established at Grand Falls. He still retains, moreover, pulp areas even more valuable

than these and which are destined ere long to be the seat of one of the greatest pulp-making projects in the world. For the settling of his railway line he offers the most liberal inducements, as the more settlers who locate there, the better for him. He is pursuing an active campaign in the United States and Canada for the development of tourist and sportsmen's traffic, and from early spring until late in November the influx continues—salmon fishers in the earlier months and caribou hunters in the late ones, with an army of tourists the whole time, great numbers of whom now take the Reid steamer that plies all summer to Labrador to enjoy the scenic beauties of the peninsula.

He has always been foremost in assisting in the establishment of other large industries in the island. As one of the principal stockholders in the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, he was largely instrumental in inducing that corporation to purchase the iron mines at Bell Island, Conception Bay, from which it now derives its supplies of ore for its smelting works at Sydney, C.B., and he is one of the proprietors of the Newfoundland Timber Estates Company (with Mr. Whitney, of Boston), which is operating extensively in the island. He is likewise financially interested in the sealing, whaling and varied manufacturing industries of the Old-est Colony.

With such activities in progress and still greater in prospect, the part that Sir Robert Reid and his sons are playing in the maintenance of the prosperity of Newfoundland is not to be lightly disregarded. They are by far the largest employers of labor in that island and the extent of their prospects is constantly expanding.

Sir Robert Reid has been most generous in his benefactions to Newfoundland, and no deserving object, great or small, meets a refusal from him. Towards the Victoria or Woman's Wing of the General Hospital at St. John's Lady Reid contributed \$5,000; his own contributions and those of his sons to every philan-

thropic movement are given anonymously and must amount to thousands of dollars annually.

That so signal a career should be crowned by so signal an instance of Royalty's favor seems eminently fitting. Here in Canada his business merits had already won him recognition from the financial world, by his election to a directorship in the two greatest institutions of the Dominion—the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Bank of Montreal; and his philanthropic efforts by his choice as a director for the Montreal General Hospital. In Newfoundland he is no less highly esteemed, having enjoyed the cordial esteem of successive Governors and leading public men of that Colony. The present able Governor, Sir William McGregor, who was himself elevated to the dignity of G.C.M.G. in the same honor list, the first Governor of Newfoundland ever to attain that distinction, gave as the first function following upon the "Birthday" a garden party at Government House in honor of Sir Robert and Lady Reid.

Sir Robert Reid is a remarkable personality. Silent as the Sphinx, his voice when he does speak is soft and gentle, his manner is mild and quiet, without suggestion of bluster or modern pushfulness. Yet his whole being is instinct with the idea of reserve power. For some years he has been a martyr to rheumatism, contracted by hours of exposure in ice cold water at Grand Narrows while watching the completion of a critical piece of bridge-work and so cannot grapple with details.

That the new Knight may be long spared to enjoy the honor which so worthily and so appropriately crowned a career marked by such splendid achievements and destined to be of yet greater promise to Newfoundland, to Canada and to the Empire in the days to come, will be the wish of all who feel that the highest destiny of the Oldest Colony will be best promoted by a cordial union of interests between his enterprise and its people for the advancement of the island in which both have so much at stake.

A Present for Teacher

By Grace L. Collier in The Craftsman

IT was well-nigh incredible. That morning's rumor seemed not half so likely to be true as other rumors circulated in the school-yard at recess—rumors to the effect that the principal employed barbed-wire instead of a ruler in the disciplining of naughty boys, or that Miss Hicks, the instructress of the highest grammar grade, had taught for a hundred years. No one could tell where this latest rumor had started, whether on the "boys' side," an arid stretch of scuffed gravel, echoing to barbaric whoops, or on the "girls' side," where the grass grew in tufts and a withered walnut tree made a rendezvous for the exchange of secrets. Perhaps this particular rumor had entered by neither of the latched gates marked "For Boys," or "For Girls," but by the central archway, whose semi-circle of iron was perforated in a pattern forming the announcement "Public School Number Two." This was the Teacher's Entrance, and the morning's incredible rumor was to the effect that a teacher, Miss Hanson, was to be married.

"I don't believe it," said Bobby Morris, recently promoted to the Middle Grade, of which Miss Hanson had charge. "I don't believe any man would dare ask a woman who knows as much as Miss Hanson to keep house for him. She never gets stuck in the multiplication tables, and she can hold her pen just like the pictures of 'Correct position' on the inside cover of the copy books, and she can play 'As We Go Marching Through Georgia' on the piano for us to do calisthenics by, and she can take pink and green chalks and draw a pattern of wild roses on the blackboard around the Roll of Honor names."

"I don't believe it's true either," agreed Susie, the older sister, gazing with sentimental vagueness into the fernery on the luncheon table, "be-

cause I don't see what he and she could find to say that would possibly do for love-making. Of course he can't help remembering all the time that he's talking to a teacher, and must be careful not to say me I. And his letters must be just like compositions, that she'd have to go over with red ink marks in the margins. Then he can't possibly come to see her, because the Grammar School Principal doesn't approve of callers, unless there's bad news in the family and they've come to take you home."

"Who is it you're chattering about?" asked Mr. Morris. "Miss Hanson—that nice, washed-and-ironed looking girl I pass on my way to the office?"

"That can't be the one you mean, father," said Susie, "if you call her a girl. She may look younger than some other teachers, but really they're all exactly the same age. Beatie Parker says so. The Principal told Mrs. Parker that his first requirement in a teacher was 'the age of discretion.'"

"I hope that nice little Miss Hanson has been discreet in her choice," Mrs. Morris observed. "You children must give her a nice wedding present—nothing elaborate or expensive, of course, but something to remind her of her loving young pupils."

"I'd like to see the wedding present that'd remind her of me," remarked Bobby. "I can't think what it'd look like."

The clang of the "first bell" sounded through the air of District Number Two, and the children both jumped as if the bell addressed words of summons directly to their ears. Wherein lay the horror of being late to school, their parents could not fathom. Neither Bobby or Susie sprang guiltily alert when it was a question of being late to bed, or to dinner, or to church. Investigation of school methods revealed no torment lying in wait for the offender who did not

arrive at the storm door entrance before the lingering strokes of the last bell faded upon the air. Quoting Dr. Johnson's dictum to the effect that that which reason did not prompt, reason cannot account for, Mr. and Mrs. Morris finally agreed to let the little Morris respond to the ringing of the first bell, like the gongs to the rubbing of the lamp.

That evening the rumor of the morning was confirmed. Miss Hanson had been spied in the Teachers' Room, being embraced by Miss Hicks, the pedagogic of a century's experience. In the hallway, the janitor had been overheard to "make so bold as to kiss her bright face." Bobby contributed the item that during geography period, the principal himself had made an affable entrance into the Middle Grade, and after Miss Hanson had directed the pupils to trace on their maps the courses of the Yang-tsi-kyang and the Hoangho, he had made facetious remarks to Miss Hanson, which had flushed her cheeks to a rosy pink above the linen collar. Further, Susie, herself a graduate from the Middle Grade and a devotee of the instructress, had lingered outside the perforated arch for Miss Hanson's exit, in order to accompany her as far as the corner where their ways parted. Hanging to the left hand of her idol (the right being occupied with the results of a written test in arithmetic) Susie had felt, under the glove, a jeweled ring on the fourth finger.

"And you needn't bother about Susie and me getting her a wedding present," said Bobby. "The Middle Grade is going to take up a subscription, and all together give her a present, and I'm chairman of the committee."

"Bobby on a presentation committee!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, recalling Bobby's unerringly bad taste in literature and art. "I'm proud of you, my son, but, for your future safety, I hope that Miss Hanson's fiancé may not know that it was you upon whom this honor was conferred."

"Oh, Bobby," appealed Mrs. Mor-

ris, anxiously recalling the boy's approval of the ornate china in a cafe, as contrasted with the willow pattern at home, "doesn't your committee think that it would be a good idea to let Miss Hanson herself choose, or if you want to surprise her, ask Miss Hicks to—"

"No, mother, the committee doesn't think that's a good idea at all," replied Bobby, setting his square chin.

"Miss Hanson is our teacher, it's our pocket money, it's our present, it's our room, it's one—"

"That will do, Bobby," said Mr. Morris.

It was the last day of the term. There had been exercises in the Middle Grade. "Pieces" had been spoken. Songs, pitched by Miss Hanson in a La-a-a that had never before been so emotionally tremulous, had been sung. An intricate march and drill had been executed up and down the aisle and "on the floor." Then Miss Hanson, in a voice shakier than ever, had made a little speech of farewell to the "dear children, whom she would always remember, and who, she hoped, wouldn't quite forget her." It was all as it should be, but now, on Mrs. Morris's face, grew deeper the expression of apprehension that had been there like a shadow all the afternoon. For, rising with that jaunty air which awakened forebodings in his mother's heart, Bobby Morris, chairman of the presentation committee, grasped in his strong, energetic hands a flat parcel, secreted in his desk till this moment, and advanced to the desk. His few well chosen remarks (framed by Mr. Morris during luncheon) were lost upon Mrs. Morris, as the sat with eyes riveted upon the package, while all the atrocities of the village shops, so attractive to the eyes of Bobby and his colleagues, defiled before her mental vision.

With a garish anticipation, Miss Hanson snipped the wrappings, and then, with a delighted smile, held up an admirable photograph of the Mona Lisa, framed in a dull wood whose sepia tints were in perfect keeping. With a gasp of amazed relief, Mrs. Morris sank back upon her bench.

"This is perfectly lovely," beamed Miss Hanson. "I really think I must thank the parents as well as the pupils, for suggesting the choice of this fine replica of a masterpiece which happens to be a particular favorite of mine."

Bobby shot a complacent glance across the benches. "Nobody but the committee had any say-so about it," he mentioned.

"That makes it even more significant," replied Miss Hanson. "I almost think that my little illustrated talks on art may have had some influence. This picture is doubly gratifying. I shall always treasure it. Perhaps you children will repeat for me the latest motto in the copy book, as its sentiment seems most applicable here. You may remember it, for you each wrote it fourteen times last week."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," chorused the children, triumphantly.

"Without intruding on the private affairs of your committee," suggested Mr. Morris, at the next gathering of that family, "may I ask how you happened to hit upon, er—select—La Gioconda?"

"Huh?" asked Bobby. "Oh, you mean the woman in Miss Hanson's present. Well, ever since that time I got taken to the art exhibition, I haven't forgotten the homely things that people said were good looking. And sometimes, when I'd finished my practical problems the first in the class, Miss Hanson showed me an art book that she kept in her desk, with pictures of the same sort, only worse. So, when the boys on the committee decided that the present would be a picture out of a picture store, and not a sofa pillow, or a bureau set, or a plated water pitcher (because the girls, when they disagreed, got to crying in department stores), I said:

"Now, see here, do you want to choose something artistic?"

"And they said, 'yes.'"

"Then I said, 'Do you know how to tell when it is artistic?'"

"And they said, 'no.'"

"Well, I do," I told 'em. "You hunt around for the worst bargain for your money, until you find the poorest looking, dullest colored picture you ever saw, drawn by a man who worked before they taught free-hand."

"So the picture man took us to a section where there were quite a few like what I said. 'Now,' said I, 'of all these guys, which is the worst?'"

"Well, some chose one and some another, but when we noticed the cracks of the old canvas showing through that one photograph, we decided on La What-do-you-call-her. But it had a badly frame, shiny as glass, cut in a pattern like Number Fifteen for advanced workers, in the book that came with Will Baxter's fig-saw. Of course I knew that frame would never do, because we all liked it. The girls came near crying again, but I had the picture man bring out one frame after another, till he showed one that didn't look finished, and was so ugly it made the boys want to fight me for calling it 'artistic.' But I said,

"Now, just wait a minute and see if I ain't (am not, yes, mother) right." And I asked the price, and you can bet your bottom dollar (no, father, I won't say it again), that horrid, mean, hateful picture cost more, for that number of square inches, than anything else in the store. And that rough old frame—why, it came seventeen cents a foot higher than the shiny one."

"So then the committee knew that I was right, and we all went off and had soda-water because we'd worked so hard, and they treated me to my glass, because I knew how to pick out a present for teacher that'd be 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.' I think it's a good idea to understand art, after all."

Cupid Goes Slumming

By Alvin Hagen Rice in America

IT is a mooted question whether love is a cause or an effect, whether Adam discovered a heart in the recesses of his anatomy before or after the appearance of Eve. In the case of Joe Ridder it was distinctly the former.

At nineteen his knowledge of the tender passion consisted of dynamic impressions received across the focals at an angle of forty-five degrees. Love was something that hovered with the calcium light about beauty in distress, something that brought the hero from the uttermost parts of the earth to hurl defiance at the villain and clasp the swooning maiden in his arms; it was something that sent a fellow down from his perch in the peanut gallery with his head hot and his hands cold, and a sort of blissful misery rioting in his soul.

Joe lived in what was known by courtesy as Rear Ninth Street. "Rear Ninth Street" has quite a sound of exclusive aristocracy, and the name was a matter of some pride to the dwellers in the narrow unpaved alley that writhed its watery way between two rows of tumble-down cottages. Joe's family consisted of his father, whose vocation was plumbing; and whose avocation was driving either in the ambulance or the patrol wagon; his mother, who had discharged her entire debt to society when she bestowed nine healthy young citizens upon it; eight younger Ridders, and Joe himself, who had stopped school at twelve to assume the financial responsibilities of a rapidly increasing family.

Lack of time and the limited possibilities of Rear Ninth Street, together with an uncontrollable shyness, had brought Joe to his nineteenth year of broad-shouldered muscular manhood, with no acquaintance whatever among the girls. But where a shrine is built for Cupid and the

tapers are kept burning, he seldom disappoints the devotee.

One morning in October as Joe was guiding his rickety wheel around the mud puddles on his way to the cooper shops, he saw a new sign on the first cottage after he left the alley—"Mrs. R. Beaver, Modeste & Dress Maker," he read. In the yard and on the steps were a confusion of household effects, and in their midst a girl with a pink shawl over her head.

So absorbed was Joe in open-mouthed wonder over the "Modeste" that he failed to see the girl, until a laughing exclamation made him look up.

"Watch out!"

"What's the matter?" asked Joe, coming to a halt.

"I thought maybe you didn't know your wheels was going 'round!" said the girl in a burst of amblity, then fled into the house and slammed the door.

All day at the shops Joe worked as in a trance. Every iron rivet that he drove into a wooden hoop was duly informed of the romantic occurrence of the morning, and as some four thousand rivets are fastened into four thousand hoops in the course of one day, it will be seen that the matter was duly considered. The stray spark from a feminine eye had kindled such a fierce fire in his heart, that by the time the six o'clock whistle blew the conflagration threw a rosy glow over the entire landscape.

As he rode home the girl was sitting on the steps, but she would not look at him. Joe had formulated a definite course of action, and though the utter boldness of it nearly cost him his balance, he adhered to it strictly. When just opposite her gate, without turning his head or his eyes, he lifted his hat, then rode at a furious pace around the corner.

"What you slicker' up so fer, Joe?"

asked his mother that night; "you goin' out?"

"Nope," said Joe evasively, as he endeavored in vain to coax back the shine to an old pair of shoes.

"Well, I'm right glad you ain't. Berney and Dick ain't got up the coal, and there's all them dishes to wash, and the baby she's got a misery in her yer."

"Has paw turned up?" asked Joe.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ridder indifferently. "He looked in 'bout three o'clock. He was tolerable full then and I spec he's been took up by now. He said he was goin' to buy me a bird cage with a bird in it, but I shorley hope he won't. Them white mice he brought me on his last spree chewed a hole in Berney's stockings, besides, I never did care much for birds. Good lands! what are you goin' to wash yer head for?"

Joe was substituting a basin of water for a small girl in the nearest kitchen chair, and a howl ensued.

"Shut up, Lottie!" admonished Mrs. Ridder, "you ain't any too good to set on the floor. It's a good thing this is pay-day, Joe, for the rent's due and four of the children's got their feet on the ground. You paid up the grocery last week, didn't you?"

Joe nodded a dripping head.

"Well, I'll jes' git yer money outen yer coat while I think about it," she went on as she rummaged in his pocket and brought out nine dollars.

"Leave me a quarter," demanded Joe, gasping beneath his soap-suds.

"All right," said Mrs. Ridder accommodatingly; "now that Bob and Ike are gittin' fifty cents a day it ain't so hard to make out. I'll be gittin' a new dress first thing you know."

"I seen one up at the corner!" said Joe.

"A new dress?"

"Naw, a dressmaker. She's done got out her sign."

"What's her name?" asked Mrs. Ridder, keen with interest.

"Mrs. R. Beaver Modeste," repeated Joe from the sign that floated in letters of gold in his memory.

"I knowed a Mrs. Beaver once, up

on Eleventh St.; a big fat woman that got in a fuss with the preacher and smacked his jaws."

"Did she have any children?" asked Joe.

"Seems like there was one, a pretty little tow-headed girl."

"That's her," announced Joe conclusively. "What was her name?"

"Lawder, I don't know. I never would 'a' ricollected Mrs. Beaver 'cepten she was such a tarnashious woman, always a-tearin' up stumps, and never happy less'n she was rip-pin' 'bout somethin'. What you want? A needle and thread to mend yer coat? Why, what struck you? You been wearin' it that a-way for a month. You better leave it be 'til I git time to fix it."

But Joe had determined to work out the salvation of his own wardrobe. Late in the evening after the family had retired, he sat before the stove with back humped and knees drawn up trying to coax a course thread through a small needle. Surely no rich man need have any fear about entering the kingdom of heaven since Joe Ridder managed to get that particular thread through the eye of that particular needle!

But when a boy is put at a work bench at twelve years of age and does the same thing day in and day out for seven long years, he may have lost all of the things that youth holds dear but one thing he is apt to have learned, a dogged, plodding, unquestioning patience that shoves silently along at the appointed task until the work is done.

By midnight all the rents were mended and a large new patch adorned each elbow. The outsoles, to be sure, were blue, and the coat was black, but the stitches were set with mechanical regularity. Joe straightened his aching shoulders and held the garment at arm's length with a smile. It was his first votive offering at the shrine of love.

The effect of Joe's efforts was prompt and satisfactory. The next day being Sunday he spent the major part of it in passing and repossessing the house on the corner, only going

home between times to remove the mud from his shoes and give an extra brush to his hair. The girl meanwhile was devoting her day to sweeping off the front pavement, a scant three feet of pathway from her steps to the wooden gate. Every time Joe passed she looked up and smiled, and every time she smiled Joe suffered all the symptoms of locomotor ataxia!

By afternoon his emotional nature had reached the saturation point. Without any conscious volition on his part his feet carried him to the gate and refused to carry him farther. His voice then decided to speak for itself, and in strange, hollow tones he heard himself saying:

"Say, do you want to go to the show with me?"

"Sure," said the pink fascinator. "When?"

"I don't keer," said Joe, too much embarrassed to remember the days of the week.

"To-morrow night?" prompted the girl.

"I don't keer," said Joe, and the conversation seeming to languish he moved on.

After countless eons of time the next night arrived. It found Joe and the girl cozily squeezed in between two fat women in the gallery of the People's Theatre. Joe had to sit sideways and double his feet up, but he would willingly have endured a rack of torture for the privilege of looking down on that fluffy blond pondage under its large bow and of receiving the sparkling glances that were flashed up at him from time to time.

"I ain't ever gone with a feller that I didn't know his name before!" she confided before the curtain rose.

"It's Joe," he said, "Joe Ridder. What's your front name?"

"Miss Beaver," she said mischievously. "What do you think it is?"

"Joe could not guess.

"Say," she went on, "I knew who you was all right even if I didn't know yer name. I seen you over to the hall when they had the boxin' match."

"The last one?"

"Yes, when you and Ben Schenk

was fightin'." Say, you didn't do a thing to him!"

The street of all antidotes to masculine shyness was not without its immediate effect. Joe straightened his shoulders and smiled complacently.

"Didn't I massacre him?" he said.

"That there was a half-Nelson hold I give him. It put him out of business all right, all right. Say, I never knowed you was there!"

"You bet I was," said his companion in honest admiration; "that was when I got stuck on you!"

Before Joe could fully comprehend the significance of this confession the curtain rose, and love itself had to give way to the tempestuous and absorbing career of "Old Gaunt-Eye the Ghost-Detective." Through a labyrinth of crime the heroine fought her way, jumping from a runaway engine, fleeing from a burning tenement where she had been gagged and chained, heroically going over Niagara Falls in a barrel to escape her pursuers, only at the end of the third act to find herself beside the death-bed of her only child, "Little Rosebud," who knelt in her crib and sang four verses of "Home, Sweet Home" before she died.

At this point Joe arose abruptly and muttering something about "gettin' some gum," fled to the rear. When he returned and squeezed his way back to his seat he found "Miss Beaver," with red eyes and an apparent cold in the head.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Joe.

"My shoe hurts me," said Miss Beaver, still unable to look up.

"What you givin' me?" asked Joe, smiling. "These here kinds of play always hurts my feeling too. 'Tain't nothin' to be 'shamed of."

But Miss Beaver was too much moved to recover herself at once. She sat in limp dejection and surreptitiously dabbed her eyes with her moist ball of a handkerchief.

Joe twisted about uneasily. Suddenly an electric shock passed through him. Entirely by chance his hand had brushed hers as it lay under her

wrap on the arm of the seat between them. His heart almost stopped beating as he sat there staring straight ahead, with every nerve tingling. Then as the loadstone follows the magnet, his hand began to travel slowly back toward hers.

When the curtain rose on the last act, her small hand was a willing captive in his large sympathetic one, and Miss Beaver was enabled to pass through the tragic finale with a remarkable degree of composure.

When the time came to say good-night at the Beavers' door, all Joe's reticence and awkwardness returned. He watched her let herself in, and waited until she lit a candle. Then he forced himself out on the pavement in the dark feeling as if the curtain had gone down on the best show he had ever seen. Suddenly a side window was raised cautiously and he heard his name called softly. He had turned the corner but he went back to the fence.

"Say!" whispered the voice at the window, "I forgot to tell you— it's Mittie."

The course of true love thus auspiciously started might have flowed on to blissful fulfillment had it not encountered the inevitable barrier in the formidable person of Mrs. Beaver. Not that she disapproved of Mittie receiving attention, on the contrary, it was her oft-repeated boast that "Mittie had been keepin' company with the boys ever since she was six, and she 'spected she'd keep right on 'til she was sixty." It was not attention in the abstract that she objected to, it was rather the threatening of "a steady" and that steady, the big, awkward, shy Joe Ridder. With serpentine wisdom she instituted a counter-attraction.

Under her skillful manipulation, Ben Schenk, the son of the saloon-keeper, soon developed into a rival suitor. Ben was engaged at a down town pool-room, and wore collars on a week day without any apparent discomfort. The style of his garments together with his easy air of sophistication entirely captivated Mrs. Beaver, while Ben on his part found

it increasingly pleasant to lounge in the Beavers' best parlor chair and recount to a credulous audience the prominent part which he was taking in all the affairs of the day.

Matters reached a climax one night when, after some close financing, Joe Ridder took Mittie to the Skating Rink. An unexpected run on the tin savings bank at the Ridders' had caused a temporary embarrassment, and by the closest calculation Joe could do no better than to pay for two entrance tickets and rent one pair of skates. He therefore found it necessary to develop a sprained ankle which grew rapidly worse as they neared the rink.

"I don't think you orter skate on it, Joe," said Mittie sympathetically.

"Oh, I reckon I kin manage it all O.K.," said Joe.

"But I ain't agoin' to let you!" she declared with divine authority. "We can just set down and rubber at the rest of them."

"Now, you don't," said Joe; "you kin go on an' skate, an' I'll watch you."

The arrangement proved entirely satisfactory so long as Mittie paused on every other round to rest or to get him to adjust a strap, or to hold her hat, but when Ben Schenk arrived on the scene, the situation was materially changed.

It was sufficiently irritating to see Ben go through an exhaustive exhibition of his accomplishments under the admiring glances of Mittie, but when he condescended to ask her to skate and even offered to teach her some new figures, Joe's irritation rose to ire. In vain he tried to catch her eye; she was laughing and chiding to Ben, and giving all her attention to his instructions.

Joe sat sullen and indignant, savagely biting his nails. He would have parted with everything he had in the world at that moment for three paltry nickels!

On and on went the skaters and on and on went the music, and Joe turned his face to the wall and doggedly waited. When at last Mittie

came to him flushed and radiant, he had no word of greeting for her.

"Did you see all the new steps Mr. Ben learns me?" she asked.

"Now," said Joe.

"Does yer foot hurt yon, Joe?"

"Now," said Joe.

Mittie was too versed in masculine moods to press the subject. She waited until they were out under the starlight in the clear stretch of common near home. Then she slipped her hand through his arm, and said coaxingly:

"Say now, Joe, what you kickin' 'bout?"

"Him," said Joe comprehensively.

"Mr. Ben? Why, he's one of our best friends. Maw likes him better'n anybody I ever kept company with. What have all you fellows got against him?"

"He was block-marveled at the hall all right," said Joe grimly.

"What for?"

"It ain't none of my business to tell what fer," said Joe, though his lips ached to tell what he knew.

"Maw says all you fellows are jealous 'cause he talks so pretty and wears such stylish clothes."

"We might, too, if we got 'em like he don," Joe began, then checked himself. "Say, Mittie, why don't yer maw like me?"

"She says you haven't got any school education, and don't talk good grammar."

"Don't I talk good grammar?" asked Joe anxiously.

"I don't know," said Mittie; "that's what she says. How long did you go school?"

"Me? Oh, off and on 'bout two year. The old man was always boorin', and maw, she had to work out, 'til me an' the boys done got big enough to work. 'Fore that I had to stay home and mind the kids. Don't I talk like other fellers, Mittie?"

"You talk better than some," said Mittie loyally.

After he left her, Joe reviewed the matter carefully. He thought of the few educated people he knew: the boss at the shops, the preacher up on Twelfth Street, the doctor who sewed

up his head after he stoped a runaway team, even Ben Schenk who had gone through the eighth grade. Yes, there was a difference. Being clean and wearing good clothes were not the only things.

When he got home, he tiptoed into the front room and peeping his way around the various beds and pallets, took Berney's school satchel from the top of the wardrobe. Retracing his steps, he returned to the kitchen, and with his hat still on and his coat collar turned up he began to take an inventory of his mental stock.

One after another of the dog-eared, grimy books he pondered over, and one after another he laid aside, with a puzzled, distressed look deepening in his face.

"Berney he ain't but fourteen an' he gits on to 'em," he said to himself; "looks like I ceter."

Once more he seized the nearest book and with the courage of despair repeated the sentences again and again to himself.

"That you, Joe?" asked Mrs. Ridder from the next room an hour later. "I didn't know you'd come. Yer paw sent word by old man Jackson that he was at Hank's Exchange way down on Market Street and fer you to come git him."

"It's twelve o'clock," remonstrated Joe.

"I know it," said Mrs. Ridder, yawning, "but I reckon you better go. The old man always gets the rheumatism when he lays out all night, and that there rheumatism costs sixty-five cents a bottle!"

"All right," said Joe with a resignation born of experience, "but don't you go and put no more of the kids in my bed. Jack and Gus kick the stuffin out of me now."

And with this parting injunction he went wearily out into the night, giving up his struggle with Minerva, only to begin the next round with Bacchus.

The seeds of ambition, though sown late, grew steadily, and Joe became so desirous of proving worthy of the consideration of Mrs. Beaver

that he took the boss at the shops partially into his confidence.

"It's a first-rate idea, Joe," said the boss, a big capable fellow who had worked his way up from the bottom. "I could move you right along the line if you had a better education. I have a good offer up in Chicago next year; if you can get more book sense in your head I will take you along."

"Where kin I git it at?" asked Joe, somewhat dubious of his own power of achievement.

"Night school," said the boss. "I know a man that teaches in the Settlement over on Burk Street. I'll put you in there if you like."

Now the prospect of going to school to a man who had been head of a family for seven years, who had been the champion scrapper of the South end, who was in the midst of a critical love affair, was trebly humiliating. But Joe was game, and while he determined to keep the matter as secret as possible, he agreed to the boss's proposition.

"You're mighty stingy with yourself these days?" said Mittie Beaver one night a month later when he stopped by on his way to school.

Joe grinned somewhat foolishly. "I come every evening," he said.

"For 'bout ten minutes," said Mittie with a toss of her voluminous pompadour; "there's some wants more'n ten minutes."

"Ben Schenk?" asked Joe, alert with jealousy.

"I ain't sayin'," went on Mittie. "What do you do of nights, hang around the hall?"

"Now," said Joe indignantly. "There ain't nobody can say they've sown me around the hall since I've went with you."

"Well, where do you go?"

"I'm trainin'," said Joe evasively.

"I don't believe you like me as much as you used to," said Mittie plaintively.

Joe looked at her dumbly. His one thought from the time he cooked his own early breakfast, down to the moment when he undressed in the cold and dropped into his place in bed between Gus and Dick, was of her.

The love of her made his back stop aching as he bent hour after hour over the machine; it made all the problems and hard words and new ideas at night school come straight at last; it made the whole sordid, ugly day swing round the glorious ten minutes that they spent together in the twilight.

"Yes, I like you all right," he said, twisting his big, grease-stained hands in embarrassment. "You're the onliest girl I ever could keep about. Besides, I couldn't go with no other girl if I wanted to, 'cause I don't know none."

It is small wonder that Ben Schenk's glib protestations reinforced by Mrs. Beaver's own zealous approval should have in time outlasted the humble Joe. The blow fell just when the second term of night school was over, and Joe was looking forward to long summer evenings of unlimited joy.

He had gotten two tickets for a river excursion and was hurrying into the Beavers' when he encountered a stolid bulwark in the form of Mrs. Beaver, whose portly person seemed permanently wedged into the narrow aperture of the front door. She sat in silent majesty, her hands just succeeding in clasping each other around her ample waist. Had she closed her eyes she might have passed for a placid, amiable person whose angles of disposition had also become curves. But Mrs. Beaver did not close her eyes. She opened them as widely as the geography of her face would permit and coldly surveyed Joe Ridder.

Mrs. Beaver was a born manager; she had managed her husband into an utterly grave, she had managed her children from the hour she was born, she had dismissed three preachers, induced two women to leave their husbands, and now dogmatically announced herself arbiter of fashions and conduct in Rear Ninth Street.

"No, she can't see you," she said firmly in reply to Joe's question. "She's going out to a dance party with Mr. Schenk."

"Where at?" demanded Joe, who still trembled in her presence.

"Somewhere's down town," said Mrs. Beaver, "to a real swell party."

"He oughtn't to take her to no down town dance," said Joe, his indignation getting the better of his shyness. "I don't want her to go and I'm going to tell her so."

"In-deed!" said Mrs. Beaver in scorn. "And what have you got to say about it? I guess Mr. Schenk's got the right to take her anywhere he wants to."

"What right?" demanded Joe, getting suddenly a bit dizzy and blind.

"Cause he's got engaged to her. He's going to give her a real handsome turquoise ring, 14 carat gold."

"Didn't Mittie send me no word?" faltered Joe.

"No," said Mrs. Beaver unhesitatingly, though she had in her pocket a note for him from the unhappy Mittie.

Joe fumbled for his hat. "I guess I better be goin'," he said, a lump rising ominously in his throat. He got the gate open and made his way half dazed around the corner. As he did so he saw a procession of small Ridders bearing joyously down upon him.

"Joe!" shrieked Lottie, arriving first. "Mom says hurry on home, we got another new baby to our house."

During the weeks that followed Rear Ninth Street was greatly thrilled over the unusual event of a home wedding. The reticence of the groom was more than made up for by the bulletins of news issued daily by Mrs. Beaver. To use that worthy lady's own words, "she was in her elements!" She organized various committees—on decoration, on refreshment, and even on the bride's trousseau, tactfully permitting each assistant to contribute in some way to the general grandeur of the occasion.

"I am going to have this a real showy wedding," she said from her point of vantage by the parlor window, where she sat like a field marshal and issued her orders. "Those paper fringes want to go clean across every one of the shelves, and you all must make enough paper roses to pin 'round the edges of all the curtains.

Everything's got to look gay and festive."

"Mittie don't look very gay," ventured one of the assistants. "I seen her in the kitchen cryin' a minute ago."

"Mittie's a fool," announced Mrs. Beaver calmly. "She don't know a good thing when she sees it! Get them draperies up a little higher in the middle, I'm goin' to hang a silver horseshoe onto the loop."

The wedding night arrived and the Beaver cottage was filled to suffocation with the elite of Rear Ninth Street. The guests found it difficult to circulate freely in the room on account of the elaborate and aggressive decorations, so they stood in silent rows, awaiting the approaching ceremony. As the appointed hour drew near, and none of the groom's family arrived, a few whispered comments were exchanged.

"It's most time to begin," whispered the preacher to Mrs. Beaver, whose keen black eyes had been watching the door with growing impatience.

"Well, we won't wait on nobody," she said positively, as she rose and left the room to give the signal.

In the kitchen she found great consternation: the bride, pale and dejected in all her finery, sat on the table, all the chairs being in the parlor.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs. Beaver.

"He ain't come!" announced one of the women in tragic tones.

"Ben Schenk ain't here?" asked Mrs. Beaver in accents so awful that her listeners quaked. "Well, I'll see the reason why!" and snatching a shawl from a hook she deliberately crushed a coffin that had been erected with infinite pains.

Out into the night she sallied, picking her way around the puddles until she reached the saloon at the corner.

"Where's Ben Schenk?" she demanded sternly of the half dozen men around the bar.

There was an ominous silence, broken only by the embarrassed shuffling of feet and an occasional deprecatory laugh.

Drawing herself up, Mrs. Beaver

thumped the counter until the glasses danced.

"Where's he at?" she repeated, glaring at the smallest and most embarrassed of the lot.

"He don't know where he's at," said the man, looking around sheepishly. "I reckon he celebrated a little too much for the weddin'."

"Can he stand up?" demanded Mrs. Beaver.

"Not without starchin'," said the man, and amid the titter that followed Mrs. Beaver made her exit.

On the corner she paused to reconnoiter. Across the street was her gayly lighted cottage, where all the guests were waiting. She thought of the ignominy that would follow their abrupt dismissal, she thought of the refreshments that must be used to-night or never, and lastly she thought of the little bride sitting forlorn on the kitchen table.

With a sudden determination she decided to lead a forlorn hope. Facing about she marched wearily around to the rear of the saloon and began laboriously to climb the steps that lead to the hall. At the door she paused, and made a rapid survey of the room until she found what she was looking for.

"Joe!" she called peremptorily.

Joe Riddler, haggard and listless,

put down his hiliard cue and came to the door.

Five minutes later Joe breathlessly presented himself at the Beaver kitchen. He had on a clean shirt and his Sunday clothes, and while he wore no collar, a clean handkerchief was neatly pinned about his neck.

"Everybody but the bride and groom come into the parlor!" commanded Mrs. Beaver. "I'm going to make a speech, and tell 'em that the bride has done changed her mind."

Joe and Mittie left alone looked at each other in dazed rapture. She was the first to recover.

"Joe!" she cried, moving timidly toward him, "ain't you mad? Do you still want me?"

Joe, with both hands entangled in her veil and his feet lost in her train, looked down at her through swimming eyes.

"Want yer?" he repeated and his lips trembled. "Joe whiz! I feel like I done ribbed a hoop round the hull world!"

The signal was given for them to enter the parlor, and without further interruption the ceremony proceeded, if not in exact accordance with the plans of Mrs. Beaver, at least in obedience to the mandate of a certain little ancestor who sometimes takes a hand in the affairs of man even in Rear Ninth Street.

"We must all either go forward or go back," said a reflective man of affairs; "there is no standing still in nature. This is a truth that applies peculiarly to the business world. Young firms grow because they have not yet become slaves of old-time methods. Old houses of business have a tendency to drop out of existence, unless there is a constant infusion of new blood. Habit and custom keep them in old ruts, and as it is becoming less and less possible to merely 'mark time' in commerce, they are gradually edged out of existence by stress of competition. 'My advice, then, to those who want to succeed in life is to 'keep going.' Keep putting out new ideas, new methods, and new developments. It is the only way to keep abreast of the world, whether in your individual life or in a business career."

Past, Present and Future of the Middle Classes

By T. H. S. EXCOT in *Fortnightly Review*

THE social problem of the unemployed is perceived by Mr. John Burns, as well as by many others not of cabinet rank, and outside the labor group, to include a wider area and to be charged with deeper issues than may be sometimes associated with the familiar phrase. The difficulty of the proletariat has long been, and really is to a far acuter degree, that of the middle class, as indeed of every section of the community, except the plutocratic order. The difference between the better and the viler sort of out-of-work is that the latter grumblingly parade their difficulties in the public thoroughfares, resent the imposition of any sort of labor test as a condition of relief, and space their importunate mendicancy with a contemptuously irresponsible indifference to physical or mental effort, unless they happen to be in the vein for it. Their companions in unemployment, of the better kind, slave uncomplainingly at anything they can get and keep their troubles to themselves. In pre-competitive examination days there used to be a short and simple way of providing the well-born, unemployed with a self-supporting industry whose exercise implied no professional training, or, indeed, qualifications, educational, moral, or physical, of any sort. This device consisted in creating jobs out of nothing and financing them out of taxation.

When the State ceased to be, after this good old fashion, the nursing mother of her children, boys of gentle birth, breeding, and of liberal education turned their eyes to "something in the city." Here was another step towards the fusion of classes so often talked about, whose real commencement, by the by, dates from the remote epoch when the inhabitants of these islands first became a commercial people. To-day the "something in the city," at a decent living wage, is more difficult of access, and implies the

exercise of greater influence than did a couple of generations since, a nomination to a foreign office or a treasury clerkship. Now court remains the centre, both of wealth and power, and of widely reaching beneficence, as well as of national and personal service. But the applications for a clerkship in the Rothschilds' has even a more slender chance of success than for a desk at Coutts' Bank. In the same way even a foothold in any of the middle class professions implies a combination of merit and luck that, if not unique, grows every day more exceptional.

What, then, are we to do with our boys? To that question hangs another, less pressing, perhaps, but of equal, if not greater social significance: What is to become of that most artificial creation of human progress, the middle classes? It sounds a paradox. It is a demonstrably historical truth that the English middle classes are, to a large extent, the product of foreign agencies. The most conspicuous instance of this is, of course, the industrial and commercial settlements founded in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by the Huguenots. These quickly assimilated themselves to the native population of their adopted country. Thus the Oiseux originated the great business house of the Birds. The Bouchers and the Laboucheres both merged themselves in the Anglo-Irish Butchers, except in a well-known case in which a Labouchere rose to be Colonial Secretary of State, and, preserving his original patronymic, to found an emblemed house. Before this, during 150 years, Englishmen had remained the subjects of Norman or Angevin kings. That severe and steady pressure of the regnant alien crashed out of existence local and tribal differences. It moulded and confirmed national unity. The rulers, given by Normandy and Anjou to this island, assured it a long term

of practically unbroken peace. The first Henry founded administrative stability. The second based that gift upon a foundation of law. Long years indeed were wasted to build up the new legal order. Here, again, the enterprise of English sovereigns, outside the land they governed, had its domestic and peaceful uses. The twelfth century opened with the demise of the ancient practice converting prisoners of war into bondsmen. Already the humanizing agencies of Christianity had produced a sentiment against that slavery which was still an English institution. Feudal lords, at the instance of their ghostly confessors, were constantly enfranchising their slaves. To prove themselves consistent, the clergy, in whose hands was the administration of justice, showed special indulgence to the villains, borders, and cottars, degraded by misfortune into human chattels. Not till the reign of Charles II. was there any statutory abolition of English slavery. So late as George III. Scotch colliers received servile treatment, and if they quitted their original place, were liable to be brought back by summary procedure before a magistrate. Only in 1775, by the Act, 15 Geo. III., cap. 28, were the colliers of North Britain placed on the same footing as other servants. The system, of course, was not so bad in its working as in its principle. Between 1272 and 1307 the villains had obtained a substantial degree of emancipation. Legal effect had already been given to the custom of paying wages, and permitting those serfs who possessed necessary means to provide a substitute in the fulfilment of their lord's command, to reap his corn, to cleanse his fish-ponds, or to cart his timber. It is, therefore, clear, that on the eve of the middle ages in this country was coming into existence a class of free laborers, at liberty to engage their services to the best bidder. Here, then, are the gremedieval germs of the English middle class. With the right of holding property, with the immunities of free men, the vassals received the power of unlimited acquisition by industry or by bar-

gain. Their food would have borne comparison with that of the same class to-day. Britton and cheese were reserved for festivals, such as harvest-homes. Fish, especially herrings, were abundant. Undenigrated butter flowed into the hedger's and ditcher's can. As yet traffic in the necessities of life was managed without the commercial middlemen, who have become the symbols of modern middle-class prosperity. Farmers sold their crops immediately after harvest to the most handy buyers. Nor did corn become really dear till the winter months.

The industrial community participated in the beneficent results of the progress of manufacturing industry, and the growth of urban populations. The establishment of woollen manufacture in England was due to the Plantagenets. The chief seats of that industry had, of course, always been in the boroughs and townships. The trade existed in 1275. By 1331 it had developed into a considerable industry, stimulated and expanded by John Kempe's invention of the weaving process in that year. Such were the contributory conditions under which during the fourteenth century, rather earlier, that is, than the conventional beginning of the middle age epoch, England first became a generally civilized country, humanized by some degree of material well-being, quickened by a general circulation of political ideas.

On the establishment of William the Conqueror's line, the soil of England had been parcelled out among the Norman nobility. It was, therefore, in the hands of a comparatively small number. Those owners lived on their estates. For the most part they kept their management to themselves. In that task they were helped by a host of retainers and dependants. Those magnates had often been pressed for funds with which to sustain their feudal estate. They now discovered, in the new developments of English commerce, a remunerative motive for reducing their overgrown establishments. If they did not themselves directly engage in trade, they financed

those who did so. Their old troops of retainers had been dismissed; their estates were rented out. In that way they secured the funds for their commercial investments. At the same time these territorial classes adopted a more costly style of living, and indulged a taste for jewel ornaments, shared by them with the negro savage. (Adam Smith, in the *Wealth of Nations*, book 3, ch. 4, speaks of the cost of the early support of 1,000 men, as going to purchase diamond buckles, and of the moral weight and authority that came from the possession of capital.) The new capitalist or landlord now wore wooden and fine linen clothes, instead of coarse canvas and a leather jerkin. The stone walls of his mansion began to be covered with whitewash, or even with wall hangings; the floor, at a later date, with carpets in the place of rushes. Through the glass of his latticed windows the owner of the soil looked out on a cultivated garden, or an ordered park. Those innovations steadily reacted on the class of the great man's dependants. Villains exchanged the subjection of their livery for the liberty of trade. Wealth, formerly concentrated within the narrowest limits, ceased to be the monopoly of a class. As feudal lords transformed themselves into modern merchants, their serfs grew into shopkeepers. A generally prosperous people was substituted for an opulent and despotic aristocracy. The historic and documentary proof of the change now described is seen in the complaints of the Commons (1405) against the growing competition between rural and urban industry. Sometimes during the fourteenth century children brought up to the plough were forbidden by statute to quit at any time the pursuit of husbandry. To evade that law, agricultural labourers sent their children into towns, and bound them as apprentices to traders from their earliest years. To counteract that practice was now passed the law prescribing that no person not possessed of a rental of twenty shillings should send his child into any trade or mystery in any city, but that the coun-

try father should train his son only to his own industry. No legislation could check the advance of the new middle class. When Henry VII. came to the throne in 1485 the old villians had been gradually absorbed into a new and superior order. Bricklayers in the Statute of Labor (1495), are called artificers, and in conventional parlance are spoken of as gentry. In the next reign, the most thriving among the new class had to be prohibited by legislation from wearing the fur-decorated coat, or the peaked boots, distinctive of gentlemen.

Meanwhile, ever since the Norman Conquest, there had been in progress another and entirely different movement, whose results were equally favorable to the social order that is the subject of these remarks. In the Norman days a great wrong had been done through the degradation of the free man into a feudal satellite. On the other hand, by way of compensation, the English lords, elbowed out of their place by the Norman peers, had been depressed to an ignoble level. They now fused themselves with the well-to-do representatives of the new commerce. The middle class, in fact, became organized by a process that is curiously prophetic of what has so often happened since, and is still going on, in the relations between the ancient territorial order and the continually growing number of rich men outside it, who by intelligence, by taste, and by wealth, qualify themselves by identification with it. Only when such amalgamation not merely of orders, but of interests, opinions, and ideals, was complete could the Commons with the slightest prospects of success have challenged the *Seniats* to a deadly duel, or for that matter, could the Commons' House of Parliament have come into effective existence at Westminster. The English middle class is, indeed, a monument of an union between the different forces inherent in separate social strata.

In 1830 a great economic crisis was reached. The masses had begun to move when the price of bread first rose. But neither the sanctioned as-

sociations nor the vitality of the denounced and legally forbidden caucus (the term, as M. Ostrogorski shows, was known in England even earlier than this) could hasten constitutional change by a single day. Its achievements in industry and mechanical science had made the middle class the arbiter of the nation's affairs. It now took the political field. In 1830 was introduced at Birmingham the political union between the lower and middle classes, which soon extended to all the great centres throughout the country. The new alliance disclaimed any idea of intimidation. It revealed the existence of an organized moral power, whose political significance was not to be "despised or disregarded." Only when the lords talked of continual opposition to the Bill did the Midland corporation threaten to march on London. At last the victory was won. The unions were not disbanded, but the middle class left them; they ceased to be a power. The Whig chiefs had rallied their party on the basis of electoral reform. They could now affect contempt of their indispensable allies, the "Birmingham fellows." The working classes had not really come into the measure. In some places, as in Preston, their political estate was less satisfactory than it had been before, for the Whig act had abolished certain of the old historic franchises without giving anything in their place. The material miseries of the masses had become acute. The consequent political unrest found expression in a revival of the Birmingham Union. That, in 1839, culminated in Chartist. Of this, too, the midland metropolis became the headquarters. The middle classes, however, now held aloof. Disraeli and one or two political philanthropists, who eventually became Conservatives, supported the Chartist petition on the ground that the working classes were under a specific grievance calling for Parliamentary enquiry. Public opinion remained indifferent. The proletariat, deprived of its old allies, laid down its arms. A little later the Conservatives themselves were practically to concede all

the "points of the charter." But for the moment the trading and professional order remained unsympathetic. As a consequence the whole affair collapsed. The old Chartist machinery, the household suffrage societies, and so forth, if they still lingered on, were merely names. No pressure that these could apply was wanted to make Disraeli in 1867 and the fourteenth Lord Derby the founders of English democracy. In that year the middle classes thought the suffrage discussion had been open long enough, that it should be closed once and for ever. The moment for a final solution had come. The Conservative Reform Bill passed substantially as it had been introduced, because it reflected the popular feeling in favor of getting a political nuisance out of the Parliamentary way.

The whole course of its history, the changing ideas and interests, the moulding influence of the associations connected with it, in a word its affinities of all kinds, necessarily impart to the middle class, whether in England or elsewhere, an artificial and a fluctuating character. Its boundaries are being constantly extended. Causes purely accidental in their origin may identify it to-day with views and interests from which it may be estranged to-morrow. Hitherto the story of the English class has been one of progressive assimilation to its neighbors thus are, conventionally, a little above it in the social scale. Wealth and education, social as well as literary, are the two great levers in our civilization. Both of these have in practice conspired quite to obliterate the distinction between the two divisions of the great and growing order, just below the aristocracy. Public schools and universities ceased, like the House of Commons itself, to be the resort of special sections of the community. "Every man," said the younger Pitt, "with ten thousand a year from land can claim a peerage, if he wishes it." "Every man," said Disraeli, "with something like a hundred thousand a year from any source whatever can demand, as a matter of right, a seat in the Lords." The two remarks

mean the same thing. The time has come when they may be supplemented with a third: "By virtue of her sex, every woman is a lady," so said Bulwer Lytton. "And every man, too," was the Irishman's comment on the chivalrous aphorism. There was really very little of a bull here. In the twentieth century all male citizens, who conform to certain decorous conditions in their conduct and their persons, possess as the Hibernian wished to imply, an indiscreet title to the description of gentleman. While the middle class at one end becomes every year less distinguishable from the aristocracy of birth or wealth, less prosperous middle class sections and individuals are constantly being depressed into what the polite world knows as the inferior orders. These will probably find their permanent place at some time or other, not in the bourgeoisie but in the proletariat.

In the education debate of 1874, when the then Lord Sandon was vice-president of the council, the late Henry Fawcett showed that the effect of a certain ministerial proposal would be to confer exceptional benefits on children who were born paupers. The blemish thus indicated was removed as the measure went through committee. But, at the present moment, is not the lot of a boy born in any part of the industrial order practically happier than that belonging to the child, certainly of lower middle class, probably of noisy upper middle class and professional parents? The order below the middle class pays no income tax, has at its disposal the priceless boon of absolutely free and consummately effective education. Scarcely a rung is now wanting to the national ladder of teaching, from the infant school to the most advanced classes of the university lecture-room, or of the scientific researcher's workshop. To-day nothing but aptitude and application is wanted to qualify any school-board pupil for the highest career that rank or opulence could desire for its favorites. That, of course, specially applies to England, but both in Germany and France the tendency is to improve the prospect

of the multitude out of all proportion to the opportunities enjoyed by the middle class. A professional man belonging to the old establishment order of English gentry probably retrenches his own expenditure, and makes other petty sacrifices, to give his sons the same liberal training as was received by himself some fifty years ago. If the youthful objects of that care make the best use of their advantages, things turn out tolerably well. An Eton boy, with real fitness and talent for any professional employment, will not do worse, may even do better than the laborer's son, gratuitously grounded in all necessities at the Board-school, or the small tradesman's son who pays a fee not necessarily to learn better or more, but in compliance with the conventions of his class. Suppose, however, the young Etonian not to reveal any special qualifications, to develop into merely a healthy specimen of gentlemanlike youth. Even then, all for the present seems satisfactory. But, let there occur one of those vicissitudes that confront our public school lad with the necessity of at once beginning to earn his own livelihood, he will forthwith painfully discover the disadvantage of having been born a "gentleman's son."

Not so many years ago there were still in London and elsewhere many managers of commercial houses who appreciated the social products of a public school education. Such persons would strain a point in favor of an Eton or Harrow lad's admission into their counting-house. That class of employer, if not quite gone, is rapidly disappearing. For successful competition in the lower divisions of the Civil Service the public school boy has less chance than the Board-school pupil. Victory in the higher ordeals of the Service goes generally to the crammer's crack disciple or a candidate fresh from Aberdeen or Glasgow. The mere fact of having creditably passed through the most famous public school in the land has, in fact, become as commercially valueless as a pass testimonial at Oxford or Cambridge. For the mere young gentleman, whatever his exact degree, there

has ceased to be a place in the industrial polity. During the earlier ages of their history, the children, however, highly educated, of all Jews, learned some handicraft. The same habit obtains, to-day, in Canada, probably in other of our colonies. Before many generations have passed the same practice may become universal at home. A few years ago the forester's occupation, as it has been perfected in Germany, was discovered to yield a decent livelihood to industrious lads. To-day electrical engineering and South African mining attract increasingly the sons of professional fathers, who, too late discover that in place of the years and money expended on the process of acquiring the Eton or the Harrow veneer, they would have done better for their boys by placing them under the tuition of a Birmingham or Manchester artisan.

The expansion of England in countries inhabited by inferior races, at this particular imperialist epoch, seems, of course, especially rich in the promise of remunerative employment to parents piteously asking the question, which was never new, "What are we to do with our boys?" Hence the numbers of those who went out to South Africa as "yeomen"; of these many remained to ply the plough after the sword had been sheathed.

The mention of our social polity beyond the four seas suggests a fact that may seriously react upon the future relations of classes in the Mother Country. One of Disraeli's happiest sallies at colonial success contains a clever picture of the man who finds a nugget, shears a thousand flocks, becomes member for Melbourne one day, and for London the next. A respectable measure of prosperity in our great dependencies is, however, oftener secured on a much lower level. A boy goes to Canada, is presented by his friends with a small farm, a wagon, and a team. He wears of agriculture, sees an opening to embark his little capital in trade. He starts a grocery store. Within a year the Etonian's teas, the speciality of his establishment, have become the pride of the province. That sort of

thing in some degree or other goes on throughout different parts of that empire on which the sun never sets. The young gentlemen who start these commercial emporia in due time bring up families of their own. They may have a pedigree reaching beyond the Norman times. The latest generation has, voluntarily, seceded from the patrician, or even the higher middle class. Boys become colonists to obtain a livelihood. If that end be honestly accomplished, friends at home, not being importuned for remittances, are not too critical as to the means. The social divisions that now exist may not be likely to die out, but the process already noticed of interchange between these orders in an age of once democratic and plutocratic, cannot but continue with increased strength. The depression from above is not less inevitable than the rising from below. With the liberal professions at home gradually closed against the majority of lads who have to look only to their own exertions, the prejudice against the manual industries, or against retail trade, will disappear at home, as it has already died out in the colonies. The middle class of the future may preserve the historic and convenient name, but its composition and character will be something that cannot now easily be forecast. That, of course, must involve changes of political feeling, and of party development, not far reaching and vast for present consideration.

It was a remark of Huxley to the present writer, "The great question seems to me not how to train our sons to rise above their station, but to secure, if possible, that those whom Nature meant, and associations have fitted, to be grocers or music-hall lions, should be insured the career for which they were born." The eldest son lives on the estate. The younger sons live on the State. That used to be the example set in the highest places and reproduced with much fidelity on the lower grades. It has for some time ceased to be a practicable arrangement. The consequence is that the well-born, well-bred youths formerly provided for by the public revenues,

have gone into the city, some perhaps as company directors, but many more as clerks or touts. The movement, long in progress among the middle classes, is exactly analogous to this. Lord Aberdeen is only one among several noblemen who have given their sons a first life start in a manual industry.

The aspects of our imperial polity as an industrially equipping and democratising agency are being progressively felt not only by parents, but by sons. Classical Athens and Rome contrived to do very well with no middle class at all. They even conducted on extensive commerce by means of those whom Aristotle calls slaves, but who often corresponded more closely to the bailiffs or factors of our day. Early in the last century the gentlemanly prejudice against engaging in retail trade was not less

strong than it had been with the sages and philosophers of old Hellas. To-day it has largely disappeared. Philanthropy prompts some peers to start as publicans. Frudence and hard times forbid their refusing to make a fair profit out of the business. Countesses open book-stores in Dover Street. The daughters of Anglo-Indian officials, or Anglican divines, who take military lessons from Piccadilly or Mayfair modistes, have for their fellow students the daughters of bishops and earls. At the south-coast creameries, where special convenience exists for five o'clock tea and small talk, the select host of waitresses may be led by a young lady whose home is the country deanery or the stately mansion just built by retired General FitzPeeper, a little inland, but still commanding a view of both the piers and the whole Sussex littoral.

China's Rejection of Opium

By W. G. Pitt-Greath in Technical World

A TRANSFORMATION is in progress in the world's most populous empire—a transformation which all thinkers agree in describing as momentous. Powerful Viceroy like Chang Chih-ting and Yuan Shi-kai are sowing their provinces with schools of Western learning; and the sixteen other provinces are doing the same. The broadminded Tuan Fang, Viceroy of Nanking, who has traveled much, has actually ordered the erection of an immense girls' school in his capital city. And the old literary examinations have been abolished; offering to the dead prohibited; and cultivated Chinese educated in America and England are fast rising into prominence. The Chinese penal code, 2000 years old, has been entirely revised, and horrible tortures and methods of capital punishment—such as the "slicing" and strangulation—abolished forever.

Nine thousand miles of railroad are under construction, including one line from Peking to Hangchow; and to descend abruptly to smaller things—but with vast social consequences—the Empress Dowager has declared against the foot-binding of the women. An Imperial edict has gone forth, and societies have been formed in all parts of the Empire against the ancient practice; and each of the eight great Viceroys has put forth proclamations of his own against it. Truly China is awakening from her sleeping sickness, guided and directed by Japan.

But surely the most significant of all the many signs is the momentous edict giving warning of the total suppression of the opium traffic and smoking all over the Empire, which is to be accomplished within ten years. Each year the area of home-grown poppy is to be reduced ten per

cent, otherwise land will be confiscated. On the other hand, a bonus will be given for early cessation in culture.

All urban opium smokers must register at the Mandarin's offices and rural people with village head men. Smokers above sixty will be dealt with leniently, but those under that age must decrease their consumption 20 per cent. per annum. Otherwise magistrates and officials generally will be put out of office, and scholars stripped of academic honors. Shops for the sale of the drug may be closed gradually; but smoking dens must be closed within six months. And the trade in pipes and kumps must cease within a year; while officials are charged to distribute free or at cost all the most scientific anti-opium remedies.

Most important of all, however, the supply is to be cut off at its fountain head, which is India. The Tsung-li-Yamen, or foreign office at Peking, has approached the British Minister with a scheme to abolish Indian poppy culture within the ten years of the edict. But the trouble is, the serious gap such a step would leave in India's revenue; and India, as we all know, is a precarious country to govern, for millions of her people are forever hovering between starvation and bare living.

Her Government has already received upwards of \$1,750,000,000 out of this trade, which has been an immense standby ever since the old "Company" days of the Thirties. "I do not deny," said the Marquis of Ripon when Governor-General, "that it (opium) is not a satisfactory branch of our revenue; but I say distinctly I will be no party to abandoning that revenue, unless I can clearly see my way to replace it with some other form of taxation which would be neither oppressive to the people, nor strongly repugnant to public opinion."

But since, as I will show, England has literally forced this pernicious drug upon China at the bayonet's point, it is thought the Home Government might contribute to India's finances for a few years, for "The

crime has been a National one; so let the expiation be National, too."

It is also pointed out that since Russia has been crippled in a military sense for years to come and could therefore make no southward movement through Himalayan Passes, even if she were so inclined, India's military establishment might be reduced and the money so saved used to counterbalance the loss of revenue brought about by a cessation of the opium traffic.

I doubt whether in all history you will find so distressing a story as this forcing of a curse on a helpless nation for the sake of money. Let me review the story briefly: It is nearly two centuries since opium-smoking reached China from Formosa; but the habit spread slowly at first. An Imperial edict was issued against it as early as 1799; and China has fought bitterly against the poppy until this hour, when her tardy victory seems in sight.

In the early years of the nineteenth century the old East India Company, whose charter gave them a monopoly of China trade, maintained floating warehouses full of opium at the mouth of the Canton River. But the Chinese attitude, then as now, was uncompromisingly hostile to its importation, so "John Company" must needs dissemble. They did not carry it in their own vessels, but sold it to private agents in Calcutta, granting them licenses for its importation into China. This done, they gravely assured the Chinese Government they were in no way responsible for the actions of these men!

Naturally, conflicts soon arose between the smugglers and the Chinese Preventive Service; and this at a time when smuggling was a capital offense in England. Commissioner Lin was specially sent by the Emperor to Canton to put an end to the nefarious traffic. He seized and destroyed 20,000 chests of the drug—"smuggled into China in the teeth of the Chinese laws," as John Morley described it in the British Parliament.

But the British agent on the spot viewed Lin's action as an outrage,

and actually began war against the detestable industry. More surprising still, England resolved to see that war through. There was no pretense that China was in the wrong, for the British Cabinet had sent out orders that the opium smugglers should not be shielded.

The unhappy Chinese troops advanced upon their opponents with bows and arrows and thought to frighten the enemy by terrible devices on their shields. Of course they were beaten; and the result of the first opium war was that China had to open four ports, cede Hong Kong, pay \$12,000,000 for the cost of the war, another \$1,000,000 for miscellaneous debts, and \$6,000,000 for the destroyed opium. After this the contraband traffic went on as before.

The Emperor Taou-Kwang steadfastly refused to legalize it. "Nothing will induce me," he said, "to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people." And when Captain Hope, of H.M.S. Thalia, stopped two or three opium ships above Shanghai, he was recalled by Lord Palmerston and ordered to India, "where he could not interfere in such a manner with the undertakings of British subjects."

Commissioner Lin wrote pathetic letters to Queen Victoria on the subject. "We would now concert with your Honorable Sovereignty means to bring to a perpetual end this opium traffic, so hurtful to mankind—we in this land forbidding its use, and you in your dominions forbidding the manufacture." Finally, after the Lorch Arrow War of 1856, indirectly connected with opium, China reluctantly agreed to legalize opium by placing a heavy duty upon the drug.

Yet always under protest. The Chinese Foreign Minister in 1859 suggested China should grow her own opium rather than import it from India. "We do not want to do it," he said, "but we are driven to it." About this time the situation was admirably summed up by Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.G., Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs since 1859,

and the most interesting and influential foreigner in all the Chinese Empire.

"The position the Chinese take up," Sir Robert says, "is this: 'We did not invite you foreigners here. You crossed the seas of your own accord and forced yourselves upon us. To the trade we sanctioned you added opium smuggling, and when we tried to stop this, you made war on us. Your legalized opium has been a curse in every province it penetrated; and your refusal to limit or decrease the import has forced us to a dangerous remedy. We have legalized native opium, not because we approve of it, but rather to compete with and drive out the foreign drug. And it is expelling it. When we have only the native product to deal with and the business in our own hands, be sure we will stop it in our own way.'"

To this forceful summary the Tsung-li-Yamen added: "The Chinese merchant supplies your country with his goodly tea and silk, thus conferring a benefit on her; but in return the British merchant empoisons China with pestilent opium." Sir Rutherford Alcock, then Minister in China, read this document to a committee of the House of Commons in 1871, and declared that the Chinese ministers "were ready to enter into any arrangement for the stoppage of the traffic, irrespective of the large revenue they were deriving from it." No answer was ever returned.

To-day 700,000 acres of land carries the opium poppy in India; and it is the only crop on which the Government advances money when the seed is sown. In Bengal, opium is cultivated under licenses granted to individuals or to the head-men of groups, by department. When it is extracted, the cultivators deliver it to the district opium officers, when it is sent down to the two great Government factories in Bengal for manufacture. In due time the drug is sent to Calcutta to be sold at the monthly auctions. Each season the Government is notified how many chests will be sent to market, and the price is fixed by auc-

tion. Thus does the unholy traffic go on year after year.

The entire opium industry of India is worth in round figures \$50,000,000 a year; and while the bulk of the drug goes to China enormous quantities are taken by the Straits Settlements, Borneo and Indo-China. But it is the special taste of the Chinese that is most considered in the processes of manufacture. Quite apart from the opium grown and manufactured in British India, however, there is also a great output of the "Malwa" variety, grown in the native and protected states by means of money advanced by Bombay speculators and wealthy merchants of Central India.

All Malwa opium from Baroda and Rajastana must pass through British territory on its way to Bombay for export to China; and a transit duty is levied on every one hundred and forty pound chest by the Government. This duty once stood at 700 rupees per chest, but this was reduced ten years ago to 500 rupees, as the trade was falling off. Now, about the actual manufacture. Crude opium is brought in from the country in earthen pans to a Government examining hall. Here its consistency is tested either by the touch or by thrusting a scoop into the mass.

Next a sample from each pot, which is numbered and labeled, is further examined for purity in the chemical testing room. The next department is the mixing rooms, where the contents of the earthen pans are thrown into immense vats and mixed by means of blind rakes until the whole has become a homogeneous paste. It is then taken to the balling room, where it is made into those balls so familiar to every traveler in China.

The ball-makers are furnished with a small table, a stool and a brass cap for shaping, besides a certain quantity of opium and water called "kew," and an allowance of poppy petals in which to roll the opium balls. An expert hand will turn out more than 100 balls a day, all of precisely the same weight.

The drying room comes next; and

here the balls are placed to dry in small earthenware cups before being stacked. White examiners go round to examine them, and puncture with a sharp steel those in which gas from fermentation may be forming. And lastly, there is the stacking room, where the balls are packed for transit to Calcutta and Bombay, en route to China.

Here one may see hundreds of Hindoo boys, turning, airing, and examining the opium balls. They clear them of mildew, moths or insects by rubbing them with the petal dust of the poppy.

I have said that for many years China has grown opium herself; and the culture is especially extensive in Si-Chuen. Here it is increasingly cultivated in the first harvest, and ripens in April or May. Thus it is cleared from the ground in time for rice, maize or meal to follow in the greater summer heat. But the increasing consumption of opium has led to rice and corn fields being planted with the poppy; and there is no doubt in my mind that this accounts for the many terrible famines that have afflicted China of late years.

It is no wonder the Chinese Government want to sweep away the poppy altogether and grow good food in its place. No one pretends that opium smoking is anything else but a real blight. Notwithstanding India's persistent efforts to force it upon China, I notice that Australia and New Zealand absolutely prohibit importation of the drug, save for medical purposes. And in the Transvaal, where 50,000 Chinese are employed in the gold mines of the Rand, opium smuggling incurs a penalty of \$2,500 and six months' imprisonment.

The mines have no use for the ordinary Chinese coolie who smokes or eats two pounds of opium a month. And we have been brought face to face with the subject in the Philippines. It will be remembered that we sent out a commission two years ago to investigate legislation on the subject in Japan, Java, China and elsewhere. The Japanese we learned feared opium as we fear the rattles-

snake, and they are stamping it out in Formosa.

The net result of our opium commission was that the use of the drug was recognized as an evil for which no financial gain could compensate. And a strict law was passed that there should be prohibition in the Philippines after next year, so far as Chinamen are concerned. For opium is a narcotic poison. First comes exhilaration and excitement, and after that deep depression, such as marked the classic cases of De Quincey and Coleridge.

Paralysis of the brain, coma and death inevitably follow. These were the symptoms attested by 5,000 doctors who signed a declaration on the subject in 1892. Its effects are terribly visible on all hands in China where parents will actually sell their children into slavery to get the drug. British Consul-General Hulse, speaking of the Si-Chuen Province, with its population of 47,000,000, writes as follows: "I am well within the mark when I say that in the cities fifty per cent. of the males and twenty per cent. of the females smoke; while the ratio in the country stands at twenty-five and five respectively."

I myself have seen entire populations given over to opium smoking in Yunnan; and I never met a missionary, white trader, or Chinese gentleman of the educated classes who defended the drug's use for a moment. And there is yet another side dealt with by Chester Holcombe, sometime United States Minister at Peking. "One result of the opium trade," he says, "is the intense hatred of all things and all men foreign.

The Chinese from their point of view have been attacked and overcome by an unknown and necessarily inferior race for the sake of the money which was to be made by forcing a deadly poison upon them. Is there any other explanation necessary of the anti-foreign feeling in the Chinese Empire?"

But there seem to be signs of better things; and already efforts are being made to restore the vast and magnificent province of Si-Chuen to her ancient grain-growing prominence, so disastrously upset of late years by the invasion of the poppy, which like a noxious weed has run over the whole land. On all hands opium remedies are being called for; and to my own knowledge a young Chinese druggist has made a fortune out of the leaves of a certain creeper which he discovered accidentally while collecting medicinal plants in the jungle.

Chancing to make an infusion of these leaves, he and a friend tried it. This friend was a confirmed opium smoker and to his amazement found the stuff took away his craving. The remedy was persisted with. More leaves were chopped up fine and then roasted or charred and an infusion made that looked and smelt like senna tea. Thus from the Emperor and his powerful Viceroys down to the humblest among the rural communities a determination exists to sweep away the opium traffic; and this movement comes at a momentous time when this vast Empire is awakening from sleep to fulfill a mighty destiny whose end we cannot see but which—who can doubt?—is for the world's best interests.

Jimmy Hogan

By Robert Alexander Watson in Minneapolis

NOW this tale is about me cousin Jimmy, an' happened many years ago. Jimmy was no such a little runt iv a man as Oi am, though to tell ye the simple truth, there was a time when it took a mighty good back to git me off me feet, fer all iv us Hogans fer hundreds an' hundreds iv years hev been master hands at wrestlin'. But Jimmy was a foine, upstandin' figner iv a man, only lackin' foive or six inches iv bein' full six feet in his stockin's—which same he never wore, bein' superstitious they'd give him rheumatism.

Jimmy keen over before the War, bein' greatly deluded about the customs an' privileges iv a free country. On the second day nothin' would do but he must give a demonstration iv his skill wid a bit iv blackthorn, but be a stroke iv ill luck he picked out the wrong felly an' was trun into jail. At first he was terrible hurt at what he called the horrid trickery iv the Goddess iv Liberty, but after thinkin' it over, he paid his fine an' made application to be put on the police force. Thin he discovered that the lad he had picked up wid his shillally was none other thin Alderman Maguire, an' though he sint ivery apology a human man could think iv, they wouldn't put him on the force. Now Jimmy hadn't come over to this country wid the noble intintion iv gitin' wealthy be warkin' on the siction, so after wastin' three months in New York tryin' to break into politics, he made up his mind to go to Californie, pick up a few bushels iv gowld, an' thin go back to the Owd Sod an' live like a gintleman the balance iv his days.

Well, all things come to an ind, as the big snake said as he swallied the little wan, an' Jimmy finally arrived in Californie an' started out to search for gowld. 'Tis little enough he knew about it, niver havin' had a pinch iv it in his whole kofie; but he had al-

ways heard that it was yellow an' shiny an' naturally supposed it would be nisy enough to find. But faith, instid iv gitin' wealthy, he purty nigh starved to dith; an' he niver warked so hard before or since as he did thyrin' to git rich widout warkin'. He would do anny owd job until he got a little stake ahead, an' then he would puke out wid his pock over his shoulder an' his rations on wan iv them little nufles about the size iv an able-bodied goat.

On wan iv these thrups he got phumt entirely lost an' wandered around until he ate up all iv his grub, an' thin, bein' as the little mule had no further duties to perform, he just naturally turned in an' ate up the little mule. It was a cruel, hard thing to do, an' he said it near broke his heart, but the little mule niver had a happy look in his eyes at the best, an' not to make too much fuss about it, it was Jimmy's loife or the mule's, an' the mule drew the short straw. Jimmy said that instimat' the mule's age be his toughness he had probably fell overboard from the ark, an' swimmin' behind her the best part iv a year had give him muscles like a toad-ivine fene.

Well, Jimmy made solde thrups aich day, comin' back to the carcass iv the little mule at night until at last the 'was sawthin lift but a few round steaks, which was then dried up that all they needed was howls drilled through the cinder an' they'd 'a' made elegant earwheels. Wan day Jimmy wandered up a rocky little gorge which grew narrower ivery stp until it became a cave. He was intirly disheartened, and crept into the cave expectin' to lay down an' die; but after he had gone a small bit iv a way into the cave he noticed a light ahead, like a little young star iv hope, an' he made for it. He found that the light kem from the other door iv the cave an' it opened into a foine, splendid,



beautiful little valley, and iv all things there he saw a dappled horse ready saddled and bridled eating tufts of grass. Jimmy saw the saddle was pretty rotten but he mounted and sat careful, intendin' to save his life by means of the animal. But just as he got settled he spied standin' at the far end a decent little cabin wid a cute little stranne iv wather runnin' be the front door. Jimmy put his hand on his gun ready to fight, for this horse might save his life, he nobody appeared, an' pretty soon he made up his mind to hunt for provisions, and he went up to the dure, an' after knockin' twice for politeness, he pushed it open an' walked in. The' wasn't a soul in sight, which was a great surprise for the cabin was all fitted up for aisy livin'. The' was bacon hangin' from the roof an' sugar an' tay an' all kinds iv tools for cookin'. He walked over an' opened the lid iv a bin an' the' was two good mule loads iv flour in it. "Well, be the powers!" sez Jimmy. "If only Oi had the delicatious gifts of the prophet Elijah, Oi'd sitle down here for the balance iv me days. Oi'd let the horse go and visit right here."

After satisfying himself that he would be given good forage when the owner came back, he helped himself to a liberal supply iv tobacco an' took a stroll about the valley. The more he saw iv it the better he liked it an' the more he hoped that the felly who owned the little cabin would tease him to make a long visit, for company like. But when the shades iv darkness fell an' nobody came back, Jimmy said to himself that he'd see no more sowl-leather mule staka, owner or no owner, so he set to work an' cooked himself an' illigint feast, an', man, how he did enjoy it!

Well, he stayed there day after day an' nobody came back to bother him, until he began to look at the little cabin as his own, an' he made up his mind that he'd go back to "Frisco an' buy a couple iv little mules an' some goats an' a few fine ducks an' some garden seed; as soon as he could save up enough for the investment.

But he'd kind o' got out iv the habit iv workin' be this toime, an' it didn't look good to him aven from a distance, so he used to go out in the cool of the mornin' an' pick around among the rocks to see if he couldn't turn up a bit iv gowld, so 'at he wouldn't have to work for his mules an' goats an' sich; but, begorra, instid of foldin' gowld he was day turned up the skilfin iv a man.

Jimmy was wan iv those great philosophers who are always doin' so many grand deeds in the future that they never have anny kindlin' split for the mornin' foire; an' so the first thing he knew winter kem on, an' thin he was afeared to go on account iv snow-drifts an' avalanches. But he had enough flour an' most enough bacon to last him through the winter, so he made up his mind to content himself wid his good luck an' no draw down the curses iv Heaven be widin' he had more. The worst luck he had was bit iv the crature. Niver in all his life had he passed a Christmas widout havin' a little somethin' out iv a bottle to cheer himself wid; an' he knew it wouldn't be loike Christmas at all if he wint to bed sober.

This weighed pretty heavy on his mind as the season drew along, till he could think iv nothin' else. "Still the' wasn't anny way to git it widout goin' clear to some town an', faith, he didn't even know the direction to start. He sez that he didn't crave the whiskey right at that time, but that whenever he got to thinkin' iv Christmas he had a most horrible grawin' at his heart, till he most came to the conclusion that if he had to pass the day widout a single drop, the' would be as many dead men inside the cabin as out.

On the very day before Christmas he dropped the lid iv a pot an' it rolled under his bunk. He was horribly down hearted an' his temper was loike a bear's; so he shook an' fist at the bunk an' stamped up and down an' hollerid, "Kape it kape it kape it! ye old spalpeen! Do ye think that a man who is starvin' to death for a drop iv whiskey is goin' to

bother his head over an owld baste iv a pot-lid?"

Thin he thought iv how his loife had been saved be foldin' the little cabin an' he felt ashamed iv himself an' retched in to git the lid, but instid, he felt a board. He pulled at the board, but couldn't git it up an' this put him on a keen edge, because all iv his folks is just soggy wid curiosity. Well Jimmy jerked the bunk out iv the way an' took a pick an' tore up the board, an' faith, it was the lid iv a chest an' in the chest was a big hape of owld leathers, which did him no good at all, because iver since his great-grandfather had been hung for forgery niver a Hogan had iver learned the manly art iv ridin' writin'. But down in the bottom iv the chest was a sight which made Jimmy's eyes pop out loike the glass drawer-pulls on an owld-fashioned chaffinure—a foine, fat, alert-bodied brown jug, an' wid a heart that struck twice a second Jimmy pulled the cork out iv it. He put his nose to the mouth iv the jug, an' he swears to this day that the whiff he took wint clear down to his toes an' filled 'em wid such roystering divilment that the first he knew he had his arm about the waist iv the jug an' was steppin' out the "Fairy in the Bog."

Finally he took a little taste iv the foine, mellow, strong, owld stuff, an' then he fell on his knees an' give thanks—for the first toime in a year. The Hogans was always decent, God-fearin' men, but it took some remarkable an' unexpected blissin' to get 'em to their knees—exceptin' in church, iv course, where all could see, an' they'd set a good example.

He was just about to close the lid of the chest, when there, lyin' concealed in the shaddy, was a cute little flite, an' thin Jimmy's cap iv happiness was full to the brim, because his own uncle Danny had taught him how to blow the flute an' had said, toime an' agin, that next to himself, Jimmy was the bist fluter in the Inneread Isle. An' this was no light thing a'ther, for Uncle Danny could toot a flute so melodiously that the birds in the trees wou'd stop their

amateur whistlin' an' cock their heads on wan side to hear what rule music was, an' he got near kilt in Belfast wan day be playin' a reel wid sich divilment that a sour-faced owld Presbyterian broke into a jig on the very street.

Jimmy knew that he was goin' to have a foine Christmas now, so he hurried through his supper an' thin got out the flute an' the whiskey, an' faith, it must hev been a great sight to see how smoothly everything worked. He would blow the flute until his throat got dry, an' thin he would sip the whiskey until it filled him wid a new toime—the wan balacin' agin the other until Jimmy said "he felt loike the Jack on a treeterin' board." Faith, he wasn't a bit keesome thin, because the' was three iv them there—three good comrades—the flute, the whiskey, an' himself.

He began to calibrate at sundown an' be tin o'clock he was pretty well stoned up; so he wint to bed, because he always said that it was possible for a man to git too full iv liquor to enjoy it, an' that no sensible person would waste wan iv the bist gifts iver given to sinful man. So he put his arms around the jug an' kissed it good-night, an' he thanked the flute kindly for a plisant avenin', an' went declatly to bed wid his feet on a chair an' his head under the table, because his bunk was so full iv dance tunes that it wouldn't stand still, but kept waitin' in about the room.

He woke up promptly at twelve o'clock. He sez he niver could rightly tell whether it was twelve o'clock that same night or the next, but anny bow it was just twelve an' the' was a strange lookin' little man in the room—a little owld man wid long white hair an' long white whiskers an' long danglin' arms, but wid little short legs stickin' up out iv big cow-hide boots 'at would hev felt him to the earth in a cyclone.

Jimmy's head was thumpin' like a pile-driver an' he was in no pleasant temper at bern' woke up out iv his soberin' slape, so he growls out, "What do yez want?" sez he.

"Oi wants me body," sez the little owld man, jist as cross as Jimmy.

"Will, Oi ain't got yer body," sez Jimmy. "What do yez mane be comin' around at this toime of night, askin' socia's questions an' riddles an' sich? Oi ain't no fortune teller."

"Oi wants me body," sez the little owld man, wid his under jaw stickin' out an' standin' in the moonlight an' lookin' Jimmy straight in the eye, which same was no aisy thing to do, fer Jimmy had an eye that could charm a boar constrictor into a walkin' stick. "Oi wants me body. Oi left it lyin' right where that spittoon is."

"Ye lie!" sez Jimmy, fer he was a quick-tempered man in his cups. "O've slept in this cabin ivry night fer three months an' there's been niver a body lyin' about that spittoon in this toime. Who are yez an' what kind iv a body was it yez lost?"

"Oi didn't want to give yez no impression," sez the little owld man, takin' the big word aisy an' grateful, like a hunter goin' over a fove-barred gate, fer he had a grand idea, the little man had—"Oi didn't want to give yez no impression that that there box was a-settin' on that identical spot whin Oi left me body, but that Oi left me body right on the very identical spot where that there box is a-settin' now."

The little owld man leaned forward an' shook his finger in Jimmy's face, an' Jimmy niver could bear to have anny man do that. "Don't shoot yer dirty owld finger off at me," sez Jimmy. "Oi niver saw any owld bodies lyin' around here at all. What sort iv a lookin' body was it an' what made yez so careless wid it?"

"It was me own body, ye numskull!" sez the little owld man.

"Yer own body!" sez Jimmy, wakin' up entirely. "Well, what is that misslappen thing yez have on?"

"O'm a gowst!" sez the little owld man, swellin' up wid anger loike a toad.

Jimmy stood up an' looked at him a moment to see that he was in earnest an' thin he falls back on the bunk an' fairly howls wid laughter.

"Well, be all the frogs iv Egypt!"

sez Jimmy as soon as he could git his breath. "If Oi thought that Oi was goin' to draw sich a lookin' thing as that whin Oi becom a blessed gowst Oi'd start out to-morrow to look fer the Three iv Lofe. Not wishin' to be disrespectful nor to hurt yer feelin's, me friend, Oi'll give yez me plighted troth that Oi'd sooner niver die at all thin to become sich a lookin' gowst as yoz."

"Miserable man," sez the gowst, fer Jimmy was makin' him pretty to take wrothly, "if yez don't hilt me foind me body Oi'll hant yez to death, so Oi will."

"Ye will?" sez Jimmy. "Humph, Oi'll jist set right here an' watch ye. Sure it would tickle me half to death to see the loikes iv yez doin' a few stunts 'at would put the fear iv death into my heart."

"Oi am a SPIRIT!" sez the gowst in a deep, hoiler voice, loike a bulldog in an empty barrel; an' then he made his eyes flame an' smoke an' wave about in his head loike a lobster's, an' his hair glittered loike fox-foire, an' he danced an' pranced an' floated around the room in a way to freeze the blood iv a common man, but Jimmy was no common man; he was a Hogan to the bone iv him.

"Will, me owld college chump," sez Jimmy after the gowst had tired himself out, "as ye say, yez owldly a spirit, while Oi'm a spirit an' a body both. We're now too many fer yez, me boy. Why, Oi could take a good, healthy little monkey an' a bit iv sulphur an' mek a fearsomer lookin' gowst thin yoz in fove minutes."

Whin the gowst saw that there was no way to frighten Jimmy, he sobered down an' sat on the edge iv a moonbeam, lookin' as sorrowful as little Larry O'Brien the day he fell in the cask iv whiskey, an' him with the mumps so bad he couldn't swally a drop.

"It's a burnin' shame," he whined in a sad, sorrowful, woeful kind iv a discouraged loike voice, "to think that yoz came an' tuk possession iv me cabin an' see flour an' me bacon, an' thin whin Oi ask yez a civil favor yez ask loike a huthen Chinese."

"Ah, begorra," sez Jimmy, "that's a different way to look at it entirely. Why didn't yez begin that way? Whinver yez hev a favor to ask a Hogan don't begin be thyrin' to scare him to death; because that's about the only way yez niver git kilt. Now till me dancin an' sinable what became iv yer body, an' Oi'll be proud to help yez look fer it, toid as Oi am."

"Oi was warkin' a bit iv a mine," sez the gowst, wipin' his face wid a red bandana; "an' Oi had a foine piece iv luck, an' thin a felly be the name iv Black-Whiskered Pete cut me throat in this very cabin; an' before Oi learned how to hant the body was hid away—but they niver found the gowld."

"Oh, ho!" sez Jimmy prickin' up his ears. "The' was some gowld, he? An' where is that same gowld now?"

"O'll not tell yez," sez the gowst. "Sare all the plasure Oi have left is lookin' at me gowld an' plannin' what a good toime Oi could have if owldly Oi could spind it."

"Tis hard up fer fun yez are," sez Jimmy. "Why didn't yez drop in a bit airlier whin Oi was playin' the flute, an' Oi'd 's' shown yez a hape merrier toime thin gowstin' over a hape iv owld gowld 'at yez can't even spind. By the way iv a little diversion, why don't yez hant Black-Whiskered Pete till his beard turns as white as the driven snow, though fer the loike iv me Oi could niver see that driven snow was anny whiter than snow that was standin' peacefully in a twenty-foot drift."

Thin the memory iv thin owld bones he had dug up flashed across Jimmy's memory an' he knew he had the gowst in his power. "Now listen to me," sez he; "an' Oi'll tell yez jist how the matter stands. Oi know where yer body is an' yoz know where yer gowld is. The body is not much use to me except as fertilizer, perhaps, but the gowld is no good at all to yoz; why, man, yer unreasonable; here yoz've been wastin' real gowld in buyin' imaginary articles; don't yez know that yez can buy jist as many imaginary articles wid imaginary gowld as yez can wid real gowld?"

Use a little common sense; yoz tell me where the gowld is an' Oi'll give yez the finest funeral in me power. Faith, an' if the's anny whiskey left Oi'll even howl a wake over yez—as appropos as a wake as yez iver want to! Oi was always a master hand at wakes."

An' that was no lie ather, fer faith, whin Jimmy went to a wake they had to tie the corpse in his coffin to kape him from disgracin' the family be gittin' out an' dancin' on the flure.

"The's not many candles left," sez Jimmy, "an' that's a disgrace to yerself, it is; but Oi'll burn wan at yer head an' at yer feet; an' thin bury ye wid the whiskey jug at yer foot an' a cross at yer head; an' if that ain't a fair price fer an owld body wid its air-shaft cut, thin Oi'm a Jew."

Will, the gowst saw that Jimmy had him, but still he was an obstinate little specter, and sat there on the moonbeam wid a long drawn-out expression on his face thyrin' to make up his mind.

Jimmy leaned forward an' put his hand on his knee an' sez in his most wheedin' tone: "Man, haven't yez anny judgment at all, at all; yez'll be the owldly man in history that iver had the opportunity iv dancin' at his own wake. Don't lose yer chance, it may be yer last."

Will, the gowst couldn't turn down such an opportunity as that. He had a dash iv vanity in his make up, the same as me or yoz, an' whin he saw that he had a chance to establish a new record that would give him the right to brag fer the balance iv eternity he came around the bush an' took his medicine loike a little man.

He showed Jimmy where the gowld was buried, an' murder, but the' was a pack iv it; an' thin Jimmy rowled the bones up in a blanket an' laid 'em out on the bunk, straight an' dancin' an' ivry wan in its place; an' the next mornin' they belt a most illigant wake; the gowst sittin' be the jug an' snuffin' at the whiskey, while Jimmy drank it out iv a tie-cup an' blew smoke in the gowst's face. The gowst was so rejoiced to see his body gittin' Christian treatment at last that he

warmed up an' beken as sociable as a poor relation.

The next day Jimmy dug a foine deep grave an' put in the bones all straight an' roony, an put the impy jug at the foot an' a nate little cross at the head, an' said all the prayers he could raminber, an' finished off by carvin' the name iv the gowst on the cross—copyin' it from wam iv the owld letters what was iv the chise.

After that, iv course, the gowst could go annywhere he wanted to; but he had taken a great fancy to Jimmy, which was awthin' to be surprised at, because, man or maid, 'twas a lard thing to kape from din' that same thing; so he used to float in ivry evenin' fer a bit iv a chat an' to hear Jimmy play on the flute. Jimmy sez it was mighty foine fer

him an' kept him from gittin' lone-some.

The gowst told Jimmy the short cut back to 'Frisko, an' Jimmy promised to do the right thing in the way iv masses as soon as he arrived. Wam evenin' toward spring, the gowst towld Jimmy that the leithers in the chist was from his wifie, an' if he could find her to give her a bit iv the gowld, because the' was plenty fer both, an' Jimmy promised, fer he loiked the gowst, an' wam always willin' to oblige a friend. An' it was these same leithers 'at led him into givin' away the howl for a Christ-mas present—but Hivens! look at the toime! If Oi don't go home at wance, Bridget will be comin' afther me. Oi'll have to finish the tale some ither evenin'. Good-night, boys, Good-night.

The Individual Factor in Health

By ELEANOR MILES in Young Men

HERE are many cut-and-dried, hard-and-fast (or hard-and-slow) "Systems" of diet, baths, physical culture, and mental culture.

Some of these "Systems" suit certain people well, and elicit glowing yet genuine testimonials from those people. Most of these "Systems" are far better than nothing for many people—at least, I think so. And I think so for three chief reasons:

First of all, the "Systems" are definite, and therefore are easier to follow than the really scientific Systems which require forethought and observation in the using.

Secondly, they are dogmatic, and therefore supply the sheep-like patient with faith; for they guarantee complete health.

Thirdly, they give hope. And hope is most important if there is to be a search for a better physical way. Without hope of improvement, few people will venture or persevere.

But these "Systems" are not suited to all; they are positively dangerous when undertaken rashly by those who need some very different set of rules. I will cite a few examples.

1. Haphazard "Vegetarianism" has benefited many individuals, partly because there is a sense of satisfaction—and hence a tendency towards better health—when one feels that one is no longer responsible for the horrors of cattle-driving, cattle-shipping, and slaughtering. Besides, it stands beyond a shadow of doubt that flesh-foods and their extracts are poisons to numbers of people. But from my own acquaintances and correspondents I could cite literally hundreds of cases in which this diet—of eggs, badly cooked beans and lentils and potatoes and cabbage and sloppy porridges—has led to discomfort and exhaustion, and—what is worse—I had reputation for the whole work of diet-reform.

2. The so-called "Uric Acid free" diet—at least as advised by its best-known advocate—is a stricter form of "Vegetarianism"; it has brought many back to health. But too often it has led to fermentation, obesity, etc. Its freedom from "Uric Acid," and even its inclusion of a sufficient amount of body-building elements to take the place of flesh-foods, pulses, eggs, etc., are not enough to ensure success. For there may be a decided excess of bulk—especially of water, starch, and generally, indigestible elements.

3. What appears to be almost the opposite of this diet is the Salsbery treatment, which consists in its strictest form of flesh-foods not over-cooked, together with plenty of water to be drunk. This diet—it is useless to deny facts—has helped a large number of individuals to a feeling of greater fitness. Besides the cleansing effects of the water, its freedom from starchy elements and its compactness must be powerful factors in its success. But, in cases where, for example, the kidneys are weak, it is apt to fail, if not to be fatal.

And so one might go on, with "Systems" after "Systems," not of diet alone, but of baths, exercises, and so forth. Not one of these "Systems" but can show its successes; scarcely one of these "Systems" but hides its failures.

However, there is no space for more than one additional instance: and I will choose, as a highly successful "System" in many thousands of cases, the "No Breakfast" plan. I do not hesitate to say, after collecting statistics as fairly as possible from those who have given the "No Breakfast" or "Light Breakfast" plan a genuine trial for at least one week (a trial for two days only is not a genuine test at all), that this plan is likely to suit at least half the people in this country, though it is utterly unlikely to suit many individuals for the first two days. It is likely to seem a complete failure—to produce miserable slackness and a sense of hunger—for the first two or even three days.

But I have also known cases in which the plan failed miserably after

it had been tried for weeks and weeks; and certainly one case in which it failed after it had been tried for six months.

Now, when one brings such cases before the notice of the fanatical advocates of most of the particular "Systems," they usually either say that they have never come across a failure (which is almost surely a wilful untruth), or else they say that they must not admit this publicly because they want the public to start the plan with faith.

I should advise seekers after health to study the principal Systems, as these are very interesting, but to study them from a new point of view, bearing in mind the individual factor in health.

Read carefully what the extremist has to say: enter into his sanctorium, or, to change the comparison, go up with him upon the little hill from which he thinks he is getting a comprehensive view of the whole world.

Then wait a little, while you digest the new ideas.

Then regard these new ideas, in so far as they appeal to your reason, as worth trying. Plan out your own way of trial, which may be a very gradual one. For example, you might begin with a lighter breakfast, with less solid food and more fruit.

Eventually, judge the "System" by its all-round results in your own case, and give it up—or modify it—accordingly.

In a word, hear the man, but do not let him hypnotize you. Be an experimental animal, not a sheep.

Do not be a coward and fool. The coward and fool will not try a good thing because he is afraid of ridicule—often a deadlier and more painful weapon than force and hatred—and because he is ignorant of his duty towards his neighbors, which duty includes physical health.

On the other hand, do not be a misanthrope. Try to be as like other people as is consistent with health and a clear conscience.

The study of the individual factor in health requires time and intelligent trouble. But it is far more important

than the study of success in business. One should resolve to apply to the study of health the methods of a good business manager. Nobody calls him finny and cranky because he overhauls his affairs and stops leakages.

With no less care one ought to take stock of oneself and correct one's ways from time to time on general principles extracted from the commands of cranks and then adapted and applied to one's own personal case.

Personality in the Working Force

By George H. Barker in System

PERSONALITY in business!

Those three words spell, to my mind, the most powerful factor in business to-day. Financial resource, of course, is necessary in the business field; foresight and the ability to grasp opportunities as they arise achieve much. But, it is only when these elements are combined with that peculiar characteristic of the individual which we call personality—that faculty of personal power, personal impression and personal understanding—that they attain the best and most permanent results.

Personality is the chief factor in building a business, because personal power is the strongest bond between men, and a unified organization in a business establishment is chiefly the result of that same power—personality.

The successful founders of business have been those men who have radiated their personalities through the structures of trade which they built. Their policies and their methods thus were given additional momentum and their personal magnetism became an instrument unifying employees and attracting customers. This power has caused every employee in such an establishment to give to the business and to his particular work the best there was in him. And the man who can secure that individual effort, general team work and loyalty from those he employs is the man who wins. For a great machine is the more nearly perfect as its every part, even the smallest wheel or rod, moves

in union and with the least possible friction.

I believe the business man can well devote much of his time to developing personal quality in those he employs. Many years ago, before I became a manufacturer, I conducted a general store in Connecticut. I made it a point to impress on my clerks that careful attendance and personal treatment must be accorded every visitor to that store, no matter what the amount of a purchase or even if no purchase at all was made. I insisted that a customer who spent ten cents should be given just as close attention and as patient attendance as the customer who spent ten dollars; for very often the ten-cent customer of to-day develops into the buyer of the morrow whose every bill totals far more than that of the ten-dollar purchaser of the present. Now, the clerk who had that idea instilled—who did not need to be told—was the man with personality. He was the employee who could attract customers and hold them.

Every business needs to develop the personality of its men, for that means individualism, originality, growth and progress. But to develop individualism in the organization demands the injection of the personal touch into the relations between the management and the rank and file. We have always sought to develop the individualism of the worker, from the man who toils in the molding sand in the foundry to the salesman who disposes of the finished product to the customer. In that way the workman, no matter

how small the portion of the general task that may fall to him, is made to feel that he is a factor in the business. Whatever the place he may occupy he must feel that he is a necessary link in the execution of a certain phase of the work—that his efforts are needed in keeping in motion that chain of production which runs from the factory to consumers through the world.

To secure this result the management must keep in close personal touch with workmen in all departments. From the foundry to shipping room this principle has been followed. Even with almost 2,000 workmen in a manufacturing plant it is surprising to find how easily and how pleasantly this personal relationship may be continued, once it is established. The employer may be somewhat amazed to find with what interest he absorbs knowledge of the affairs of the various employees and the eagerness he feels in seeing each man attain the success he desires. And this personal interest, which becomes wholly unselfish and one of the pleasures of business management, is the element which, more than any other one thing perhaps, brings out loyalty and produces a unified organization.

In our works there has been but one slight disturbance since 1871. That lasted but a few days. Some of the men complained that inspections were too rigid. They were shown that quality always had been the keystone of the business. The discord was quickly adjusted and the most rigid inspection continued. I believe this long period of constant accord has been made possible chiefly through this personal relationship, loyalty of organization and that consequent mutual knowledge of actual conditions which makes for the fairest of dealing between employer and employee.

It is this personal power which makes men refer to the house or factory with which they are connected as "we." Their individualism is not crushed out. They feel that they are a living, working unit of that great

business machine to which they are attached.

This policy also begets long-time service—and permanent employees are a money-saver to a business. I believe the chief element in continuing long-term periods of service of skilled men has been personality, recognition of individualism when it is deserving because it encourages the man.

Another result of the absorption of this feeling by employees is the many suggestions that come from their brains. They give their best thought to their work. They plan to aid their employer; to extend the scope and power of the business to which they refer as "we." These suggestions, which often yield new mechanical improvements or new clerical methods that save time and expense, should be received with encouraging proof of their acceptability. That, too, will serve to further whet the brain of the worker and further inspire his loyalty and effort.

Granted that personality is of much value to the manufacturer in handling the men in his plant, how shall this be made a part of his policy? It must begin at the top. This quality should be one of the prime possessions of the factory superintendent's—or whatever title that official may bear who has direct charge of the men, wherever he may be employed. Here this personal power, accompanied by thorough practical knowledge of the work in hand, is a first requisite. For, where thousands of men are employed, all of varying temperament, friction is bound to come now and then. But the superintendent, or the foreman of the department, who treats every man on the personal plane soon abates any of the little differences that arise. And he exercises this personal power in treating every worker fairly. He keeps every promise made to an employee. In this way only is individualism nourished and the man in the ranks made to feel that his personality—his personal force and work—is a factor in the roar and rush of the factory.

To this same end any practice of tactics or violent assertion of authority—the "railing down" of an inferior by a superior in the presence of the former's working associates—should be adjured, unless a fault or offense really merits the severest censure. That practice of showing authority merely for authority's sake always hurts rather than helps. It scars the sensitive workman. It acts, too, as a muscle-binder and, with the brake of resentment set, that man's quality and quantity of work depreciates. It is a sure cause of the "don't-care" feeling. And nothing is more injurious to a working force than the spread of that disposition. That practice is attended, as a rule, by a crushing out of individualism—the doing away with the personal power of the individual.

I have in mind one man who worked his way upward from the ranks to a superintendency. At one time in his advance he was appointed an inspector. His duties required him to inspect the product of men with whom he had worked side by side at the bench. He had even been "best man" at the marriages of three or four.

These latter felt that, because of this close friendship, he should be lenient in inspection when they were concerned and allow any of their work which was below standard to pass as up to the chalk-line. He refused, however. His factory prided itself on the constant quality of its product. He was loyal to that rule of quality. He inspected their work just as rigidly as that of the newcomer who had taken his bench but the week before.

He lost their friendship, but he kept his course. And the time came when they voluntarily assured him that they were convinced he was in the right. Now, it was that man's personal power which carried him through that experience without creating a storm of trouble. He found himself implanted more strongly than ever in the regard of the men under him. His fairness, his square-deal methods, had won out. He dealt with all the men on the same personal plane. He upheld

individualism. And a better handler of men I never saw.

If personality is a power in dealing with men in the factory, the shop or the store, it is a superlative power in dealing with the customer in the selling end of the business. The business man, to succeed, must keep in personal touch with his customers. Letters which have the personal quality stamped in their type-written lines do much. Frequent circulars that are drafted along personal lines and have the personal element carried in the ink form another bond that ties. But, best of all, is the personal contact between the seller and the consumer.

Many a business man could not execute a more effective stroke of business-getting than by packing his grip, making a tour of the houses of his customers and announcing at each place he called that "I have come just to shake hands." I have seen ample proof of that. Its value has been demonstrated many times. Our sales manager some time ago made such a trip through a section of the country. Its results were immediate. It toned up business all along the line. It acted as a powerful supplementary influence to the efforts of the salesmen in the field. In one city this official called at the offices of a very prominent and very busy man. The corporation over which this man presides as the executive head had not been one of our constant customers. To the visitor's card the busy executive sent back word that he was too deluged with business affairs to receive a call. The visitor merely said to the clerk:

"Very well. Kindly tell Mr. So-and-so that I do not want to bother him by soliciting orders. I merely came in to shake hands. I shall call again at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. If he is not too busy then I should much desire the pleasure of meeting him."

The next morning our sales manager was promptly received. He was met by this corporation head with: "I am very glad to meet you. You displayed such a kindly and gentlemanly disposition yesterday when I

was burdened with a mass of affairs that I have looked forward to endeavoring to make fall asunder to-day for my inability to see you yesterday." That visit meant very, very much to us.

And to what must this result be attributed? To personality; nothing else. It shows what personal power will do. I wish it were possible to extend this personal contact to every customer. I know of no way in which I could do greater service to the house with which I am associated than to tour our selling field and just shake hands with those thousand and more of customers who have been sending in orders for years and have known the directing forces only through our traveling salesmen—all men of personal power, too—and the personal letters and circulars of the kind I have mentioned.

That business house or manufacturing establishment which makes a constant practice of extending a personal welcome to the customers who come to its doors has learned one lesson in the success-book. Proper personality, even in the busiest retail house, radiates that atmosphere of welcome. In the great retail commercial house there may be no actual hand-shaking, but the customers feel that air of welcome almost unconsciously. For business houses, when rightly directed, have personalities as well as individuals. With manufacturing establishments there is opportunity to extend personal welcome to visiting customers. Let them know that they are at home. We are anxious that our customers who visit us should have full opportunity to observe every detail of the business. And that means that they are welcome to start at the pattern-making branch and visit every other department up to the general offices. We have no mysteries about our book-keeping. We are glad to know that our customers are so interested in us that it is possible to establish such close personal relationship.

In putting the test of the power of personality to individual proof there is one case particularly that occurs

to me. Twenty-three years ago there was a young man at Detroit's telephone exchange. He handled the line that ran to my desk. He showed his ability to adapt himself to circumstances. He had that personal quality which fits itself to environment. And no telephone service was better than that segment of service which came under his control. Within a short time he was given a place with us—a very small place, that of a messenger boy. But he insisted that he was quite willing to take the opening that afforded.

That man now is one of the leading department heads. And his sole capital at the outset was personality. But that capital, to him, was better than money without personality. Men like that always are wanted. There always is a place for them. Just such men are needed for other departments, but they are hard to find. This man has continued a firm believer in the power of personal force in business. He has sought to develop that personal factor in the men under him. He has sought to train young men and develop their individual abilities so as to fit them for positions higher up which may be available for them if they prove worthy.

So I believe a young man of character and personal power can be developed into almost anything desired. Ability differs in each man, of course. But the business man can profit by training young men and placing them in those positions for which their abilities best fit them. Many a great business-builder in this way has been enabled to lay the foundations heavy enough and build his organization broad enough to meet promptly and most effectively every demand which ensuing years of keeping growth laid upon that industry. Many of the largest business houses of the country have attained their present magnitude because their organization structures were built on these lines. Personality thus was made the dominant power throughout the business structure. And it was that element, backed by system and careful business methods, which achieved.

Thus the personal element, when properly developed and rightly directed, permeates the entire business establishment. It attracts and holds the customer. The clerical force and the entire working body by an unconscious process of absorption it may be, comes under the spell of this personal force.

I do not set myself up as a business mentor. I have stated only facts and deductions that have fallen to years of practical business experience and observation. But—get personality into your business.

Let your employees understand that

they have a personal value, that there is a personal interest attaching to them, that personal force counts in every branch of the business. In return you will secure that personal interest which means loyalty and the best effort with which each employee has been endowed.

Let your customer know that a personal interest attaches to him—a real personal interest that is not measured wholly by his orders and his dollars—and you will win in return that close, personal association and active support that builds up business.

It is personality—personal force—that counts.

The Decree of the Woodshed Court

By M.F. Ferguson in Uncle Remus' Magazine

HE was not precisely a pretty boy; indeed, it would have been almost flattering to call him plain. For his face was thin, and thickly sprinkled with freckles; and his ears stood out from his head a trifle too prominently, and his hair—what you could see of it under the tattered rim of the coarse straw hat—was of that insistent red that at first sight shocks the beholder. Nor did it add to his general attractiveness as he knelt in the onion bed, picking weeds, that the sun shone in his eyes, forcing him to contract them to a narrow squint; nor that his hands were abnormally large, and his mouth frame conspicuously lean and angular.

There was something pathetic in the dogged persistence with which he stuck to his task, despite the fact that three lads of about his own age, crouching behind a near-by hedge, were beseeching him in stage whispers to desert it.

"Aw, come on, Dan," urged one of them, peering at him cautiously over the top of the boxwood. "You'll delay the game."

Dan unheeded himself gradually to his full height—there was a great deal

of him when he was all unweaned—and ran his eyes along the rows of weed-choked plants with a sigh of resignation.

"When I finish the job," he said, laconically.

"But it's all up with us if you ain't on the spot when the umpire says 'Play ball,'" suggested the tempter.

"Look-a-here," retorted Dan; "I'm goin' to sneak off, all right, but I ain't a-goin' to dodge my work in the bargain. I promised to weed these onions, an' I'm calculatin' to do it if it takes all afternoon."

There was a whispered consultation on the other side of the hedge, a scramble over, and in a moment the red-headed agriculturist found three active assistants sharing his labor. Divided by four, the undertaking dwindled into insignificance, and the last obnoxious weed was speedily uprooted. Thereupon the boy, directing his friends to await his return by the roadside, made a cautious reconnaissance in the direction of the house, and, shielded from the view of its occupants by a well-covered grape arbor, secured from beneath a pile of boards in a corner of the wood shed

a bat, a cap and a pair of low, spiked shoes.

As he hastened to rejoin his comrades and trudged along the dusty road with them, he flattered himself that his departure was unobserved. Therein he was mistaken. One pair of prying, inquisitive eyes had followed his every movement from the moment of his companions' arrival to the precise second when he disappeared over the top of the first hill on the way to the neighboring village of Abington.

Half an hour afterward Abel Gordon, who had been down by the cornfield mending a break in the fence, came up to the house to look for a bolt for the bucksaw. In the kitchen doorway his wife sat, shelling peas. A shrewd-faced youngster of seven played about her feet, dividing his attention between a dilapidated Noah's ark and a string of empty spoons.

"Where's Dan?" asked Abel, casually, as he paused for a moment to watch the child arranging a procession of crippled animals before the ark.

"Clearing up the onion patch," replied the woman.

"He wasn't there just now, when I came by," remarked her husband.

"Then I don't know what's become of him. I saw him there an hour ago."

"I know where Dan is," piped the little fellow, in a shrill treble. "He's gone to play baseball over at Abington. I saw him."

Gordon leaned his bucksaw against the wall and picked up the child roughly.

"Don't tell me a falsehood," he said.

"I'm not," whimpered the informer, boring into his eyes with a pair of grimy fists. "He went with the Metcher boys and Joe Simmons. They came and helped him with the weeding, and I was up in the apple tree and heard them talking. Dan's goin' to pitch for Hillsboro, 'cause Shorty Davis is sick and can't play. Joe Simmons said so."

If he had been told that his eldest son had deliberately set fire to the house or stolen a hundred dollars from

the old iron box under his bed Abner Goeden could hardly have experienced a more unpleasant shock. It was part and parcel of his philosophy that outdoor sports were ruinous to the mental development of the young. Sane enough in other respects, he had a deep-rooted conviction that to permit Dan to participate in the competitive recreations of his companions would be to put in his way an irresistible temptation to neglect the more serious things of life. Seymour Dutton's Dave had set for college with every promise of development into a brilliant scholar, and had returned barren of intellectual honors, a brutalized semi-professional football player. And there was the Methodist parson's son Jed, who had cut his course at the Hillsboro preparatory School to join a minor league ball team! There were "horrible examples" that confirmed Abel in his exaggerated view of the harmfulness of athletics. As for physical development, that could better be attained by work than by distracting play.

And so it befell that this youth of seventeen was sternly held in leash and forbidden even to play the role of spectator at the baseball, football and tennis matches of the countryside. But the boy was human, and persisted in secret the natural inclinations he could not openly gratify. He had an intimate acquaintance with the fine points of outdoor diversions wholly inconsistent with frank submission to his father's will.

Abel Goeden was a man of action rather than of words. He silently lifted Dan's little brother from his knee and arose. His wife watched him anxiously as he rapidly shed his overalls, washed his hands at the pump and took his "good" bath from its accustomed pail.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"The question was superfluous, and he did not answer."

"Be careful, Abel," she said, as he brushed past her in the doorway. "Don't you let your temper get the better of you."

"I know what I'm doing," he re-

sorted, savagely. "I'll thrash that boy within an inch of his life." And he looked as if he meant it.

Practically all of Abington and half the population of Hillsboro had gathered on the enclosed field where the rival teams were to cross bats. Abel Gordon recognized many of his friends and neighbors as he pushed his way to the opening in the low fence barring the spectators from the diamond, and nodded to them curtly; but he turned neither to the right nor to the left to exchange civilities with them. His eyes were fixed with grim determination upon the awkward-looking, brick-topped youth in a neat gray uniform who occupied the pitcher's box—the most conspicuous figure in the field. In a moment he would make a public example of Dan and show him how serious a matter it was to defy paternal authority. But at the players' entrance he was halted.

"You can't go through here, brother," said the gate-keeper, pushing him back. "Nobody allowed on the field."

"I must speak to Dan Gordon. I'm his father."

"Sorry, but you'll have to wait until the end of the inning," retorted the gate-keeper, with an air of finality.

Abel attempted to call to Dan across the intervening space, but at that instant arose a mighty cheer that completely drowned the sound of his voice. On all sides of him people were tossing their hats in the air and yelling like maniacs. An elderly man close at his elbow poked him in the ribs familiarly and shouted in his above the din:

"Great boy, eh?"

Mr. Gordon had been too angry to comprehend what was going on before him. He was vaguely aware that the batsman, a hulking fellow grown to a man's estate, had thrown down his club in a fit of rage and was walking away from the plate; but he had no notion what the tumult was about.

"What's the matter?" he asked of his excited neighbor.

"Matter!" exclaimed the other, contemptuously. "Where are your eyes?

Don't you know who that was he struck out? No? Why, that's 'Noodles' Griffin, the Interstate League man. He has no business to be playing with Abington—he's a professional. But that doesn't faze Dan Gordon a little bit. This is twice he's fanned him."

Abel looked at the retiring batsman with a new interest.

"We'd lick Abington yet if young Gordon had decent support," continued the garrulous spectator. "But it must be mighty discouraging to be backed up by such a lot of clumps."

"What's the score?" involuntarily inquired Abel. He was provoked with himself for putting the question, but it was too late.

"Six to two, favor Abington, end of the fifth—and not one of those six runs earned. They can't hit Gordon for a cent—jumping Jehosophat, did you see that!" screamed the enthusiast, clapping his hands with astonishing vigor. For Dan, leaping high in the air, had caught a red-hot liner with one hand and shot the ball to first in time to complete a double play at the expense of an overconfident runner who had assumed that the hit was safe.

Dan's admirer wept for joy as he laid his hand on Mr. Gordon's arm.

"Wait," he yelled, as soon as the noisy demonstration that followed the play had subsided sufficiently for him to be heard; "wait till you see him at the bat! He'll probably come up this innings—oh, he's a corker!"

Abel was about to make for the gate, as the inning was ended; but at this he paused. An inning more or less would make no difference. He could deal with Dan later as well as now. In the meantime he would stand back a little bit. It might unnerve the boy if he should see his father among the spectators. He would wait and see how Dan handled his bat.

The first man up for Hillsboro in the sixth was hit by a pitched ball, and took his base. The second was given a base on balls. The third won safety on a miserable little

scratch, and Dan faced the pitcher with the bases full.

Two balls in succession passed close to the edge of the plate, and from the way Dan held his bat it looked as though he were trying to bunt. The fielders edged in a little in anticipation of a short infield hit, and people held their breath. In the midst of the stillness a deep bass voice yelled:

"Hit it out!"

And that voice was Abel Gordon's, although he was hardly conscious that he had opened his mouth.

But Dan knew what he was doing. Twice he made as if to bunt the ball with horizontal bat, and twice the umpire called strikes, while the outfielders crept in still nearer. The next ball sailed in straight as a die, square over the centre of the plate; and Dan, changing his attitude like lightning, swung his bat to meet it. There was a resounding crack, and before the centre-fielder could overtake and return the flying sphere three runners had filed across the plate. And it was once more the voice of the implacable opponent of sport that screamed to Dan as he rounded third and seemed about to make an impossible try for home:

"Go back! Go back!"

Before the side was retired Dan got home on a long fly, and the score stood six to six. Abel decided to postpone the fulfillment of his mission until the end of the game. There were many people from Hillsboro there, and they were bent on seeing Hillsboro win. To remove the star player from the game at this critical juncture would be to incur their strong displeasure. Yes, it was better, for the sake of interested folk, to wait. So he waited.

Up to the beginning of the last inning the score remained a tie, and the excitement continued at fever heat. Then, with two out in Hillsboro's half of the ninth, Dan Gordon knocked the ball outside the lot for a home run, and the crowd went mad. Abel forgot for the moment the stern purpose that had brought him to the field; forgot Dan's flagrant disobedience, the dangerous lure of sport, the dread-

ful fate of Dave Dutton and the parson's son. He clapped his horny hands till the palms ached; he put his forefingers between his lips and emitted an ear-splitting whistle that he had not practiced since his boyhood; he shrieked and howled till he was hoarse. And a thousand other half-crazed men and boys did likewise. By the time the pandemonium subsided the last Hillsboro player had been put out, and Abington came in to bat. If Hillsboro could prevent a score this once, the game was won.

A hush fell over the spectators as the first Abington man came up to bat in that momentous ninth; but only for an instant. The Abington element in the crowd, taking its cue from a loud-mouthed concher who sought to "rattle" the pitcher, began to chant rhythmically:

"Up-in-the-air! Up-in-the-air! Up-in-the-air!"

The monotonous cry seemed to get on Dan's nerves, for he pitched four balls in succession wide of the plate, and the batter went to first. Encouraged by their success, the Abington "rooters" re-doubled their noisy efforts, and were almost instantly rewarded. Dan dropped an easy pop fly that his little brother would have been shamed to miss. Abel Gordon's face lengthened perceptibly, and he began to remember the punishment he had in store for his contumacious son. Two men were on bases. It looked blue for Hillsboro.

The next batter bunted, and heat the ball to first. With nobody out, the bases full, the pitcher unmoved and but one run needed to tie the score, it was a critical situation. Besides, the formidable "Noodles" Griffin, of Interstate League fame, was at the bat. The Hillsboro captain came in from centre field to hold a brief consultation with Dan and his catcher, apparently with a half-formed purpose of taking the hero of the day out of the box. But Dan shook his head vigorously, and the other conferees dubiously retired to their respective positions.

"Noodles" Griffin swung his bat viciously, and hit—the air. Again

the ball came hurtling by on a level with his head; again he aimed; again he missed. The third ball looked to be far beyond his reach, and he stood motionless as it passed by. Before he heard the umpire's decision he realized that it had curved sharply inward just before it reached him, and cut the corner of the plate. For the third time in the game he had struck out. Hillsboro's partisans began to gather confidence. Dan himself felt that he had settled down.

This was the beginning of the end of a baseball game that few who witnessed ever forgot. "Noodles" successor, shaken by the ignominious downfall of that renowned heavy hitter, fell a victim to three puzzling curves twisted with unerring aim, and shamefacedly retired to the bench. As the last batter stepped up the spell-bound rooters forgot to root. Amid a silence so tense that the ball seemed to fairly sizzle through the air he struck once, twice, managed to foul one, and then ended the game by lunging wildly at the sphere as it passed even with his knee. Dan had not only struck out the side with three men on bases, but had achieved that rare feat with ten pitched balls.

Twenty minutes later, after Dan had made his escape from a horde of frenzied admirers, he emerged from the dressing room and came face to face with his father. The boy which he carried so jauntily over his shoulder all but slipped from his nervous fingers. He would rather have confronted an untamed lion than this accusing figure that stood before him with lowering brow.

"So!" said Abel. "Here you are at last! I've been looking for you quite a while."

The boy's guilty conscience clogged his tongue. His was not a case for defense, but for expiation. Meekly enough he followed as his father plucked him by the sleeve, and in moody silence the two pursued their way homeward. Others traveling in their direction forbore to join them, but passed by with different nods or fells behind; for there was that in the father's countenance which repelled

intrusion, and something in the son's demeanor that implied a shamed desire to escape from the flood of well-meant compliments that had been showered upon him. Not until they reached the house did Dan open his mouth to speak. Then, as Abel took down from its resting place on a couple of nails high up on the kitchen wall a heavy hickory switch that had not been used for years, the boy's high spirit rebelled.

"Not that, Dad!" he cried. "I'm not a child, to be flogged."

"Come out to the wood shed, sir," said his father, curtly, leading the way. Dan's face went white, but not with fear. His contrition had given place to indignation. Physically he was almost a man. He felt that he had outgrown corporal punishment, and with that conviction came a hasty resolve to snatch the rod from his father's grasp at the first blow and break it in a dozen pieces. With great deliberation, Abel took off his coat and hung it on the latch.

"Daniel," he said, grimly, as he picked the pliant hickory and faced his son, "did you ever do wrong by me without getting properly punished for it?"

"I guess I pretty nearly always got what was coming to me," the boy acknowledged.

"I reckon you did," reiterated his father, "and sometimes maybe a little more. Now, turn about is fair play. I've learned something this afternoon. I've seen enough over at Abington to convince me that when a man tries to bring up a boy just as he would a girl he isn't giving the boy a square deal. I've been doing the wrong thing by you ever since you were big enough to let go of your mother's apron strings. Here—take this."

Dan took the proffered switch mechanically.

"Now," said his father, turning his back and folding his arms, "I won't feel right comfortable till I've had my medicine. You roll up your sleeve and lambast me just as hard as you know how."

So amazed was Dan for the moment that he was hardly aware of the move-

ments of his own hands as he bent the rod across his knee until it snapped and tossed the fragments from him. For the first time since his triumph on the ball field he felt the full joy of a victor.

"Dad," he said, with a grin that extended from ear to ear, "we're going to play Mount Union next Saturday. If you'll come along I'll get you a good seat in the front row of the grand stand."

The Right Time

By Clarence Rock in *Chronicle Magazine*

THERE is something heroically simple in the startling proposal put forward in a pamphlet by Mr. Willett, of London. He proposes, as you may have read, that we be no longer slaves of the clock, no longer lie a-bed during the sunny hours of the day, no longer do our work and take our pleasure by artificial light—when we can get the free light from heaven by altering the clock. Roughly speaking, we are to stimulate the clock in spring, and every Sunday morning put the hands forward by some half-hour. Thus, by the summer holiday time you will by easy stages have acquired the habit of early rising and early bedding. With the coming of autumn the clock is given its sedative. Put back the hand every Sunday, and thus you will pay your debt with extra half-hours in bed in the morning. The idea is fascinating; but to the layman it has a touch of irreverence, a suggestion of talking lightly about the equator. You may be reassured. The equator is safe, sound and accorded all due respect. I have investigated the matter, and you may take it that you can do what you like with the clock without offending the equator. It won't budge an inch.

I had read Mr. Maumder's book on "The Royal Observatory" and had learned that Greenwich "gives time to the world." So I thought—strolling in Greenwich Park—that my friend at the Observatory on the Hill might know something of the matter. He would be a precisian in the matter of time. Into his private room I came.

"Come down and lunch with me at the Ship," I said. He looked round at the clock on the mantelpiece. It had stopped.

"What is the time?" he asked.

"Exactly what I wanted to ask you," I replied. "The right time."

He looked uneasily at me. Then he drew me gently to a lobby where an ordinary-looking clock was ticking.

"That's the time," he said proudly. "Greenwich time."

"Then have I got the right time?" I asked, pulling out my watch.

"Well," he replied, "it depends upon whether you want solar time, sidereal time, local time, standard time, apparent time, or mean time," and he looked like the draper who has several other desirable lines under the counter.

I explained that the right time was what I wanted; and with strenuous questions I dragged from him the damning admission that the Greenwich noon does not correspond exactly with the sun or the stars, the heavens or the earth, and that Greenwich time is a merely human compromise with the clock, the gauged heavens, and the whole of the earth's axis. This awful confession from an eminent astronomer was rather startling. Few, glancing round to make sure that no one was listening to the admission, he whispered in my ear:

"There's no such thing as the right time—we fake it."

And then we went off to lunch. Over lunch he told me something of the triumphs of man over time; for man has begun to master the clock, and my astronomer dropped his

shame-facedness after lunch when he confessed the deception that Greenwich has imposed on the world. There are two fundamental lines that encircle the earth, one the equator, to which is due respect. What should be the other? The meridians of Jerusalem and of Rome and of the Great Pyramid were suggested as the cross-line that should start the time of day. But the supremacy of Great Britain on the seas, the necessity of accurate measuring of hours and minutes, brought the centre of the world to Greenwich; and Greenwich set to work to tell the time, and nowadays, when Greenwich says it is noon, it is noon. It is usually a compromise. The line might have been drawn over any other point of the world's surface. But Greenwich has it, and sets the mean time. And when it is to-day in Greenwich it is this evening in other places, and yesterday or to-morrow in others.

For when railways came, and swift steamships and men ran to and fro, Greenwich spread its compromise; the world went on spinning as usual; but men spun faster. The coach-passenger's watch in London would take him without disaster to Edinburgh, while the voyager to America had probably forgotten all about time in the wonders of space. But when men began to travel swiftly and far it was necessary to come to some agreement about time, since it would never do to fiddle with the watch or reset the clock at every station between here and Penzance. It was necessary to compromise; and compromise always implies a certain amount of deceit. Therefore, Greenwich made out its time, which is never the right time, and the world mapped itself out into four-and-twenty chunks. If you go round the world you lose a day, or gain it, according to your route. And thus you will perceive that our astronomer has turned time to human devices. There are many important places in the world that are lured by Greenwich to get up half an hour earlier than they suspect, or to lie about half an hour later than they hoped. For example, the man at Pen-

zance who wants to get up at eight o'clock, is turned out of bed twenty-three minutes earlier than the man in London. He never notices the difference. But the gas companies at Bernese noticed it; for Bernese is on the edge of the mid-European time, and the Bernese go to bed before they have consumed sufficient gas to satisfy dividends. The companies begged that Bernese should be hoisted into the next division, see less daylight, and use more gas!

There is no such thing as time—the right time—and if there were it would depend upon space which we are supposed to be annihilating. Already, when we voyage across the Atlantic the captain tampers with the clock in the night, robs us of half an hour's sleep this way every night, and gives it back on the return journey; and no one notices the fraud. There are places on the ocean where a ship's captain—inspired by the fraudulent transactions of Greenwich—filches a whole day from his passengers, or condemns them to an extra day of this transitory life. No one grumbles, for no one suffers inconvenience. And I think that on the whole I should welcome Mr. Willett's project of luring me from my bed and giving me the light of a whole day in summer and permitting me to pay back the debt by instalments in bed in the winter. I pointed out the situation to my astronomer friend and asked him whether, as he was obviously quite unscrupulous in the matter of time, as he was putting an admittedly adulterated article on the market, he could not go a step further.

"Your time is a fraud already," I argued. "Why not put a little more sand into the sugar? You only want the sand. Get up in the middle of the night and alter the clock, and if Greenwich says it's eight o'clock in England Greenwich has only to blow a whistle or touch a button—and it is."

"I could do it," he said enthusiastically. "But I should be discovered," he added frivolously.

"When England is asleep?" I suggested. "England is never asleep," he re-

plied. "What about the railway companies? I'd like to see the face of the traffic manager who found himself half an hour out of reckoning with all his trains."

"He is used to that," I objected cheerfully.

"And what about the gas companies and the electric supply companies that would find their dividends dropping as I fiddled with the time?"

"You are a shareholder!" I exclaimed.

He did not admit this; but I saw the guilt in the wretched man's eyes. He knew well enough that he was a fraudulent dealer in minutes, sending people to bed and dragging them to their shaving glasses under false pretences. But I am sure he will not give me those hours of summer daylight and those hours of winter sleep, just because the trade of the country would be disorganized thereby. What a very terrestrial attitude for an astronomer!

The Influence of Business Life on Women

By Anna Richardson in Women's Home Companion

THE woman wage-earner is to-day the nation's most serious sociological problem, its most insidious menace. Legislation may restrict immigration, curb trusts, eliminate child labor, enact uniform divorce laws and subside the "Yellow Peril," but it cannot stem the constantly swelling tide of intelligent women who are fleeing the home life to seek careers in the various fields of money-making. From the ranks of these women, future statesmen, law-makers and law-breakers will spring, and millions of future mothers are being trained for the pitiless warfare of wage earning rather than for the gentler but more potent art of home-making.

In Greater New York alone half a million girls and women are partly or wholly self-supporting. Half a million women, or one fifth the population, are under business rather than domestic influences. Of this number it is estimated that twenty thousand are stenographers and typists.

In one department store, at the height of the Christmas trade, six thousand persons are employed. Four thousand of these are girls and women.

Labor statistics (gleaned from one of the standard almanacs) show that under the census of 1905, 1,065,884

women and girls over sixteen years old are engaged in those manufacturing interests of the United States which come under the head of the factory system. These women draw in wages \$317,279,008, or more than \$300 a year per capita. In the same manufacturing interests, men and boys over sixteen are employed to the number of 4,244,538. Their combined wages are \$2,266,273,317, or an average of \$533.95 a year. The number of women wage-earners has increased sixteen per cent since the census of 1900 was taken, and their wages have been increased 27.5 per cent. It must be borne in mind that these figures do not cover custom dress-making and millinery, in which trades women practically have a monopoly.

Study the average household in cities, large and small, in county seats or in towns which can boast of unimportant industries giving employment to women. To what end is the girl given an education? Almost invariably to fill some position in the commercial or professional world. Statistics show that comparatively few girls go beyond the grammar grades. At sixteen they graduate into a business college, a shop, a factory or an office.

In days gone by, mothers planning for the future would say: "When

Nellie is married we will do so and so." To-day they say: "When Nellie has a good position or makes fifteen dollars a week I will do this or that." The old-fashioned mother pointed with pride to the daughter happily married, mistress of her own well-managed home. To-day the power in the household to whom all bow is the daughter who earns the largest salary.

Many mothers frankly admit that it does not pay to train daughters in housewifely habits. The girl who is to be in business should not be troubled with domestic matters. Instead of teaching the girl how to dust, mend or cook, before and after school hours, the mother dictates shorthand exercises.

Is it remarkable that the girl accepts her mother's view? Surely this mother, drudging more or less patiently at home while the daughter is preparing for business, must know whereof she speaks when she says her child shall never lead the narrow life that has been hers? Is it strange that the girl sees the domestic life through distorted lenses, and decides in favor of a life of individual and absolute independence?

Not until the wage-earning women of the present generation have married and reckoned the full measure of their loss will a second, or perhaps a third, generation of daughters be taught to choose intelligently between the domestic and the business life. Not until thousands of women have scored either failure or dazzling mediocrity in wage-earning will girls be taught that there is drudgery in the factory, store or office as well as in the kitchen. Until mothers learn this by actual experience daughters will continue to fling themselves recklessly, unadvisedly into the maelstrom of business life.

What influences does business exert on this inexperienced, expectant girl? They are purely psychological. The question of comparative health and comparative morals in domestic and in business life is narrow, as compared with the broader one of psychological conditions.

I believe that just as many women break down under the strain of bearing children and domestic burdens as have nervous prostration from trying to do a man's work in business and live a woman's life at home.

But there is this difference: The woman who sacrifices herself on the domestic altar may leave behind her a living, breathing memorial in the sons and daughters who revere her memory, and who hand down to posterity the influence of her strong character, an ever widening circle for good; while the woman who sacrifices herself to business success can leave only a few tangled skeins in office or store for some other woman to straighten out. The woman who is normal and healthy, and performs her work in the normal, common-sense way, will not break down either in the home or in a wage-earning field.

Wage-earning women as a class I believe to be even more moral than their sisters who lead the protected life. Contact with the world shows them the wages of sin as well as the wages of work. They are less credulous, less trusting, than the girl who idealizes every man who comes upon her horizon. The girl whose virtue is inherent and strongly entrenched does not yield to the blandishments of the man she meets in business; rather she becomes absolutely impenetrable. On the other hand, the girl who is naturally wild and unrestrained does not require the influence of office, store or factory environment to show her the downward way.

A woman may be absolutely moral, upright and honest, and yet be unhappy and possess the faculty of making every one around her unhappy. The real test of success or failure for a business woman lies so deep in her own life, in her very heart, that it cannot be measured by casual acquaintances or by the ordinary investigations of sociological students who have never lived with her, worked with her and suffered with her.

Before you can decide the influence of business on the woman you must

study the motive which makes her join the world of wage-earners. Present economic conditions drive thousands of half-grown girls into factories, shops and other underpaid avenues of money-making. These girls, springing from homes of poverty and ignorance, must be helped and uplifted by state and national laws, private and public charities, such as clubs, night schools and settlements, and every possible means which will teach them the right way of living and give them an insight into the art of home making when they leave the factory to take up their duties as wives and mothers.

There is a second class of girls, who from choice would lead the protected home life, but who are forced into the wage-earning field by various emergencies, loss of family fortune, death, illness, etc. To me these girls are the real heroines of the business world.

But there is a third and ever-growing class of young women, who, because they cannot be reached by any institution, state or otherwise, are invulnerable in their independence and dangerous in their intelligence. They are not compelled by financial necessity to work. They could remain comfortably, if not luxuriously, supported under the parental roof. They can afford to work indefinitely on a small salary, and thus they reduce the wages paid to their less fortunate fellow-workers. Every dollar they earn they may spend for personal comfort, luxury or adornment. They take precedence over girls just as capable and competent, but who cannot present as good an appearance. And, having, by the deliberate methods possible in their situation, achieved either financial competency or a brilliant success, in their life of independent luxury they present to girls farther down the ladder a false goal. These successful women who had every advantage at the start, a home life free from worries, financial backing in case they failed, social or family influence, superior education, the poise and confidence which come with good grooming, good

gowning and good manners, are the commercial will-o'-the-wisps which lead the unsophisticated, unsullied, restless girl just leaving school to believe that business success spells enduring happiness. You do not find them in factories, but in better-paid lines of work.

While these articles were in course of preparation I planned a conference of representative business women, some of whom belong in the above-mentioned class. They had been fully informed of the topic to be discussed. Each woman stands for success in her respective line. Some of their names are used to conjure with in the marts of trade. Twelve women, practically from as many states, most of them having started at \$5 a week or less, to-day standing shoulder to shoulder with men as exponents of intelligent labor and advanced thought, drawing the same salaries and enjoying the same privileges as the men among whom they work! Women who have worked with girls and for girls; women who have it in their power to start girls in the pathway that leads to business success; women who have never failed to give a helping hand to their sex in the business world, and yet who, when pinned down to an honest opinion, in the good of the cause admitted that, had they their lives to live over, they would choose the domestic and not the business career.

Not one of these women is a pessimist. Not one is really unhappy in her work, because to be successful in business you must be philosophical. Some of these women had supplanted men in their positions, and are drawing better salaries than the men whom they succeeded. Some have married; some hope to marry in the near future, and others frankly admit that because of their new view of life as a whole and men as a class they do not expect to marry.

These facts I am stating in order that the girls who read this article will realize that it is not women who have failed or women whose hearts are eaten by disappointment who were

chosen to talk frankly on the influence of business over women. The statements which follow were taken verbatim at that conference.

Said a woman who is buyer in a department store: "Ask the average girl of to-day who is seeking a position to name her ambition—and she has none. She has set before her no goal toward which she will bend her energies. She will tell you she needs the money, or that her parents expect her to pay board now that she has left school, or that she has some friends employed down town and she wants to work with them. Only the exceptional girl has outlined some definite plan of action, or can name some definite end toward which she is working.

"With a man, business is a permanent career, an end which he never permits to drop out of sight. With the average woman it is merely expedient. With a man, success in business is all-absorbing, matrimony and love are incidents. With a woman, in time love and matrimony become the real things of life, and business the incident. Success with the business man is satisfying. If the right woman is a factor or is benefited by his business success, he counts this as an added blessing. The woman cannot enjoy success alone. She must share it with someone. This is the natural out-cropping of usefulness in the woman. With a man, success, or efforts toward success, dwarf all other feelings. With a woman, sentiment, affection, the unexpected assertion of the feminine nature are liable to imperil her business success at any moment.

"If a busy man has a luncheon engagement with a woman, however dear she may be to him, and she fails to keep her appointment, he will invent all manner of excuses for her, eat his lunch philosophically and resume the routine of his afternoon work, leaving the settlement of his differences with the object of his affections until business affairs have been despatched. Outwardly, if the case is reversed, the woman may do precisely the same thing, but she will

accumulate nervous indigestion during the luncheon hour and endure mental hysterics during the afternoon."

The head of a large clerical staff, composed entirely of women, said:

"Though they will not admit it, nine girls out of ten look upon the business world as a matrimonial field well worth working. Thousands enter it to find a husband and remain in it to avoid needing one.

"Cupid does not find the average shop or office a congenial atmosphere in which to labor. Women who work shoulder to shoulder with men have few illusions left at the end of the first year. And say what you will about the weakness and credulity of the old-fashioned women, it is not a kind hand that tears away every illusion. With the departure of certain ideals, women realize that certain reason for their existence, certain possibilities of happiness, have slipped out of their grasp. The girl who has won her first little commercial triumph at twenty-three does not understand this, but the woman of thirty-three or forty-three, who has drunk the full measure of business success—and yet wonders why life seems empty—does understand, and suffers accordingly."

Said a young woman who at a comparatively young age has scored success in a field which few women enter:

"At twenty-five I returned to my native village from college. I had not decided on any career, but when I got back to the quiet town something pulled upon me. It was the men! I had known them all from youth—nice, prosaic fellows, anxious to settle down under their respective ancestral roof-trees—and I fled the scene. In a larger city, among bustling business interests, I would find a congenial mate. From the start I was a business success. One small triumph followed another, but I didn't marry. I found myself measuring men by their business qualifications, not by their personal or domestic standards. At forty I woke to a realization that men were no longer interested in me as a woman, but as

a dangerous business rival, a person who needed to be watched, a creature to be flattered, alas! not because of her womanliness and feminine charms, but because her influence was valuable. Was I flattered at this realization? No! I was furious, and I have hated men ever since!"

Another woman said:

"Women do not generally meet their matrimonial fate in the office or store where they work. If a man marries a business girl, he meets her not in the store or office, but at some social function. This is because the girl who works at his elbow loses the indefinable, elusive charm of the girl whom he idealizes when, she is not around. The familiarity of office or business life breeds contempt between the sexes. You say, 'Better to feel this contempt before marriage than after.' I say, 'No. Better to trust to the saving strength of love after marriage than never to yield to it at all.'"

A woman whose apartments in a fashionable hotel are the admiration of her friends said: "The homing instinct of the woman is a dangerous element in her struggles for success. The man is content to use success as a means of securing the home, and he looks forward to the day when he can afford to install in that home a suitable mistress. On the other hand, the business woman has a curious sense of having to make a home for herself without the privilege of sharing it with the man of her choice. Generally, as soon as she can spare the money, she decides that she will have a home of her own. First come the struggles to raise the funds; then the small domestic problems, and in the end she finds that the home without the mate is not a home at all."

Strange sentiments, you say, from women who stand on a commercial equality with men? It brings us back to the original statement that business success for the woman does not mean domestic or individual happiness, and that on the whole a business life makes for restlessness, selfishness and discontent. You cannot measure the influence of business on the woman

by figures or statistics. You cannot count wrecked lives among women wage-earners as you can tally off divorce cases on court calendars, and trace them to certain causes, such as incompatibility, desertion, cruelty, etc. You cannot say that a woman in business is a failure or success according to the salary she draws. You cannot expect the trim, self-contained girl at your elbow to admit that her perfectly appointed little apartment, her perfectly trained maid, her perfectly ordered life of dinners, clubs, theatres and opera parties spell failure. She says she is a success. In her heart she knows that when the last guest has gone, and the trim little maid has been dismissed, the exquisite little apartment becomes a whitened splinter in which the starved soul of the woman sits alone weeping.

Hundreds of women who are drawing good salaries and holding positions of responsibility will claim that the successful business woman has no time to think of matrimony, and that this plea for the old-fashioned preparation for marriage means a reversion to domestic slavery.

The homing and mating instinct is just as strong in the practical woman of to-day who designs wall paper for a manufacturer as it was in her dreamy-eyed ancestor who embroidered impossible roses on a screen—as strong in the woman who feeds a loom in a cotton mill as it was in her Colonial great-grandmother, who in to the linen which she wove for her bridal trousseau threaded also dreams of stalwart sons and fair daughters.

A few generations of business women cannot overturn the divine plan of human life. You cannot stifle affection and mother love by the clatter of looms and the clack of typewriters. There are a few women, misers at heart, who find happiness in the mere acquirement of wealth. There are a few abnormal women who hate children, and therefore have no right to become mothers. But the vast majority of women still continue, and for generations will continue, to admit secretly, at least, the

existence within them of the world-old craving for a heart mate.

Normal woman finds her happiness in the multiplicity of small things that make for contentment. The perfect home life is built upon the firm foundation of her contented selfishness, and the materials and tools which work to the perfection of its design are small courtesies, small attentions and small pleasures. The woman in business is consumed by large and often unrealized ambitions. She strains after the very privileges which turn to sting her, once they are in her grasp. She demands that men accept her in the business world as an intelligent, commercial, wage-earning equal. Then when they so longer treat her as their social superior, when they no longer pay tribute to her womanly charms, she declares that men are no longer chivalrous!

A case in point: The elevator in a skyscraper where men and women share the offices of a powerful insurance company was crowded almost to capacity when it stopped to take on board a tenant of other offices, accompanied by his wife. Instantly every man in the elevator removed his hat. This was not a tribute to the wife's superior looks, for many of the women stenographers and clerks already in the car were fairer to look upon. It was not in compliment to the richness of her furs nor her waving plumes, because the salmest of some of her self-supporting fellow-passengers was quite as good. It was purely the tribute from the primitive man to the primitive woman, whom he may support and protect, as compared with the woman who can and will support herself. The woman who works at his elbow day after day is not his ideal woman. He does not mean to be rude to her; she is just part of the office equipment, a section of the commercial machinery.

As we left the car, a young woman whispered:

"Pleasant, is it not, to be shown in this unmistakable fashion the status you take in masculine estimation when you work for your living?"

That was her ingenuous voicing of restlessness and dissatisfaction, not with the fact that she had to work for her living, but that, in her own relations with the opposite sex, she had lost her power to command the subtle tribute of manliness to womanliness. She had learned that a woman cannot be "a good fellow," "a chum," in business and still remain a man's ideal.

Just as the man's viewpoint of women shifts when they enter into business competition, so does the woman's measure of men change in their new relations. She weighs him in different scales, and the result makes for discontent. The woman who is engaged in intellectual or artistic pursuits, and scores therein a success, demands for a husband the man who will satisfy her intellectually. The woman who scores commercial or financial success demands in her prospective husband success more brilliant than she has achieved. The man whose respectable attainments would satisfy completely the woman who has always led the protected life falls short as a matrimonial possibility when measured by the keen, critical business woman, and the more successful the latter, the smaller her chances of matrimonial happiness. Such is one price which the business woman pays for success.

Men who employ women because the latter will accept smaller salaries than men, and men who shift the responsibility of family support from their own shoulders to those of wives and daughters, are developing a new race of American women. To this fact future generations will owe a form of race suicide which President Roosevelt in his sternest moments has not pictured, or a race of men so spineless, irresponsible and effeminate that the first chapter in the degeneration of America shall have been written by the hand of greed and avarice.

You can legislate against the man who employs half-grown, half-dressed, half-paid girl children in his factory. You can send a woman to prison for trying to take her own life. But you cannot touch the intelligent

woman who enters a legitimate avenue of money-making which may lead to soul suicide. This woman, who by her very intelligence, her superior physique, would make an ideal mother, has a legal right to sacrifice her womanhood upon the altar of a commercial career, and later to feel her own soul wrong with regret. It is upon these women, the better-educated, better-nourished, better-equipped young women of the great middle class that the business life exerts its

most dangerous fascinations, leading them from the hearthstone, with its possibilities of peace to the great forge of commerce, on which heart and soul may be battered with relentless blows.

The cure of this national disease lies in the victim—the woman in business. Not until she sees the peril to herself and her individual happiness will she recognize in her occupation, in her present-day method of living, a peril to the nation.

Parties and the British Empire are Drifting

By Arthur Warren in Boston Magazine

ENGLAND lacks a leader. Englishmen of both parties will tell you, in moments of confidence, that their titular leaders do not lead and are not capable of leading in existing conditions. "Both parties," I say, because, although there are three, five, seven, a dozen parties, more or less, as we have them in the United States, the ten are subordinate to the two.

A man here is a Liberal or Conservative with a difference, just as at home a man is a Republican or a Democrat, with a difference, unless in either land, he is occasionally independent enough to vote now with one side and now with another in order to prove that he and his kin are free to hold the balance of power.

The English parties lack leaders. Theorists will say that this is as it should be, and that the people themselves should lead. Probably. But do they anywhere? Mankind loves a leader and clamors to be led; and the Briton is as human as the rest of us.

The prime minister in this present year of grace is not a leader. He is faction-ridden. He is at the head of a government which is the most amusing failure in a generation. By "government" in this sense one is understood to mean what we mean in

America when we speak of "the administration." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's administration talks magnificently, but its performances are of the feeblest. And the worst of it is that the Liberals have not a man to put in his place. They have nobody who captures the popular imagination. This is also true of the Conservatives.

Campbell-Bannerman is a stoutish, florid, amiable old gentleman who is misplaced in life. He should be a philanthropic millionaire and scatter benevolent bonds among the deserving. He reminds one of Mr. Carnegie, who builds a peace palace at The Hague out of the profits of armor-plate mills. Sir Henry is eloquent in the cause of peace congresses, but his representatives at The Hague pursue a course and express views which frustrate his desires for peace and arbitration. He desires England to lead, but she is at the rear of The Hague procession.

Mr. Balfour is the most interesting man in the House of Commons, but as the leader of a great party he leaves almost everything to be desired. He is the best debater in the United Kingdom, but he leads his party as poorly, and spoils as many chances as Sir Henry C.-B. himself. And that is saying a great deal. Mr. Balfour,

as the Conservative leader, put the Liberals into power; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as Liberal leader, is likely to make Mr. Balfour Conservative prime minister again.

Balfour is a man of great charm, many accomplishments and much philosophy. That he is also fully equipped with courage, physical and moral, everybody knows, for he gave abundant proof of this years ago, when Parnell and Gladstone were fighting for home rule and he was chief secretary for Ireland. The House of Commons has not now, and, perhaps, has never had, an able leader than he, but in these days something more than supremacy in debate is needed to make a man mighty in the leadership of a party.

There is no man in public life to-day in England who captures the popular imagination. Chamberlain came nearest to that requirement in recent years, but he is stricken now, and may never be able to resume the place that he made for himself. Rosebery has already vanished, because he has no ambition. He had it, but it earned no interest for him, therefore he withdrew it. He had all the abilities, and he charmed the public mind, but he was, and is, too much of a philosopher to find any deep gratification in political success. He had all the success there was, but he simply did not care to be forever carrying public favor. He was ambitious as a young man, but having realized his ambition he found it empty of content. A Secretaryship of foreign affairs, a chairmanship of the London county council, a Derby winner, a peerage, sufficed. Now he prefers independence and the captaincy of his own soul. These no man can have in politics, especially when he occupies the highest place.

In the House of Representatives at Washington, mediocrity is dominant; in the House of Commons, mediocrity is not only dominant, but there is hardly anything else. No one stands forth there as a compelling, forceful figure. There is no one to whom the country listens more than to any other man when great questions are discussed. In fact, the country declines

to interest itself much in any question discussed by the Commons. It doesn't take this administration seriously; it is, on the whole, rather tired of talk, and it knows that the opposition would exhaust itself with talking, were it restored to power. There is no man strong enough to put the administration or the opposition into action.

Disraeli, who knew politicians well enough, said: "Twelve hundred pounds per annum, paid quarterly, is their idea of political science and human nature. To receive £1,200 per annum is government; to try to receive £1,200 is Opposition; to wish to receive £1,200 is ambition. If a man wants to get into Parliament, and does not want to get £1,200 per annum, they stare in each other's faces and ask: 'What can he want to get into Parliament for?'"

In Washington they have other phrases, but the same facts.

And of phrases there are some peculiar twists here. One hears a good deal about "tariff reform." But the American must walk cautiously in the wilderness of words. In Washington when we say "tariff reform" (and some persons there have mentioned it occasionally), we mean "let us reduce the tariff." In London when you hear an Englishman talking "tariff reform," you must understand that he means "let us abolish free trade and establish protection." It has thus remained for the Briton to advocate the reform of the non-existent.

"England needs a Roosevelt" was the astonishing remark made to me by one of the few surviving Tories. This was at a Conservative club. When I had recovered from the surprise, I discovered that my Tory friend regards the President as an autocrat, a surprising opinion, with which, as we all know, no one in Washington could possibly agree. Later, on the same day, a Radical friend said to me, in the Parliament Building: "England needs a Roosevelt, a thorough-going Democrat, who can arouse the people." And thus we see again that we are apt to behold

in others the qualities which are in ourselves.

At the same time, there is no one in political England now "rousing the people," nor calming the Conservatives, or "getting things done," or laying down great policies; no one leading, no one of whom it can be said: "This is the man!" Each political party is drifting, and the empire is drifting too. Perhaps there is no great harm in this, since the general happiness does not appear to diminish, and no man is stored with the entire volume of infinite wisdom. But I am remarking only what all Englishmen say, that a man is wanted. Each party is drifting, each has drifted away from its opportunities. That is a way parties have, everywhere. But there are things needing to be done in this crowded land and neither party is doing them.

As for imperial affairs—the colonial premiers have gone home with an entirely fresh and disappointing lot of thoughts. They are now more than half convinced that the kingdom loves the colonies when there is a war and men are needed, but that in times of peace this strong affection wanes. This is a crude way of putting it, and it does not point at accuracy. Yet within it there is a glimmer of truth that imperialism is the doctrine of favors to come.

Socialism is what many folk here are dreading now. They speak of it as of a horror impending, just as their ancestors years ago dreaded the possibilities of a Napoleonic invasion. But by this time they should be ac-

customed both to doctrines and facts. Yet they easily forget that theirs is the most socialistic country on earth up to date. Really, they cannot be taken by surprise when the great change comes—if ever it comes. But there are innumerable legions here of people without imaginative minds and it has occurred to them that civilization is far more likely to be changed by science than by socialism. Still it is with grave concern that thousands repent to one another over their tea and wafers: "Aha, we are not getting the kind of men we used to have in politics."

May it be that they are fortunate in not getting them? In America, where there is the same lamentation, we have found "his in ourselves that we are thus or thus," and that the kind of men we send to Congress depends upon the kind of voters that mark the ballots. Consequently, in America we always get superior men because we are a superior people. Is it not so?

Now, your Briton is really a better sort than he seems. He has heard, ever since he was born, that his country is going to the dogs. He has heard it from the other party in politics. A Briton ever believes that his country is going to the dogs. When he tells you that it is on the brink of ruin, he merely means that he is opposed to the government—i.e., administration—of the day. For the true-born Briton is always sure that everything to which he is opposed is wrong. He must be right, because in our country we have the same sort of conviction, have we not?



Where Poison Haunts Man's Daily Work.

By William Hard in *Man's* Foot.

MODERN science, in the service of modern industry, has set itself the task of developing the "natural resources" of the earth. Some of these resources, like coal or stone, are comparatively simple and harmless. Others, like lead and phosphorus and arsenic, are fraught with great danger to the men who handle them; but all are needed by modern industry. Science, therefore, cannot distinguish between them. It must attack them all and bring them all into subjection.

Just as we must have coal for our furnaces and stone for our office-buildings, so we must have lead for the white paint that goes on our houses, phosphorus for the matches with which we start our fires, and arsenic for the tanning and the finishing of felt. And prosaic articles of daily use like matches and white paint and felt hats have behind them a background of picturesque, if not romantic, danger for the men and women who get them ready for the market.

It is not often that the ordinary observer can go behind the scenes of this modern drama and stand in the factory in which an apparently innocent substance like white paint plays the role of a dangerous and successful villain. But it sometimes happens that the effects of white lead, and of other such substances, present themselves even to the ordinary observer in the course of his daily travels. For instance, as you go home from business the man across the aisle of your car smiles over a joke on the back page of his newspaper. As his mirth broadens you notice that along his gums, looking like some hideous band of metal placed there by the dentist, there runs a distinct line of deep blue. That line is lead. That man works in lead—and lead works in him.

The street-car passes a factory. Out of its heat and roar come four or five dripping men. You notice that the

perspiration on their bare arms shows greenish; and their hair, sprouting green from its roots, gives each man's head the appearance of a grotesque vegetable. That factory turns out a certain kind of brass.

The lead man across the aisle drops a button. His neighbor stoops to pick it up. As his fingers gather around the button they suddenly quiver and stop. Their master urges them on. They refuse to obey him. They will not come together. Their master—their former master—grins. When he first saw danger he saw it with terror. Now that he sees it every day, terror is distilled to ironic humor.

Turning toward the lead man, the humorist with the rebellious fingers conducts a little physical experiment. He tries to place the tip of his little finger on the tip of his thumb. When he has done his best, an amusing gap of half an inch remains. The lead man displays the blue line on his gums in an appreciative smile. He recognizes that gap. He knows the handiwork of diminution. He is familiar with the consequences of helping to make certain explosives.

Copper colic, batter's shakers, diver's paralysis, shoemaker's chest, miller's itch, hammerman's palsy, potter's rot, shoddy fever—with these names and many others, modern medicine tries to catch up with modern industry, the doctor endeavors to keep pace with the inventor.

The inventor has a happy thought. He will construct tunnels under compressed air. A year or two later the doctor is at his heels with a book about "caisson disease." Meanwhile, the engineer and the workman, more imaginative than the doctor, have announced that their new disease is "the bends."

The stranger who ventures under compressed air is likely to experience an automatic convulsion of terror. The weight of the atmosphere fills

him with a vague sensation of unnaturalness and of foreboding. Ordinary air had rested upon him with a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch; and to this he had been accustomed from childhood. But the air used in the construction of a tunnel has been condensed till it has acquired twice or thrice as much weight.

Such air lays a heavy hand upon the stranger. It oppresses him with a weight of from thirty to forty-five pounds on every inch of his body. His head swims. His ear-drums quiver painfully under the assaults of an invisible pneumatic pugilist. He puts his hands over his ears. He feels like crouching beneath his punishment. His guides give him some advice. They tell him to hold his nose with his fingers and then try to expel his breath. He obeys. The air from his lungs and from his mouth runs through his eustachian tubes and plunges against the interior of his ear-drums. In this way a pressure within combats the pressure from without.

In a few minutes the stranger becomes more at ease. He may even begin to feel elated. A candle in compressed air burns brighter than a candle in ordinary air. Man's body, for the same reason, may become capable of abnormally brilliant exertion; but, like most abnormal brilliance, it brings its reaction.

Just in front of the stranger, where, between wooden lagging and clay sides, a concrete wall is being pounded home, an assistant engineer falls limp into a puddle on the flat bed of the bore. In an instant his limpness is changed to tautness. He draws himself together, convulsed, till his feet meet his head. He has "the bends."

Sometimes, after proper treatment, he recovers completely. Sometimes his limbs are twisted and paralyzed forever. Sometimes he makes a partial recovery to find that one of his legs has become three inches shorter than the other. Always he suffers, for hours, the pains of an exquisite rheumatism.

The defiant irony of the diminution man in the street-car is displayed

with an even greater flaming of foreshadowing by many men who work in compressed-air tunnels. When Ajax, in the old Greek fable, defied the lightning he established a very human precedent. The compressed-air man takes liberties with three atmospheres.

When the compressed-air man wishes to leave his tunnel he enters the compression-chamber, which stands between the tunnel and the outer air. The door between the compression-chamber and the tunnel is securely closed. A small hole leading to the outer air is slightly opened, and through this the compressed air escapes from the compression-chamber. The more slowly it is allowed to escape, the less danger is there that the compressed-air man will have convulsions.

When the Blackwall tunnel was built, in London, there was a rule devised by a wise management. Five minutes, it was said, must be consumed in letting the compressed air out of the compression-chamber into the outer air. Immediately the workmen in the tunnel invented a game. Who could get out of the compression-chamber quickest? The hole between the chamber and the outer air was opened to its widest extent, and the condensed air rushed out with a roar that terrorized the neighborhood. Finally some of the workmen managed to make their exit in thirty seconds. The first prize for this feat was paralysis; the consolation prizes were vomitings and convulsions.

From tunneling under the sea to ballooning over the clouds, the inventor and the doctor still pursue their way together. The French army has a balloonist corps. A few years ago the members of this corps found that their skins were being discolored. The brown of outdoor life was being replaced by the yellowish green of jaundice. The inventor had supplied the balloon; it was left to the doctor to remove its consequences.

The doctor was summoned. He followed the scent of the inventor over all the devices that that ingenious individual had left behind him; and at last he overhauled his quarry. When

a balloon was being inflated the soldier in charge of it was obliged to apply his nose to a certain little faucet and take a whiff from it. When this whiff yielded the familiar smell of arsenic-impregnated hydrogen the man knew that the inflation of the balloon was complete. Bet together with his whiff of hydrogen he also inhaled a dyspeptic pain for his stomach and a yellowish-green pigment for his skin.

A mile or two from the aeronautic hero who rises to justice at the same moment at which he rises to heroism there may be found in a cheap restaurant, a man who, most unheroically, is using his wrists instead of his fingers as he lifts a cup of coffee to his mouth. A moment or two later he drops his mouth into the hash that the waiter has set before him. He leaves his knife and his fork lying beside his plate on the table. In lifting cups and in eating food this man cannot make use of his fingers. He grasps cups with the insides of his wrists, or, sometimes, even with his elbows. He buries his nose in his food. All his bones, nerves, and muscles below his wrists might as well be on the other side of the world. He has wrist-drops.

Armand Gautier, reporting to the prefect of Paris, showed that thirty thousand persons in Paris alone were exposed to the fumes or to the dusts of lead. The restaurant patron, bent like a dog over his platter, was one of the thirty thousand.

In certain parts of the United States there is a proverbial comparison, produced by the common sense of the multitude, and not by the insight of any individual. It is: "As crazy as a painter."

Blue lines along the gums! Meals eaten with the wrists, or even directly by the mouth! "As crazy as a painter!" Lead—white lead, red lead, any kind of lead! Lead from the time when it is taken out of the mine to the time when it is spread, in paint, on the side of a house! It is always a poison. Many men escape its effects; many men succumb to them. No one can be sure to which class he belongs.

From the wrists and the gums to

the brain the spirit of lead creeps silently, invisibly, irresistibly. An English government inspector stood in the workroom of a white-lead factory. The floor was strewn with tan-bark. On the tan-bark stood large earthenware pots. Inside the pots the workmen had poured acetic acid. On top of the pots they had laid long strips of lead. The acetic acid rose in fumes to eat the lead. In time there was no longer any ordinary lead there. It had become "white lead"—carbonate of lead, the kind used in white paint.

When the workmen began to remove the carbonate of lead from the earthenware pots one robust young fellow fell to the floor in a faint. When he had been revived, he looked about him blankly. He was blind. A day or two later he was sent to an insane asylum. Lead-poisoning, plumbism, starting with colic, stopping for a moment at wrist-drop, and terminating with insanity, had with him run its full course.

The extent of the empire of lead may be judged from the list of workers mentioned by the United States Bureau of Labor as exposed to lead poisoning. This list, given in a bulletin published in 1903, includes lead-miners, lead-smelters, workers in white-lead factories, printers, typesetters, brushmakers, enamel-workers, glass-workers, gold-workers, silver-workers, patent leather-workers, painters, lace-workers, wallpaper-workers, joiners, potters, gilders, lead-platers, weavers and brickmakers.

This does not mean that every worker in each of these trades will necessarily be poisoned. But it does mean that all of them, when employed in certain processes, are exposed to danger of lead-poisoning, and that many of them will succumb to it. Each worker may think that he will escape; but none can be sure that he is not among those destined to be attacked.

In the same bulletin of the Bureau of Labor in which this list of lead trades is given there is a further list of great significance—a catalogue of "industrial poisons." It names the most important of the dangerous sub-

stances that are commonly used in modern industry. There are thirty-one in all, and each of the thirty-one is used in from one to twenty different trades and occupations.

Mercury among dyes of artificial flowers, sulphuric acid fumes among the bleachers of wool, nitric-acid fumes among tin-plate workers—on and on the list runs through poison after poison and trade after trade. It is impossible to make any exact estimate of the number of men involved, but it is obvious that no figure could be considered which would fall below many hundreds of thousands for the United States alone.

One of the most interesting of the industrial poisons is bisulphide of carbon, to the effects of which many thousand men and women in America and in Europe are daily exposed. Like lead, this foe of those who handle it aspires from a tyranny over man's muscles to a tyranny over his brain. Unlike lead, it is agile, alert, sudden. Its fumes rise eagerly to the nostrils, and make their way to the brain with a celerity which sluggish lead cannot emulate.

Rubber must be vulcanized. The world needs vulcanized rubber for a thousand uses. Therefore, bisulphide of carbon when it vulcanizes rubber, is indispensably useful. And, like many great men who are also indispensably useful, it leaves behind it a wake of sorrow and of suffering as well as of admiration.

A man is walking listlessly toward his work. Yesterday, with his lungs full of the fumes of bisulphide of carbon, he left the factory exhilarated; but by the time he reached home his dinner did not look attractive. He left it untasted and sank down on his bed. In an instant he was asleep. For ten hours he lay motionless. Then he woke with the feeling that of every hour of sleep he had wrapped another heavy bandage around his brain. Without breakfast, he said good-bye to his family.

Now, however, as he approaches the factory, he begins to move more energetically. He enters. He sniffs the fumes of the bisulphide. He draws

himself up. His eye brightens; his pulse quickens. He has taken, in the form of bisulphide, the morning "corpsé-reviver" which the vagrant voter, befriended by the political saloon-keeper, takes over the bar in the form of tinted alcohol.

That way madness lies—but more for women than for men. The nervous system of women, more delicately adjusted than that of men, is more constantly in a state of unstable equilibrium. Bisulphide pushes their reason from its base more quickly. Where a man is simply shaken to collapse, a woman may be spurred into insanity. In England the government officials have recorded cases in which women, frenzied by inhalations of bisulphide, have rushed blindly from their work and have thrown themselves out of the windows of factories head first to the street below.

After such a scene a "chrome hole" has little claim to even a walking part in the tragedy of business. It is better fitted to serve as a touch of incidental pathos when the tragedy of business has been removed from the boards and has been replaced by its comedy.

On the nose, on a finger-knuckle, or at the base of a finger-nail, the "chrome hole" appears as a little ulcerous well. It is a slight personal memento left behind by the bichromates of sodium or of potassium as they pass through the factory on their way to give coloring-matter to women's dresses. The "chrome hole" is not fatal; but it is a highly efficient souvenir.

Its most lasting claim to recollection is found when it attacks the nose. It has a curious partiality for a certain part of the nose. It makes directly for the septum—the cartilage separating the two nostrils just above the lip. The "chrome hole" makes a neat and exact perforation of the septum. It begins at one side, eats its way through, comes out on the other side, and is gone. The pain is slight. The effect on the health is nothing. The main objection to the whole process is that it happens in the wrong country. Hindu women pay

money to have their septums pierced for the insertion of highly ornamental stings. The accidental chrome-worshippers, not appreciating nose-rings, carries around with him a gratuitous but absolutely useless nasal tunnel.

Chrome has the humor of the practical joker. Chlorin has the grisly grin of Mephistopheles. Litho, greenish, it leaps in fumes from its furnace, bending over its victims with a pungent, penetrating, overpowering odor that seems like a burst of vaporous anger from the infernal regions. The English workmen, familiar and contemptuous, have given this Mephistopheles the lovely name of "Roger."

When preparing to meet "Roger" the workman ties from ten to twenty thicknesses of flannel over his mouth. He puts goggles over his eyes. He ties paper around his clothes. The only part of him that protrudes from his armor is the tip of his nose. Thus accoutered, he steps into the big iron box in which his friend "Roger," curling and fuming over a bed of slaked lime, has been engaged in the useful task of making bleaching-powder.

As the workman shovels at the line it emits constant puffs of "Roger"—of chlorin. Any one who has ever passed through a laboratory may have become acquainted with chlorin to the extent of one whiff. No second introduction is ever needed. When engineers and foremen and workmen have to renew their acquaintance with "Roger" from day to day and from year to year, it is not surprising that the careful governments of several European states have attempted to break off the intimacy between them. A sudden lunge by "Roger" is death. A constant puffing of his breath into your lungs is slow decay for the long-tissues. This is what lies behind almost all of the ordinary bleaching-powder so commonly used in every part of the civilized world.

England seems to realize better than ourselves how many human beings are vitally concerned in the operations of such weird and unfamiliar chemicals as bisulphide of carbon,

bichromate of potassium, and chlorin. Certain English medical men have acquired great reputations because of their technical knowledge of the effects of industrial poisons. Perhaps the best known is Dr. Thomas Oliver. He has served on most of the official commissions that have investigated the subject—on the Dangerous Trades Commission, on the Pottery Commission, on the White Lead Commission, and on the Lacier Match Commission of the Home Office. The mere appointment of all these commissions shows the extent of the danger in England and the keen recognition of that danger by the British Government.

As a result of his experience, Dr. Oliver has edited a book on "Dangerous Trades." This book contains nine hundred pages, and it traverses the whole field of industry. It is a convincing exhibit of the innumerable points at which the men and women of the industrial world are attacked by subtle and uncontrollable poisons.

Phosphorus, lead, chlorin, bichromate of potassium, bisulphide of carbon—these things, translated from chemical to human terms, mean daily physical danger for thousands of men and women in Europe and in America. Yet the men who face these subtle enemies are not heroes. The hero rises to a climax. In the cab of his locomotive he passes from perfect health to sudden death in a sharp moment. His task is high. His sacrifice is glorious. There is no glory, there is no climax of self-devotion, for the surveyor who is drawing lines and marking angles in a compressed-air tunnel. The only difference between him and the surveyor on the street-corner above him is that instead of breathing one atmosphere he is breathing three. Anybody can do that. And anybody who does it may to-day, or to-morrow, or next week, or next year, when the daily assaults of three atmospheres have at last reached the citadel of his constitution, fall fainting to the floor without any outward of great endeavor, with only a final acceptance of gradually exhausted health.

That man is not a hero. He is only an illustration of the effect of nitrogen when forced into the human system under the pressure of three atmospheres. He is only a chemical reaction.

One of the most famous quotations in classical literature is: "Sunt lacrimae rerum!"—"There are tears in things." That is the epitaph of the man who encounters poison in his ordinary daily work.

The Fisher Folk of Labrador.

Dr. Grenfell's address to the Canadian Club, Toronto.

I HAVEN'T any doubt that perhaps many of you feel like saying: "Why on earth do people live, or care to live in Labrador?" I shall not attempt to argue that point. Very probably the Californian during winter might take somewhat similar grounds. "Why," he would ask, "are people content to live in Canada when they might live in California?" Such questions—and such questions are often indiscriminately and thoughtlessly propounded—lose sight of the fact that persons born and bred in a certain environment naturally cling to it. It is home—and home is home the world over. Yet there is hardly any other part of our wide world that can exactly be compared to Labrador. When we think of Labrador we have in our minds a land of snow and ice, little more, where a few hardy fishermen ply their perilous calling.

I presume you do not know the Labrador coast. Perhaps it will be as well, should you desire to get a true conception of it, that you should dispel from your minds much of what you have read concerning it. Particularly is this the case if you have read it in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. That is about as fierce as any man could imagine. Justice has not yet been done to Labrador from a scenic point of view. The scenery is magnificent, along the north-eastern part particularly, the fiords of Norway do not approach it. Three-thousand-foot cliffs rear their heads in rugged splendor and there are mountains possibly 10,000 feet high. But we have to be satisfied with estimating from

the bottom. There is a legend that a mythical animal lives at the top which probably eats people. After all, this is a very comfortable theory, as no one intends to climb to the top. They go round. From geological and scenic standpoints I have often wondered why no effort has been made to bring tourists to Labrador. A tourist boat, the *Eleanor*, the property of the Prince of Monaco, was once talked of to bring people to the north-east coast. The geology of the coast offers a field of great interest. It consists mostly of crystalline rocks. It has apparently been below the water and come up with the sedimentary rocks. Dr. Daly, of Ottawa, says the story of the earth is more easily read there than at any other point. In botany, ethnology, ornithology, there are problems offered freely for solution—problems to solve by which you may attach your name to some mountain or animal which crawls around. There is the southern dogtooth of the Kiligites; the northern snow region, the Shiny Top or Carmates; and the northern portion that the Esquimaux class as Devil-land or Tonas.

The people are divided into three classes, the native of the soil, or Esquimaux; the settler, and the English and Scotch descendants. If you travel along the eastern coast you will find Antoine Perrot, who will speak to you in English, while you will later meet Angus McNabb, who can only speak French. You see we have in Labrador a cosmopolitan population. Labrador has, moreover, evolved a willing, virile, self-reliant people The

Esquimo population numbers about 1,300 folk.

In the past trade was carried on with these people in no altruistic or Christian influence. The Moravian Brethren came, however, and they preached the Gospel with a reasonable price for flour and molasses and helped to develop industrial work. We must remember that we can only reach the souls of men often through their bodies. So these good men determined to allow the population where they labored south of Hamilton Inlet to develop into a good and useful people rather than let them die off. Our cousins in Alaska (which undoubtedly they should never have owned) have put us to shame in the development of the population of that country. The influx of mining men was looked upon as desirable, but the rush for gold brought the most undesirable class. As a result there aggregated around the mining camps the things that destroy, strong liquor and the like. The natives were prevailed upon to part with their furs and furs for silly trinkets, and vice developed sadly, enormously. Then came Jackson, that splendid Presbyterian missionary, a man who loved his people not only in theory. The mission of this modern missionary was not only to get the better world hereafter, but primarily to get a better world here. There is no reason to apologize for the modern missionary. He looked ahead on the material conditions of the people and he applied to the Government for the one thing most needed, domesticated deer. So he brought a few deer and the Government brought some and applied a regular appropriation for continuing the work. In fifteen years 1,200 deer were killed for food and a number were lost by travel. There are 13,000 there at the present moment. The Government recognized Dr. Jackson. He has long been Minister of Education for the entire country. He was warmly supported in his great work by Governor Brady, of New York. Those who had been wont to carry on a nefarious trade with the natives then made charges.

They talked sneeringly about "Brady, Jackson, Jesus Christ & Co." But this is only one of the lies that recoil on them who can make it. I am a humble copier of these men.

We wanted deer, but we couldn't nourish deer where there were no trees. There were hundreds of thousands of acres of barren land. We wanted moose, for moose will nourish caribou and deer. The value of deer has never yet been fully realized. One square mile will support thirty reindeer in perpetuity. You have a country there in which one deer will give a rich pint of milk, good for cheese. They are valuable meat. Fat stag is just as good as beefsteak, and it may yet become one of the meat supplies of the world. The skins make the best of clothing. Of course it isn't broadcloth of the civilized centres, but you can cure the skin and wear it over a woolen garment. There is nothing better to keep out the cold.

Let me again condemn the truck system of trade. I wouldn't live under it. The people cry, "Sell me salt; sell me fish." You couldn't buy salt if you had money; you could only give it to those who give their fish. It is a system of everlasting exchange that robs the natives. I want to see the end of the truck system. It is the quest of the everlasting dollar without the sense of responsibility to the God who gives the dollar. And it is done by men who are praying men, who do not—or will not—see that it is damaging the Great Cause to which they are supposedly allied. In one place where the Government was giving out the largest amount of pauper relief, I heard a man call it his government. Poor fellow! It was all the government he got. During a starvation winter the widow is obliged under the truck system to pay \$6 for a barrel of flour when she might get it from another for \$3. At first the chief traders were friendly to our work, but when we sought to establish a cash trading system of doing legitimate business for the poor people, they became enemies. They dropped out from prayer meeting.

If they held it they held it for themselves.

Going home last fall, I met a good local preacher whose work had been blessed. He wanted to enter the Labrador work. I said, "All right; go to this district, go to the store and teach the people how to keep store." This would have been a sermon which would have rung over the whole Labrador coast. He went down. How long did he stay in the store? Three days. He thought that in the midst of such an unfortunate and neglected people he should give his entire time to going up and down preaching the Gospel. But to reach the people of Labrador you must preach the Gospel in practical and undeniable ways. There is a better incentive than precept, and there are now men there who do their own business—and do it well—have their homes independently established, and a knowledge and material necessary to provide for their old age. And we are, I trust, no less orthodox Christians because we take this effective plan to better the people of Labrador.

There are physical difficulties for Labrador in all kinds of business that must be met. We need haste and we need communication. You have extended the wire sixty miles nearer the mouth of the Straits of Belle Isle. We got lights because we couldn't do without them in our navigation. And the Newfoundland Government has connected us with Marconi stations, from the northern hospital, connecting us with civilization. But the system of hospitals is not yet as complete as we would like it. In 1892 we began, and in 1893 we built a small hospital, and next year followed with another two miles north. Then I went up to Battle Harbor, where there was a Church of England and a Presbyterian Church side by side. But there was no medical help for any of them. A number of cases had been treated as best we could under the circumstances. We interviewed Sir Charles Tupper and then Hon. Mr. Fielding, of Nova Scotia. It is a great work, and a paltry few dollars from the income of this great country would

place some medical aid in that region. I was able to interest some earnest people in Toronto and later in Montreal, and was thus enabled to build a large hospital.

I am beginning to apply to the Government over again. We want more still. We have spent already \$17,000 in one place near Cape Witte. We are doing all that can be done, I hope, to do good, to take the Gospel in a practical way to the hearts of Roman Catholic and Protestant alike. Ours is an un denominational work. We can't make denominational positions and plasters if we wanted to. We are badly in need of steam communication and better mail service. The educational grants on the coast are doing great work, and we are hoping to erect some small schools.

The possibilities of Labrador in the supplying of fish have not yet been realized. It is now, however, attracting much attention. Professor Hovey, a celebrated engineer from Chicago, has, I understand, plans partly surveyed for a big undertaking—the building of a railway up to James' Bay, with a view to handling the fish that are taken out of Hudson's Bay. It is a most profitable calling. I have in mind a friend who now lives in Victoria, British Columbia. With his brother, residing in St. John, Newfoundland, they embarked in the fish trade on the Canadian Labrador. He told me they cleared \$200,000 in their fishery in a year. The brothers made \$8,000 in one three months of work. There is a future for this great fish market of the world.

So in our work in Labrador we feel that there are big things ahead. And we are seeking to teach lessons of love for God and man in the hearts of a people who will yet take a part in the country's history. We minister to them, but we don't give them anything if they can't pay for it. We charge every ailing man 25 cents for diagnosis and treatment, and if he gets well at that price it is surely not extortionate. I do not believe in encouraging pauperism. There is no need for it.

And there is a fine spirit in these

deep-sea fishermen. Many, many times have I been called upon to witness to their large gifts and thoughtful acts of courtesy. I remember on one occasion visiting a Roman Catholic village. I had to go on further, to journey about 25 miles. The fishermen gathered around and counselled against the attempt. "The snow is deep," they urged, "and the dogs won't be able to struggle through." I told them I must go, that a human life was at stake. And when I got up to start in the morning I found that twenty of these men had gone on ahead of me to beat down a path with their foot-prints.

It is from those deeds that we get our reward. The gift of gold is a thing that perishes. Oh, that we all thought more of the great opportunities for usefulness. To dignify us is to use us. There is the opportunity to preach the Gospel of love to the children. I remember I was called to see a boy on the side of a high cliff who, by accidental explosion of his gun, had shot his knee-cuff off. It was my opportunity to aid him in

escaping a miserable death. There was the opportunity to pick the child up, spend the Christmas—for it was Christmas and cold—an bringing back and tending for that child. Only a child! Yes, but of all the Christmas presents I ever received there were none I would exchange for the privilege of sending that boy back to his mother healed and well. Christ says, you remember, that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

Let us all live lives of perpetual self-sacrifice. There is no need for the conventional long face. That is not real, but pictured. We can enjoy ourselves just as much if we are to end them there in the bleak country away from the land we call home. We are just as well if we are laid to rest in the arms of those everlasting hills as if we contributed to the dividend of six per cent. of some cemetery company. We shall sleep as comfortably and wake as surely. God has given us the valuable gift of life. Let us realize what it means by availing ourselves of its great opportunities and making some return to Him for giving it to us.

Don't be a Pessimist

At the dawn of each day you begin a new life, you are born again, and the individual who says "I can't help it" is either mentally weak or stupidly lazy.

If you live in the belief that you can't overcome yourself—your thoughts, if they are weakening ones—then the chances are they will always remain so.

There is no originality of thought in a pessimistic mind. Originality and strength are only born where there is depth and breadth and warmth.

Begin and broaden your mentality, and take a deeper view of life and your fellow-creatures. Try it for awhile, and see what a wonderful change it will make in your whole atmosphere.

An optimistic view of things will develop the higher elements of your nature—a pessimistic view the lower. Make servants of your thoughts and emotions and govern them with reference to your physical and mental welfare.

The Wreckers of Breton Coast.

By Clive Holman is Chamber's Monthly.

ALTHOUGH the infamous trade of wrecking has almost, if not quite, disappeared from the wild Cornish coast, where in the early part of last century it used to flourish, it is by no means an extinct one. Quite recent, indeed, a wine-ship from Oporto to the Thames was lured to destruction upon the coast of Finistère by the untamed and almost uncivilized fishermen of that wild district. An account of the orgy which followed the coming ashore of the casks of wine and spirits washed out of the doomed ship as she broke up amidst a scorching condensation of wild seas and jagged rocks, appeared in many English papers. Few, however, made any mention of the fact that this vessel was undoubtedly tempted to its ruin by the wreckers of that wild strip of coast on which she was cast away.

Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by the French Government to put down this terrible calling, it still exists, if it cannot exactly be said to flourish, on the south-west and west coasts of France, among the scattered fishing hamlets which lie lost from the world in creeks and coves of the coast, where very little control can be exercised over their inhabitants.

In one of these little villages, which we will call Gomport, the old spirit such as animated the Cornish wreckers survives, and little or no disguise is made of this fact, although the actual operations are naturally conducted with as great secrecy as possible. Comes a wild night, and on the rise above the village two posts, some thirty metres apart and some four or five metres high, are erected, and on them is hoisted a line, hung fairly slack, to which are attached at considerable intervals ships' lamps. This is the lure by which the brave but callous fishermen of Gomport seek to draw to destruction any vessel which by stress of weather may be beating

her way along the rock-bound coast. Placed on a low promontory scarcely above reach of the driving spray of broken Atlantic billows, these lanterns dangle and sway upon the line to which they are attached like "riding" lights of ships safe in harbor.

On one such night as we have described, not ten years ago, a huge merchantman, bound from an Eastern port to Amsterdam, was drawn on to its fate in this way. Driven by terrific seas shortly after midnight on to the ledge of rock which runs north-westward almost across the mouth of the little haven, she was pounded to fragments ere dawn broke, and the rich bales of her cargo came in with the morning tide upon the sandy stretches of beach which lie north and south of Gomport, and are uncovered at low-water.

It was many hours before the "authorities" even heard of the wreck, and several days ere any steps were taken to investigate the truth of the information received. Needless to say, long before the officials had made up their minds to take action much of the spoil had disappeared, hidden away in caves and holes known only to the wreckers and their families. For some months afterwards there was no lack of finery on the fishermen of Gomport; and the few summer visitors who, on cycling trips or in search of quiet, came to the little hamlet must have been mystified at the rich Indian shawls and stuffs with which on Sundays and the saints' days the belles of the village bedecked themselves.

Pere Pierre, a fine, handsome old Breton, with a snowy beard and keen, hard eyes, can tell many tales of vessels which have come ashore during the last half-century. So accustomed is he to wreckers' ways and wreckers' craft—possibly in his veins runs placid blood of past generations—that he sees little cause for shame or the

hiding of details of such crimes committed by the villagers and by himself. Only once did Pere Pierre feel compunction over the business, and that is a tale he tells himself with a stolid pride in the callousness which enabled him so soon to overcome his scruples and once more engage in what has been called "devil's work."

It was well back in the middle of last century, when he was a lad of eighteen or twenty. One night in November there blew a terrific gale outside the saw-like reef which lies across the mouth of the bay. Just as the sun was setting, but before the light entirely failed, a large, full-rigged ship was seen beating her way, headed north. All was excitement amongst the fishermen, and speculation ran rife as to whether the large ship, which was gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer in the fading light, would pass the haven ere it was dusk enough for the false lights to be shown.

On this occasion it was a couple of crows that were chosen to lure the vessel to destruction. Lanterns were hung to their horns and then they themselves turned adrift on the cliff-side to wander where they would. Night fell, and on the smart, wind-blown turf of the upper cliffs two lights were seen passing slowly to and fro, or merely rising and falling as though by the heave of the sea.

For some time this went on; then far out at sea in the driving wreck there burst a flash and the report of a gun, and then another flash and another report; and then a "flare" of intense brilliance lit up the rigging and tattered sails of a large ship driving full in towards the cruel rocks, with those aboard her only just becoming aware of her danger.

When morning broke, men, women, and children of Gomport—and old Pere Pierre, then a stripling, amongst them—were to be seen along the coast north and south of the little haven like black ants upon the gleaming strips of sand which had been uncovered by the receding tide. Old Pere Pierre was one of the first to find anything of value amongst the

wreckage which strewn the shore. All day long bales and barrels and wreckage came floating ashore from the ship, which at low-water looked like a blackened skeleton upon the outer reef. But bales and merchandise were not the only things which came to enrich the Gomport wreckers and their wives and daughters. At the turn of the tide body after body floated ashore, and amongst them were those of the women who had been on board the homeward-bound East Indian—probably wives and daughters of returning English officers, for men in uniform and some in scarlet coats also lay bright patches on the silvery beach. Pierre himself found, entangled in a piece of one of the vessel's masts, the body of a young lady, and with a keen eye accustomed to rapid searching for valuables, he soon detected the presence of rings upon her fingers and jeweled rings in her ears. It was whilst pulling these off that he received a fright from which he did not recover for some days. For whether it was a mere relaxation of the stiffening limbs, or what, none can say; but to Pierre's perhaps excited imagination the body appeared to turn towards him with resentful, if appealing, eyes.

"There was still one ring upon the finger of the woman's left hand," old Pierre says, when telling the story; "but I left it there, and took to my heels faster than I had ever done before or since; adding, after a pause which is dramatic and significant, 'And when I returned for the ring it was gone!'"

Several of these rings, taken without remorse from the dead woman's hands, were worn by Pierre's wife and afterwards by his daughter. And although the cure of the village—or rather the little district around Gomport—preached in those days against the sin and crime of wrecking, and more especially of robbing the dead, his admonition fell upon deaf ears.

Tradition asserts that as early as the middle of the sixteenth century the wreckers of Gomport were celebrated for their skill and good fortune

in tempting vessels to destruction; and there is a story current of the wrecking of two Armada galleons on a ledge of rock which juts eastward about half a league to the south-west of the haven itself. In a measure, these wreckers of olden days profited but little by this particular piece of work, for the galleons' treasure was mostly metal and jewels set therein; and so, instead of floating ashore, most of it sank fathoms deep as the high-pooped vessels slipped back into the ocean from off the shelving reef. But ever since, at a certain setting of the tide, gold doubloons and other coins of Philip of Spain have been picked up on the sands along the coast near where the Armada vessels were wrecked; whilst upon the altar of the little church, which is set back from the coast a full two miles, and serves for the district round about, gleams a golden crucifix of early sixteenth century Spanish workmanship studded with gems, which doubtless came out of the treasure-room of one of these ancient vessels; and round the necks of some of the women of Gomport hang old-time gold pendants and tiny crucifixes, some of them strangely worn as though fretted by sea and sand, which also tell the story of the wreck of the Spanish ships.

After a storm the stretches of beach along the coast near Gomport are scoured by women and children in the hope of finding treasures washed anew from the holds or boxes of the galleons. Sometimes their search will be rewarded by a thin disc of gold or silver which once bore the effigy of Philip of Spain, but now has been ground to almost unidentifiable smoothness by the action of sand and sea. Seldom nowadays does more substantial treasure reward their industry; but as recently as four years ago a golden crucifix—from which the figure had disappeared, and with bent arms fretted thin—was cast up and thrown into the melting-pot, which has so many times proved a convenient means of getting rid of unpleasant evidences of robbery and crime.

Along this strip of rock-bound coast

are other hamlets whose inhabitants are by no means guiltless of wrecking, and as one of these villages is still to be seen a beam jutting from the cliff and overhanging deep-cut caves, once used as a crane by means of which cast-up goods were hoisted into the security of the caves of the wreckers themselves. On it was also hung, in mid-air, the lamp used to lure unwary craft to speedy destruction. But, notwithstanding their old profession, the people of this hamlet are singularly courteous to strangers, and have a mildness of disposition which ill-accords with the many nights of cruel work in which they and their forefathers have indulged.

It was here that a collision occurred in the early seventies between the French coastguards and the wreckers who had succeeded in trenchantly inviting a large bark to her doom. By some means or other the authorities got wind of the wreck, and sent several officers with a small detachment of gendarmes to take possession of anything which might be cast up by the sea. Although they were early on the spot, a huge quantity of goods had vanished or had been buried already, for the wreckers were afoot almost before it was light, and the gendarmes found them busy, many of them up to their waists in surf, dragging bales and casks and portions of the wreck ashore. As may be anticipated, the fishermen were not willingly deprived of their prey, and upon the gendarmes attempting to interfere a fierce struggle ensued, during which several of the latter were severely injured by blows from pieces of wreckage seized by fishermen as weapons, and not a few of the wreckers were either wounded by sabres or shot, one unfortunate had falling mortally wounded just before his companions were finally overpowered.

But though such tragic incidents as the one just described are of comparatively rare occurrence, it is by no means an isolated case. The wreckers farther down the coast towards Oleron were in ancient times notorious for their crimes. In the reign of George IV. two rich East Indians, a part

of a convoy bound for the Thames, were lured to destruction during a fierce gale in the Bay of Biscay, in which they had been separated from the other ships. One was specially richly laden; and although much of her wealth was in specie, and went to the bottom without benefiting the wreckers, they derived a rich harvest from the bales of Indian stuffs and other merchandise which floated ashore. Amongst the inhabitants there still remains a tradition of the wealth which came to the hamlet on this occasion, and in not a few cottages may still be found odds and ends of Indian ornaments, relics of the two unfortunate vessels.

The old cure of a little Breton fishing hamlet has a story to tell which reads far more like an incident of romance than literal truth. It is this:

On a dark March night in the middle of last century the wreckers of Merpre (as we will call the hamlet) were on the qui vive to pursue their dread trade. The then young cure once more exhorted them to remain within doors, but, as on previous occasions, in vain. A horse was led down to the beach, and on it, with a lamp strapped to his shoulders, was mounted one of the boldest fishermen of the village. Over the stretches of sand which formed a wide beach blew the foam from the incoming Atlantic rollers, which raced in a mad tumult inwards to the shore over an outlying reef. Soon in the inky night, eastward, a dark mass could be distinguished by the keener-sighted of those upon the beach, indicating the presence of a ship in distress, or at all events one driven out of her proper course. Into the very edge of the breakers rode the man with the fatal lamp. Up and down a short strip of beach he went, with the horse starting half-frightened at the splash of water around its fetlocks. Soon the vessel commenced to burn "flares," as though hoping to attract the attention of someone ashore, or perhaps to enable those aboard to see the supposed harbor's mouth. For some minutes she appeared like a phantom craft,

part of her masts and rigging silhouetted against the dark sky by the lights burnt aboard her, and then she could be observed rushing shorewards under mere rags of canvas towards the terrible reef over which the waves were rushing in a boiling cauldron of foam. As she struck the rocks her masts went by the board with terrific crashes which even the howling of the storm could not entirely drown. A few minutes later, and the young cure came rushing down the gully which led to the beach, distracted by the evil work the fishermen were engaged upon. Along the shore itself were scattered nearly all the inhabitants of the hamlet—the only absentees being the very young and the very old—engaged in watching with keen eyes the ship upon the reef and the incoming waves for wreckage and portions of her cargo.

By dawn little remained of the unfortunate vessel, while the shore was littered far and wide by wreckage and merchandise washed out of her, and amongst the former were several bodies of seamen, drowned whilst lashed to the spars. In vain the young cure attempted to disperse his flock from their work of plunder. Men, women, and children were eagerly engaged in seizing the bales and casks as they floated within reach. At length, so the cure's story goes, he was attracted to a certain part of the beach by the fierce cries of one of the wreckers; and on turning his steps he saw him standing beside a dark object on the shore, near which knelt a young woman, his wife, wringing her hands and crying piteously, "Mon frere! mon frere!" By some strange coincidence the vessel which her husband had assisted to draw to its destruction was that on which her only brother was a sailor. "For a time," remarked the cure when he had finished telling us his story, "this incident did more to check the terrible business of wrecking than all my preaching and all my exhortation. But," he continued, "like most tragic impressions, this one wore off, because the spirit of wrecking is in the blood of these people."

An Enterprising Man.

By Alfred B. Langhale in Regal.

THE scene was Euston Station, and the time two hours past noon.

Mr. Spennings entered a first-class smoking compartment of the express, and proceeded to make himself comfortable. Mr. Spennings was employed in the advertisement department of a firm that owned a well-known patent medicine, recently discovered; and the object of his journey was to visit Derringham and to extend the connection of his firm in that hitherto neglected neighborhood.

Being a man of great energy and unusual powers of resource, he commanded a large salary, which enabled him to indulge in those little luxuries which made life pleasant. So he always traveled first-class, frequented the best hotels, and was faultlessly attired in the latest fashions.

The carriage was empty when Mr. Spennings entered; but just before the train started another passenger, a gentleman of about his own age and appearance, though not quite so good looking, got in.

The new arrival was attended by a servant in livery, who carried a rug which he deposited respectfully on the seat, and then retired to the door.

"I shall be back, if possible, by the seven o'clock train, Johnson," said the passenger, "but tell Lady Carlton not to wait for me if I am detained."

"Yes, my lord," said the youth, automatically saluting as he withdrew.

The guard came along to examine tickets. "Change at Bletchley for Derringham," he remarked, impartially, to both the occupants.

So Mr. Spennings not only discovered that he was traveling with a real, live lord, but also that they were both going to the same destination.

This was interesting; and, as Mr. Spennings lighted a cigar to aid him in his reflections, his companion followed suit, drawing his Havana from

a dainty leather case, stamped with a silver coronet.

Mr. Spennings, who had never been to Derringham before, was unable to conjecture what business his companion could have in that locality; but, as he glanced over the morning paper, he saw a paragraph announcing that the foundation-stone of the new Cottage Hospital at Derringham was to be laid that afternoon by the Earl of Carlton.

Mr. Spennings felt more interested than ever, not knowing to what extent the local festivities would interfere with his own engagements.

"Derringham is a quiet little place, I believe," he began, in his most insinuating tones.

"I suppose so," was the answer, "but I have never been there. This is my first visit."

"You are going to lay the foundation-stone of the new Cottage Hospital?" remarked Mr. Spennings.

"Yes, I am. But how did you know that? I presume you reside in the neighborhood?"

"No," said Mr. Spennings, "but I have just read it in the paper. I believe I have the honor of addressing Lord Carlton?"

"Yes, that is so. I have been requested to lay the foundationstone, though I am entirely unacquainted with the district, but the people down there have pressed me very much, knowing that I am interested in all such charitable institutions. I am doing it, however, at great inconvenience, having many important engagements; and, moreover, I do not feel at all well to-day."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Spennings, with sudden professional interest; "perhaps it is a case of overwork."

"No," replied his lordship, "I am afraid it is a question of the liver, which often troubles me."

"Ah!" said Mr. Spennings with

enthusiasm, "that is easily remedied. You should try Perkins' Persuasive Pills. They are the very thing for the liver and are infallible. I have a box here; let me offer you one."

"No, thank you," said the Earl testily, "I never take any patent medicines."

"But, my dear sir—my lord, I mean," urged Mr. Spennings, "these are of really marvellous efficacy, and are having an enormous sale."

"Never heard of them," said the Earl.

"But they are advertised everywhere."

"Oh, I never read advertisements, and have a horror of all quick nostrums."

Mr. Spennings was deeply hurt, and the Earl was evidently annoyed by the intrusive attentions of his companion. So they both relapsed into silence.

Now, whether it was with the object of avoiding further conversation, or the result of his liver being really out of order, it came to pass that the Earl wearily closed his eyes and ensconced himself in the corner.

And it further came to pass that, when the train drew up at Bletchley, his lordship was fast asleep and oblivious of all surroundings.

Mr. Spennings' feelings had been outraged by his companion's supercilious rejection of his proffered remedy; and so, after a momentary conflict of emotions, he quietly opened and reclosed the carriage door, and watched from the platform the express receding in the distance on its next seventy miles run, bearing away the unconscious body of Lord Carlton.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he sleeps until they get to Crewe," said Mr. Spennings vindictively. "It serves him right for his obstinacy. One of the Persuasive Pills would have kept him awake anyhow."

The branch train was waiting in a siding; and after a short interval Mr. Spennings reached Derringham.

Here he found the station decorated with flags, and a group of expectant people assembled on the platform.

Standing in that momentarily irresolute way which a man adopts who arrives at a station for the first time, and does not precisely know the way out, Mr. Spennings found himself slowly approached by an elderly gentleman wearing a chain of office, which plainly denoted him to be the mayor of the town, and who addressed him thus:

"Lord Carlton, I presume."

"Now, here an enterprising thought suddenly entered Mr. Spennings' breast, and he instantaneously resolved on a daring mode of action.

He raised his hat, and bowed profoundly in response to the Mayor's obsequious salutation. That functionary led him through the gaping crowd to a carriage and pair, in which a smartly dressed lady was seated, who, it appeared, was the Lady Mayorella, and who nervously greeted Mr. Spennings with great cordiality.

They drove through the gaily decorated streets to an inclosed space, where a lavish display of hunting and a large marquee clearly denoted the site of the proposed new Cottage Hospital.

Here the Mayor introduced several prominent local dignitaries to Mr. Spennings, all of whom were charmed by his extremely affable manner. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, Mr. Spennings proceeded to discharge the important function of the day.

"I declare this stone well and truly laid," he said, tapping it with the silver trowel three times in a workmanlike manner.

And then, in the presence of the interested assembly, and half-a-dozen representatives of the local press, he delivered a brief speech, which was interrupted by frequent applause. However, the part of his oration which especially riveted the attention of his hearers, was his conclusion, which was as follows:—

"But, ladies and gentlemen, though institutions of the kind of which I have this day with so much pleasure laid the foundation-stone, are undoubtedly great blessings, yet they possess for us a melancholy interest.

They are doomed to pass away, or at any rate to be turned to other purposes. The time is rapidly coming when Cottage Hospitals will be needed no longer. They will survive only as interesting relics of a comparatively barbarous age, for the advance of science will render them unnecessary. The latest development of human skill and profound research—I allude of course, to Perkins' Persuasive Pills, that marvellous discovery about which everybody is now talking—has begun a revolution of which it is impossible to see the end. When the use of these pills is universal, which I venture to predict will speedily be the case, then the prevalence of perfect health among all classes of the community will render such institutions as that which I have been inaugurating this day superfluous. But, ladies and gentlemen, our labors will not be altogether wasted. These noble buildings can easily be converted into public libraries, museums, or reading-rooms. And so it gives me an additional pleasure to feel that I have this day been assisting in establishing an institution which will be a permanent benefit and ornament to your town, when the needs for which it was primarily designed have all vanished; and when health and happiness have been assured to everyone by those simple remedies, whose discovery is no doubt the most significant and important event of this memorable century."

Mr. Spennings resumed his seat amid general applause, the consternation of several local medical practitioners, and the disappointment of the reporters, who were taking down his speech verbatim.

As the rector rose to move a vote

of thanks to Lord Carlton for his kindness in coming among them, a telegraph boy was seen wandering perplexedly in the front ranks of the assembly, and bearing the usual orange-colored message.

"For me, I presume," said Mr. Spennings promptly and decisively, stretching out his hand for the envelope, which the flurried boy was only too glad to relinquish.

It was addressed to the chairman of the Cottage Hospital, Derringham, and ran as follows:—

Hardly in at Stafford Station Office
Extremely regret have had mishap
with train. Am afraid cannot possibly
be with you to-day. Much distressed.
Pray apologise for me—
Carlton.

"This is very unfortunate," said Mr. Spennings to the Mayor; "I have had a telegram from Lady Carlton, on her way from Scotland, saying she has missed her train, and cannot join me at the Mansion House this evening, where I have an important engagement. I am afraid this will necessitate my leaving for town even earlier than I anticipated."

As Mr. Spennings went back to town, he reflected: "What a delightful thing it is to be a peer! I shall never refuse the honor when it is offered me. And I have done a good day's work, too. The foundation-stone is well and truly laid; and I don't think either the Earl of Carlton or the people of Derringham will soon forget Perkins' Persuasive Pills."

And they didn't. True, there were a few complications when Lord Carlton's explanatory letter to the Mayor arrived on the next morning—but that is another story.



When Town and Country Meet.

By Elsie Siegmater in *Astorian Monthly*.

MOST of the men in Millertown left their work and started home for dinner when they were hungry, and many of them scolded if dinner were not ready. Adam Troxell did neither, but worked steadily away in field or garden till he was summoned. Often his longing eyes gazed back over the fields to the door of the farmhouse kitchen, although he knew that the sound of his mother's horn could reach him in any part of the farm.

To-day, from his hoeing in the south field, he turned his head more often than usual, sure that the hour for dinner had passed, but not daring to investigate. Finally, he made up his mind that if the shadow of the next post had reached a certain stone by the time that he returned from the other side of the field he would wait no longer.

Before he was half-way across, however, he heard the sound of the horn, and dropping his seed-bag where he stood, he started toward the fence. When he was already astride of it he hesitated.

"She won't know if I leave it once here," he said half aloud, and jumped down on the other side. There he hesitated. "But she might ask me." Climbing back, he made for the spot where he had left the bag, carried it with him to the fence, and, concealing it carefully beneath, climbed over once more, and made his way across the meadow, around the barn, and to the house. Outside the kitchen door, he paused to plunge his face and hands into a basin of water which stood ready for him on the pump floor, then slipped out of his heavy, mud-coated shoes.

"Adam," called a mellifluous voice from within.

"Yes, Mom."

"Take off your shoes."

"Yes, Mom."

Adam smoothed his hair before the

little mirror fastened to the side of the house beside the door. It gave back a reflection of his slender, stooping shoulders, narrow face, and pale eyes.

Having finished, he went into the kitchen, carefully opening and closing the screen door. The kitchen was kept almost dark so that flies might not be tempted to linger therein, although it was not yet the season for flies. Adam's eyes dimmed by the sudden change from the light without, did not at first distinguish the figure of his mother, as she stood before the stove; then the sound of her voice helped him in his sense of direction. Mrs. Troxell was not so small that she was hard to discover. The outline of her figure, though vague, was enormous, and straight from shoulder to skirt hem.

"Just sit down once," she said.

Adam took his place at one end of a table which stood with its side against the wall. It was covered with a red cloth, and there two plates turned upside down, with a knife and fork crossed on each one. When his mother had heaped his plate high, she filled her own, and sat down, sighing heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked her son. "Have you got it somewhere?"

She did not answer at once, and he went on eating, not because he was not anxious to hear her reply, but because he was accustomed to have her take her time.

"Adam, I have been for some time thinking of something," she began presently. "It is that I must have help. It is so much all the time to do, and I cannot always do the things so quickly like sometimes. Till I get the cows milked in the morning, I am tired, I must get me somebody."

"You better get you a girl," answered Adam uneasily.

"But the girls, they cost so much. It won't anybody work in Millers-

town for less than a dollar and a quarter."

"It is so," he acknowledged.

"And they eat so much. They eat more than they work."

"Well, I could do the milking. Then you would not have it so hard."

"But you would then have to hire a man, and it would come out the same. It is another way I am thinking from."

"What is that?"

Mrs. Troxell rose heavily, and went to the cellar for the pea. She did not answer until she was in her place opposite him.

"You might get married."

A wave of color flooded Adam's face.

"You are plenty old enough," she went on. "You are now fifteen years older than your pop and I when we were married. Then it wouldn't be no wages to pay, and it would be some one what would take interest. These hired girls, they don't care. And we could then keep more chickens, and put the eggs in the store, and she could help sometimes in the field, and in the garden. I am getting so stiff, I cannot work any more in the garden—"

"But, Mom—"

He might as well have tried to dam the smoothly flowing little Lchigh with a shingle. A listener might have wondered at his seeking, the tone was so round, so smooth, like the soft bubble of the stream, intensified a hundred times.

"—like I used to. And it is plenty girls, but not so many what are good for something. I have been thinking from the girls, Adams. Not Mary Kuhns, she is too much of a schussie (careless person), and not Elmina Fitzinger, while she is always too much for spending money, and not Mantana Kemerer. But Linnie Kurtz, Adam. She is a good worker, and she is not so proud. I think it would be good to get Linnie."

"But, Mom, when shall this marrying be?"

"Ay, soon. It must be somebody here for the harvest, and she must be by that time used to the things.

Linnie cannot have so many eggs to bake with as at home. I will learn her to be saving."

"But, Mom—"

Mrs. Troxell gathered herself together as if to rise.

"If you get done early with the planting, you can go to-night to see Linnie, Adam."

Adam rose, and went out into the sunshine, his pale eyes blinking. He sat down on the doorstep and put on his heavy shoes, then he went slowly back to his work. He could not believe that his mother was growing old, she who, in spite of her vast size, had accomplished such herculean labors. He shared her distress at the idea of paying wages. Most of the girls were not willing to do as their mistresses wanted them to do; they liked to gad about, to go to the county seat on the trolley, to have beaux, and they ate more than they were worth. He had thought vaguely of getting married before, but he had put the thought aside, because he did not suppose his mother would approve.

But Linnie Kurtz! The flush came back to his cheeks. He did not want Linnie Kurtz, she was too smart. There was always a laugh in her eyes when they met his.

No, there was some one else whom he would marry. As he thought of her, a little seed of romance, tiny and neglected in the bottom of his heart, put forth a pale green tendril. He would marry the girl whom he liked.

He finished his hoeing, then went back to the house and dressed quickly. His mother gave him his supper, then started to the barn to milk. She said nothing more about his marrying; she was accustomed to have him follow her suggestions.

It was seven o'clock, and the spring twilight had begun to fall. Adam walked swiftly into the village. When he reached the main street, the trolley car from the county seat had just come in, and he watched them change the fender, then climbed aboard.

He left himself strangely excited, although he had scarcely thought of the girl for weeks. Her name was Florence Kramer; he had met her through

his cousin, who worked with her in the silk mill, where she earned seven dollars a week. He knew that his mother would refuse to believe that, but it was true. And she was pretty and smart, and probably had money in the bank. Certainly she could not, even if she wished, spend seven dollars a week!

He had seen her only a few times, but he did not have any fear that she would refuse him. What girl would not be glad for such a home as he could offer her? Only he and his mother knew the amount of their deposits in the Millerstown bank and a bank in the county seat, kept thus divided so that prying Millerstowns might not know how much they had.

His mother received his story that night with a long silence. He did not see, in the darkness of the porch, that twice she tried vainly to speak.

"Can she work?" she asked, at last.

"She is a fearful worker," answered Adam proudly. "She earns seven dollars a week."

"Have you asked her, already?"

"Yes, but she is not sure if she will."

Mrs. Troxell's head sunk upon her breast. She made strange noises in her throat. For the first time in his life, Adam had said without her command. Was this the effect the strange girl was to have upon him? Then her cold hands seized the arms of her chair.

"You bring her out here before you get married," she said, stammering a little. "I must talk to her before you get married to her. Tell her to come Sundays."

"Yes, Mom," answered Adam. "I was going Saturdays in, but I will write to her to come out."

The letter bore evidence of careful, even painful, composition. The girl, receiving it, laughed, then flushed scarlet.

"Dear, Miss," it began. "I guess you are disappointed while I do not come in. My Mom says you shall come to-morrow evening out for supper."

She sat a long time after she had finished reading it, with it crumpled in

her hand. She had never paid any attention to this "Dutchman" until he had startled her by proposing that she marry him. The half-spoken refusal had been smothered by the consciousness of an ugly pain in her side at the end of her day's work, and of the fact that her last week's wages was all she had in the world. Marriage would mean peace and comfort for her body, at least, even though Adam Troxell was as far from the man she would have chosen as any one could be. She would go out and see where he lived, and then she might accept.

Mrs. Troxell, sitting behind the vines on the porch on the Sunday afternoon, watched the girl disappearing as she came with Adam up the long lane which led in from the road. There were drooping feathers in her hat, and she wore gloves. She looked about her capriciously and her face sparkled at sight of the farmhouse with its broad porch. It would be pleasant there on summer evenings. The girls from the mill could come out to see her, and she could go often to town. She felt already the importance which being well married would bestow.

She could not help a sudden start when Adam's mother rose to meet her. There was something portentous in a first view of Mrs. Troxell. Her size took away one's breath.

"How do you do?" she said slowly, and her voice made the girl shiver, it was so unlike any other voice she had ever heard. "It is a nice day."

"You have a nice place here," Florence answered nervously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Troxell.

"But I should think it would be awful lonely."

Mrs. Troxell smoothed down her white apron.

"It is too much to do in the country so get lonely," she said. "It is all the time something to do."

The girl's face brightened.

"What do you do? Everything looks so quiet. I shouldn't think there would be anything to do."

For a moment Mrs. Troxell did not answer. Then she apologized for not

having asked the girl to take off her hat.

"Adam shall take it in the house," she said.

When he had gone, she turned her head again toward Florence.

"What do you mean by something to do?" she asked.

"Why, there ain't no theatre here, and no people, and no place to go."

"We have no time to go places," said Mrs. Troxell, her great voice trembling. "There is too much work."

Her little eyes watched the girl. "We have gardening and soap-boiling and white-washing and butchering and milking and harvesting and clauing, and—"

"Oh!" Florence's eyes widened and she gasped a little.

"—and baking and canning and—"

At sound of Adam's footsteps, Mrs. Troxell stopped abruptly. She lifted herself heavily from the chair.

"You can take her round to look at the things, Adam," she said. "I will make supper."

"All right," said Adam in his high voice, leading the way down in the steps. His mother's tone seemed to breathe satisfaction. "We will go first to the barn, and then you can go along to fetch the cows."

"But ain't you going to stay with me when I come out here?" Florence demanded. It was not that she wanted him, but that she was afraid of his mother.

"Yes, when the cows are milked. I milk Sundays. Mom has it so bad in her back."

"But don't you have a girl or a hired man?"

"Ach, no, it is too expensive to hire. But we would have to hire if I did not get married."

"Oh, are you going to get married?" she said sharply.

Adam smiled at her. He could never quite understand her metropolitan wit.

"Come now this way and see the barn."

The girl followed him slowly, lifting high her trailing skirts. She made no response as he pointed out the various improvements he had made.

"But Mom, she thought of all these things," he explained proudly. "Now, I am going for the cows. Will you go along?"

"No, I'll go back to the house," she could not imagine a more terrifying experience than close contact with cows. She hurried back across the yard, and turned the knob of the front door. It would not open. She tried it again, and shook it, her face scarlet. Had the woman locked her out? She stood hesitating for an instant, then she heard a heavy footstep. There was a great sliding of bolts and keys, and Mrs. Troxell, a gingham apron over her white one, stood before her.

"I guess I didn't hear you first off," she said. "We use always the back door."

The girl stepped inside.

"He said I should find you."

"That was right. You come along in the kitchen."

Florence looked about her curiously. The hall was narrow and dark, and the doors leading into the rooms on either side were closed. There was an odor of recently applied whitewash. Mrs. Troxell opened a door which led into a room as dark as the hall. There were faint outlines of a table with a chemise cover, and chairs set in a neat row against the wall. Suddenly she paused. Florence, in the dark, walked against her, and stepped quickly back. It seemed hardly human, the vast mass which she had touched.

"I thought I heard one," Mrs. Troxell said mysteriously, making her way to the other side of the room. She lifted the curtain, where, blazing against the window, there was a fly. She killed it with a stroke of her hand. "It must a' sneaked in when we came in," she said. "Or else it is from last year."

Then she opened the door into a brighter room, furnished with a rag carpet, a row of chairs set against the wall, and a table set for supper.

"You can sit here," she said. "We always eat out in the kitchen except when it is company here."

"Do you eat in the kitchen in summer when it is so hot?"

"Of course. Shall I have flies in

my house?" The expression of satisfaction had not left Mrs. Troxell's face.

The girl sat down, and watched, fascinated, Mrs. Troxell's careful exit. In a few moments the faint delicious odor of cooking stole in upon her. After a long time, she heard Adam's voice and a splashing of water at the pump. Presently he came into the kitchen and sat down beside her, whereupon she shivered and turned involuntarily away.

"Well, did you get lonely?" he asked cheerfully. "When you do yourself the milking you won't get lonely."

Florence did not answer. She was watching Mrs. Troxell's struggles with the door, her driving away of invisible flies, then her hurried entrance which left her almost breathless. This time there was a large tray in her hands.

In a few moments they sat down at the table. The meal was delicious; Florence was sure that she had never tasted anything so good. Nevertheless, she could eat but little. Mrs. Troxell's long grace, and her son's silent feeding, and Mrs. Troxell herself, frightened her. She wished herself back at the boarding-house table, with its poor coffee, and worse bread, and the good company.

Mrs. Troxell urged her to eat. "You can't work when you don't eat," she said cheerfully, and her melodious voice seemed to fill the room. "In the country you must eat a lot so you can do country work."

Florence shook her head. She wondered whether this choke in her throat signified homesickness. And for what? What was it that made this place so terrible? Was it the silence? Was it the vast old woman?

"What time does the next car go?" she asked, when Adam finally laid down his knife.

"Must you go already back?" asked Adam, in dismay. "I thought you should stay and go long in the church."

"Yes, you can just so well stay," welcomed his mother.

"No, I must—I have a sick aunt. I promised to stay with her." The ex-

cuse was the sudden reckless invention of the moment.

"But I can't go long so early. I take always the collection in the church."

"Oh, but I can go alone." Her eyes brightened. "You need not even go to the car with me."

"Ach, yes, that he will do," insisted his mother. "Of course he will go with you to the car."

"Of course I will," said Adam. His eyes sought his mother's, and met her gaze, alert, anxious, perhaps a little pitying. He interpreted it to mean that she was as eager that the bargain should be struck at once as he.

They had scarcely left the house before he spoke.

"Well, how would you like to live here?"

"I don't like the country. It is too lonely."

"But you wouldn't be lonely. Mom is always here, and it is not lonely when you have work to do."

"But I don't like to work."

"You don't like to work?" He stopped in the lane and stared at her. "But you get seven dollars a week, working."

"But I only work for the money. I don't like to work."

"But you will have here a good home. It is no one in the family but I and Mom, and it is a good farm, and we have money in the bank."

She turned on him suddenly.

"Will you let me have some of the money? Will you let me hire a girl?"

"A girl," he repeated heavily. "A girl yet, with you and Mom to do the work. What would a girl do?"

Florence broke suddenly into an hysterical laugh, then she started to run.

"Don't you see the car is coming?" she cried.

When Adam got back to the house, his mother was sitting on the porch.

"She wouldn't marry me!" he said.

"She wouldn't marry you!" Mrs. Troxell's voice was non-committal.

"She wanted me to take money from the bank, and hire a girl. Take the money from the bank!"

"What!" Now Mrs. Troxell did not need to assume surprise.

"Yes." Then his voice softened. "I guess we might 'b' made it easy for her. We might 'b' hired a girl to help. We—" he sat heavily down on the step. "I wanted her." After a long time he said again, "I wanted her."

Mrs. Troxell watched his bent head. Fear came into her eyes at this son who wanted anything she had not suggested. Then her eyes narrowed cunningly.

"The Lord does not let us have always what we want, Adam. It is some

good reason why you shall not have her."

"I guess so," he answered piously, and with that, romance died. "But now we will have to hire, Mom."

"No, not yet awhile," his mother answered. "I feel good to-night. I will get a while along alone."

She sat on the porch for a long time after he had gone to bed. Occasionally she smiled and once she muttered softly:

"I settled it. I scared her. To take—" Mrs. Troxell gasped heavily—"to take the money from the bank to hire a girl!"

The Secret of Longevity

TO make a machine last long and not wear out prematurely it is essential to keep it in running order. So, with the human body, the first step toward keeping old age away is to keep the human organism running smoothly. Of course this means to avoid all diseases.

Ever since the time of Pasteur it has been thoroughly understood that germs are at the bottom of the majority of all diseases. Germs are continually breaking into the confines of the body from all directions, and if let alone they multiply and soon bring about death.

It has also been well known for many years that the white corpuscles of the blood have, as their main business, the devouring and consequent elimination from the blood of all kinds of harmful germs. These white corpuscles or leucocytes are one sort of policemen of the body. From top to toe they wander along, pushed by the blood stream through the arteries, veins and capillaries.

If there are enough of them and they do their work under ordinary conditions the body has no chance of infection from any source whatever.

Yet these little corpuscles show the strangest whimsical behavior. Some-

times a very few of them would perform marvels in the field of the microscope and before the eye of the observer throw their jellylike folds about the germs and devour prodigious numbers.

And yet with another experiment with similar germs and corpuscles taken from the blood of the same person we will find an entirely different thing will happen. Instead of eating the germs they will lie side by side like the lion and the lamb of old, neither apprehensively taking the slightest interest in each other.

No stimulants of any kind make the slightest difference, nor would starvation make the corpuscles hungry when once they have shown a disinclination to eat the microbes.

Years and years of experimentation revealed no cause unless a mere whim of these little policemen. Yet it was well understood that if this whim could be overridden every person could be made absolutely immune to any germ disease in the world.

Professor A. E. Wright, of London, with the infinite patience of a biologist, taking up the study at this point where all others had left it, after countless trials of one thing and another, learned the secret. Germs, big

or small, malignant or otherwise—it makes no difference—they are of no interest to the white corpuscles unless they at first come in contact with blood either of a human being or of some other animal. You can take germs, dip them in a solution of the blood fluid and then wash them ever so clean and yet when placed alongside of white corpuscles also washed clean, they will readily be gobbled by the corpuscles.

This being known, Dr. Wright went to work to discover what this strange substance in the blood was, and, after further experimentation, he has at last discovered that it is something given off by the cells of the body. Whatever it is, he calls it "opsonins," from the Greek word "Opson" which means "I prepare the meal."

When the cells of the body give off a lot of this matter it collects about the germs wherever they loiter and forms some sort of a covering to them. This covering in itself does not seem to hurt the germs, for they go along breaking down tissue and giving off poisons and making us sick just as busily as if nothing had happened. But when the first white corpuscle making its rounds stumbles upon this intruder the covering of opsonins comes into play. Instead of passing it by the policeman reaches out its soft arms of protoplasm and hugs the germs to his jellylike bosom.

Under the microscope the germ can be seen writhing and trying to twist its way out, but by a process of digestion the corpuscle eventually kills the germ and eats it.

Sometimes a corpuscle will be tempted into devouring more than one germ at a time when the germs are very plentiful, and he may be said to bite off more than he can chew.

In this case instead of his killing the germs the germs kill him and another white corpuscle comes up and takes his place, and so the battle goes on.

If the germs are too numerous for the corpuscles, or the corpuscles have not a great enough appetite, the body loses the battle, the germs multiply, the person grows sicker and sicker, and finally gives up the war in death.

Sometimes the cells of the body give off more of this valuable little opsonin than at other times and at such periods the blood is richer in them. The corpuscles, when the blood is rich in opsonins, go eagerly and greedily about the body with a ravenous appetite for germs. Woe be to the microbial intruder at such a time if he is thoroughly coated with opsonins, which simply make him delicious to the palate of the little white corpuscle.

This much is all very interesting to science, but so far of no practical value to humanity, so Dr. Wright said nothing, but kept on with his study. The one step left was to find how to increase at will the variable habit of the cells to give up opsonins. He found at last that the cells gave off the opsonins very rapidly when there were a large number of germs in the body and that when the number of germs decreased they tended to decrease the output of opsonins. So by injecting germs into the human being he could increase the amount of opsonins in the blood. But, of course, this would not do, as his object was to get rid of the germs and not fill the body up with them.

Then he tried injecting dead germs and, to his delight, perceived that they worked just as well.

By giving slowly increasing doses of dead germs the cells of the body in alarm, fearing there was an enormous influx of germs, gave off opsonins freely, yet the germs did not multiply because they were dead. The extra supply of opsonins covered the dead germs, which were immediately swallowed by the little white corpuscles, but the surplus opsonins floating around attached themselves to the germs which were already in the body, and as the white corpuscles finally ate the small amount of dead germs artificially injected there was nothing left to satisfy their appetite but the live germs, which, nicely coated with opsonins, were promptly eaten up, thereby putting an end to a disease which might have been chronic for years and might otherwise never have been cured.

There was yet another very im-

portant question to be decided. Is there only one kind of opsonins or are there many kinds? If only one kind, then dead germs injected into the body at proper intervals and in proper quantities would increase the activity of the body cells in giving off opsonins and cause the elimination of harmful germs which might happen to be lurking there before the treatment.

Experiments prove conclusively that there is more than one sort of opsonins—in fact, it seems probable that there is an opsonin for almost every kind of germ. It has not been demonstrated, however, but that certain groups of germs which have a similarity of some sort may all be affected by the same opsonins, although perhaps some are not as strongly coated by the same opsonins as others in the group.

It is evident that the body cells of a given person may be very generous in supplying the blood with the opsonins which coat the typhoid fever germ and yet be very stingy in the output of the scarlet fever microbe. From this set of facts Dr. Wright concluded that theoretically a man who is suffering from a chronic ailment would have cells which give off a very meagre allowance of opsonins which make a specialty of coating the germs of his pet malady. A comparatively short and rapid investigation proved this to be the case, and from this has been determined the opsonin method of curing disease. If a patient suffers from boils or chronic catarrh or anything else, Dr. Wright and those who, as Dr. Webb, of Colorado Springs, have taken up his methods in America, first make a culture of the specific bacterium which is directly responsible for the trouble.

When this germ has been bred and made to multiply in the culture tubes of the laboratory until there are plenty of them they are killed and injected in small quantities at regular intervals into the blood of the patient.

The cells of the body thereupon proceed to increase the supply of only the special sort of opsonins which fastens itself upon this particular kind of germ. The supply of other opsonins in the body remain as before.

What is the result?

Wherever the original live germs of this malady are lying in the body the opsonins collect. Then the white corpuscles come along and clear the last one of them out of the system.

There is no waste of energy caused by the production of an overabundance of other sorts of opsonins which are not needed and which, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, may, for all science knows, be a detriment if they have no germs to fasten upon.

The opsonin method has been tried on a great variety of diseases with marvellous success. Local tuberculosis of the face, hands or elsewhere yields readily to the treatment, but phthisis, or consumption of the lungs, seem to be an exception. But an increase of knowledge of the subject may soon bring that dread disease within the fold. Strangely enough, in consumption, the quantity of opsonins which attack the tubercular germ seems to be very high and to increase this kind of opsonins is of no benefit, and, in fact, causes fever and other system disturbances.

"POLICE CORPUSCLES" TURN TRAITOR
AND RAT US.

The average length of human life has been materially lengthened within the last century, as is taught in the school rooms, but this achievement has been made by reducing the death rate among babies and young children. The average grown-up person of to-day probably does not live much longer than the well-to-do Roman or Greek of ancient times.

The renowned Professor Metchnikoff, who periodically uncovers some astonishing facts about the human body, has lately discovered that a main cause of old age is a sort of tragedy among the cells of the body. He finds that the brain cells, as well as all bones and muscles and the cells of the vital organs, such as the liver and kidneys, are killed and eaten from middle-age on by another class of cells in the body and that the result of it is old age and death.

Spurred by this news and by the

general interest among scientific men on the subject of possibility of curing or, at least, putting off old age. Dr. T. C. Janeway, of New York City, wrote to Mrs. Russell Sage and besought her to give a fund for the study of old age ills.

Mrs. Sage responded with a gift of \$500,000 to found and maintain the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology as an adjunct to the New York City Hospital.

The chief purpose of this endowment is to follow out Dr. Janeway's suggestion.

Professor Metchnikoff, in investigating the decrepitude and miseries of old age, was struck by the phenomenon of gray hair. His researches among the tough cells of the human hair gave him the clue to his marvelous old age discovery.

The blood and lymph and other fluids of the body are policed by the leucocytes or white blood corpuscles, which under certain circumstances, with the aid of opsonins, devour the germs and foreign materials, waste and other broken down matter.

There are also scavengers of another form in the body called "macrophages." These are large colorless cells which are like the leucocytes, but their field of action is more limited. They move about, sometimes to a considerable distance; at other times they live and die in practically the same spot.

Like the white corpuscles, they attack germs and eat them, and also, with a seeming heroism, help themselves to poisonous things, even to their own destruction, thus saving the system from general contamination. During youth and early middle-age the leucocytes and the phagocytes both work together, protecting and helping the body, but some time during middle-age, in some persons earlier and in others later, the phagocytes, or big police cells, become dissatisfied with their lot and turn traitors. Instead of spending their time and, when necessary, giving up their lives to protect the body and warning off germs from the nerve, skin and organ

cells, they actually turn about and attack these cells.

The cells of the nerves and brain and all other vital organs have no defense against the macrophages, and although there are millions of them they succumb before the onslaughts of the big colorless cells who once protected them so well.

As here and there throughout middle age these brain cells are killed and eaten, the brain shrinks in size, the memory becomes poor, thought becomes sluggish and at last when old age has come to its limit what is known as senile dementia reveals a complete breaking down of the brain. At the same time the muscles all over the body are shrinking and hardening, the kidneys and liver are less and less able to perform their duties, the reduced number of cells in the eyes make them unfit for their work, and in every direction you see decay and retrogression.

In the cells of the hair the macrophages find the easiest victim in the cells that contain the pigment of color which distinguishes one head of hair from another. They devour these pigment cells one by one and the hair loses its color, becomes gray and finally almost white.

Luckily for the human being the white corpuscles of the blood still remain faithful and go on with their work as well as they can, but it's a losing fight and in the end they perish with the rest of the body does.

Looking further Professor Metchnikoff is trying to discover the reason for this treacherousness in the body itself. If up to forty odd years of age the macrophages behave admirably and from that point on become traitors and parasites there must be some reason for the phenomenon.

The cause, the great scientist believes, lies in the production of irritant poisons in the system which torment and demoralize the cells into the entire change of habit.

To prevent the tragedy of the phagocytes and to win them back to loyalty it will be necessary to discover what the poisons are and to eliminate them. Professor Metch-

nikoff believes that he has solved part of this problem. Some germs are not hostile to the interests of the body, others are often friendly and work in unison with it.

Such a germ is the microbe which causes a souring of milk and incidentally makes life very unpleasant for many kinds of poisonous germs which abound in the intestinal tract. By drinking plenty of sour milk Professor Metchnikoff believes that will help out the overworked macrophages in the intestinal tract and at the same time gradually reduce the quantity of irritant poisons which these hostile germs give off. As long as the macrophages are not overworked or driven to desperation by irritant poisons he considers that they will stay faithful and he has an impressive mass of evidence to prove that this is so.

If the macrophages can be kept to their duty indefinitely then old age would not come on us until the hardening of the arteries or some other actual wearing out of a vital part should occur. Science is already at work attacking this stronghold of old age also. There are machines now made in which a patient can receive as many as a million shocks of electricity going in alternating directions in one minute.

The enormous frequency of this alternating makes it possible to give a high current without painful sensation, and yet with a tremendous effect upon the arteries of the body. The thick lining which makes the arteries hard and brittle seems to be shaken loose by the electric current and is carried away and taken care of by the means of elimination.

An old man with hard arteries and the consequent dangerously high blood pressure, after fifteen minutes of this alternating current finds his pressure reduced to what it was perhaps fifteen or twenty years before.

Mrs. Sage and Dr. Janeway, both with the aid of the \$500,000 endowment and perhaps other funds to come, agreed to have all the scientists who are interested in this problem work in unison, perhaps under the same roof, so that one genius will

throw light on another's work, instead of laboring all alone, each in a different part of the world as at present.

WHAT A DIRT INSURES LONG LIFE.

The universal dread of old age has inspired the most astonishing and ingenious attempts among unscientific and semi-scientific people to dodge it.

Prof. Herbert H. Hart, an Englishman, believes he has found the fountain of youth. He is seventy-three years old, and his hair and beard are white, but these are the only signs of age upon him.

He has the frame and muscles of an athlete, and his skin is clear and unmarked.

There are no signs of the shrinkage and wasting of old age; no shuffling walk, sunken eye or quivering voice. If his hair and beard were dyed he would pass for a man of fifty.

If his body were found to-day in a railroad accident with the head missing, it would be set down by the police as belonging to a man of thirty-five years of age.

Yet Professor Hart was once dying of a wasting disease. He had lived, like the rest of us, on whatever the baker gives us in the way of bread and the restaurant serves for a price.

He was fifty years old. The doctors, having nothing better to suggest, advised travel. A few months of wandering brought him to Judea, where a spreaded assle made him dependent for several days upon the hospitality of a Jewish woman.

At first he was afraid he would starve to death before he could move on. The woman ate nothing but wheat cakes made from flour ground in a little hand-mill which had not been improved since the time of Methuselah. On these cakes Professor Hart lived a week, and instead of dying he found himself stronger than he had been in many months.

He had learned his lesson, and has lived on similar food ever since.

He believes that bread made of ordinary flour is almost wholly starch and of little nutritive value. The civilized world, he thinks, is suffering from lack of nutrition, though the

white man of to-day eats more than ever before. Professor Hart says:

"Half-nourished brains cannot do sound thinking. All will agree with me thus far. When nature is denied a sufficiency of proper and pure material to nourish the entire man, she always looks after the lower propensities first. Hence, crime and pauperism are as directly traceable to improper or inadequate nourishment as light is to the sun.

A well-nourished brain is a good brain and thinks good thoughts instinctively. It is not tempted to do serious wrong, because doing right is never a wicked pleasure. The really happy man must be healthy. It has taken me fifty years to learn this lesson, but I have learned it well.

We are degenerating as a nation because we are a generation of starch-eaters. Starch contains no proteid element, makes good fat, but feeds no brain substance, nourishes no nerve tissue. To live on it is to be a human counterpart of a skimmed-milk calf—a weakened-faced, flabby-fleshed neuritic, with neither stamina nor self-reliance. The outcome of the Russo-Japanese war hinges, not on a dynasty, but on diet. And if the Anglo-Saxon race goes on for another century living on starch foods it will end in gradual extinction, as did the North American Indian.

Students of ethnology are already discussing the probabilities of the yellow races supplanting the white. See what the Japanese have done in a single generation. At the same gait, two generations more will wipe out the Aryan race, and the little yellow men, who can flourish in any climate from the tropics to the polar regions, simply because they live more naturally, will dominate the world.

This process of race decay is a much more serious menace to the future of our country than the question agitating President Roosevelt—that of "race suicide."

You cannot do any sane, consecutive thinking that is worth recording while you live on starch and Beef Trust steak, strong coffee and chicken salads. The usual restaurant diet

gives you muscles that are always tired and nerves that are always on edge or in a state of fashionable "prostration," and gray matter that is no better than so much white paste.

Society is living in a spasm of intellectual exaltation, a kind of mild brain inflammation, the result of stimulants—coffee, tobacco, beer, or something stronger, and does not in the least understand how to nourish its gray matter. And it dies before it ought to, whereas, if properly fed, it would be able to stand the wear and tear of its swift life, and maintain full brain power until the century mark be reached.

There was Methuselah, for instance. Note his years. He lived in the very way I recommend to you to-day. His meals were prepared in the primitive way. The flour for his bread was ground by the little hand mills you now see in Judea, and baked in the primitive ovens. It did not have all the nourishing part of it carefully extracted, leaving only the starch for Methuselah's consumption. Had this been done we would never have heard of 'the oldest man.' Instead, his food was the wheat as nature intended it to be eaten. And the best source of brain, muscle and nerve nourishment is unquestionably wheat.

It was in Palestine that I learned my lesson fifty years ago. Health came back to me on its primitive diet. Traveling still further, I found the Turks living on similar food. There was not a dentist and but few physicians in all Constantinople. People kept their teeth, their hair and their tempers even when living in a perpetual dog-day climate. In passing I may say that, despite many bad hygienic habits, the Turks are physically a superior people.

The Koran compels the use of this natural form of food, and as a result the Mohammedans are, despite their many vices, the hardiest race of modern times. They are large men, their muscles are like steel, and they endure beyond belief.

And if you think nature's simple food will not build up a man, just

look at me. I am going to live forever."

Physicians, in examining Professor Hart, marvel at the condition of his arteries, which show very little sign of the hardening of old age. Such sclerosis as there is, Professor Hart says, occurred before he discovered the natural diet. From year to year his arteries are growing softer, and not harder, according to his observation.

WEY NOT LIVE ONE HUNDRED YEARS?

Dr. W. W. Wiley, United States Chemist-in-Chief, tells how he is making sure of living one hundred years, giving the recipe for longevity:

"One hundred years of life? Why not? I expect to live long enough to fill out a century; and so likewise, I may add, do my fellow members in a club to which I belong. It is called the Hundred Years Club, and its object is the promotion of longevity. Any member who dies young—by which I mean under one hundred years—dies disgraced.

Consider what the Bible teaches. I am not going to refer to Methuselah, who is alleged to have established the longevity record, nor yet to various other gentlemen of the more ancient Scriptural times who survived for several hundred years. Higher criticism has suggested that there must have been some mistake in regard to these instances. So, to avoid treading upon controversial grounds, I will fall back upon the reliable and authentic statement of the Psalmist, who declared that the normal span of human existence was three-score and ten years.

Unfortunately thoughtless and imprudent man, having undertaken to manage his life in accordance with his own ideas, did through many centuries so eat, so drink, and so behave, or misbehave, himself that twenty-five years ago, as shown by vital statistics, he had cut in two the Scriptural limit and reduced the average period of survival to only thirty-five years. In other words, the average human being born into the world did not live beyond thirty-five.

Now, this, when it came to be realized, seemed frightful and even appalling. "Well might people say, 'Life is short,'" when thirty-five years was the average span of it. Intelligent folks asked, "What is to be done?" And, in response, many learned persons took up the problem and considered it thoughtfully. Some of these men of mind were physicians; others were physiologists, and yet others were hygienists—that is to say, specialists in the study of questions relating to health.

The great task undertaken by these men was to restore the old biblical allowance of years. It was a tremendous problem—a problem of momentous importance to the whole of the human race. Since they began to work upon it only a quarter of a century has passed, yet vital statistics show that marvels have already been accomplished. In only a quarter of a century the average life of a human being has been prolonged by nearly ten years, reaching well into the forties.

We who belong to the Hundred Years Club are all of us optimists. If we were not such, it would be well that we should dissolve and go out of existence as an organization; for optimism, which may be defined as a combination of cheerfulness and hopefulness, is itself a means of attaining longevity. Accordingly, we see no reason to doubt that if, on the one hand, man could and did, by a mistakes way of living, reduce his span of life so far below the Biblical reckoning, then, on the other hand, he may, through the proper use of his intelligence to that end, pass as far beyond the Scriptural allotment as in the past he has fallen behind it.

One hundred years of survival is not too much to expect. From our own observation we know that human beings frequently live as long as that, and even longer. This fact in itself proves the machine which we call the human body, is built to last a full century. If in a great majority of instances it does not endure for that length of time, it is because of abuse or of accident. Accidents include dis-

cases, which we are learning how to avoid and to cure. As for abuse, we must refrain from that kind of foolishness."

The knowledge gained by physicians, by hygienists, and by physiologists all points to the conclusion that longevity is only to be attained through simplicity of life and moderation in all things. If we would survive for a century we must simplify the terms and conditions of our existence. The new knowledge teaches the desirability of a return of man as far as possible to closer touch with nature—incidentally, to the partial depopulation of congested centres, and to the acquisition by rural life of the sole charm it now lacks, a greater social gregariousness.

If you would know the rules which are set down in the manual of the Hundred Years Club as affording the best suggestions of means whereby a century of survival may be attained, they can be set forth in a few words:

The first requirement is moderation in diet. Avoid gluttony and late suppers.

The second requirement is exercise—plenty of it, but not too much—in the open air, of course.

The third requirement is plenty of fresh air, both night and day, and especially at night. Most sleeping rooms are not sufficiently airy.

The fourth requirement is agreeable society. Congenial companionship distracts the mind and is the best encouragement to cheerfulness.

The fifth requirement is a cheerful and philosophic state of mind. Worry is above all things to be avoided. It shortens life. The habit of worry is easily cultivated, and it grows upon the victim. One should cultivate the habit of not worrying. Few things in this world are worth worrying about; and, as has often been said, nine-tenths of the misfortunes of life never happen.

The sixth requirement is work. Not too much of it, of course, but enough to afford occupation. Idleness is the fruitful source of many mischiefs and the sure breeder of discontent. No idler can be happy; and unhappy people do not live long.

Such are the articles of faith and the rules of practice of the Hundred Years Club. Ours is an organization not merely to promote longevity, but to seek happiness, which is at once an end in itself and the means to an end, inasmuch as it is a conservator of health and augments the favorable prospect for attaining the century of survival which, rather than the old-fashioned three-score years and ten, ought to be regarded as the proper term of human existence.

College and The World

By Haris Winstock in Overland Monthly

I HAVE BEEN asked to tell the value of a college training on the young men that in my business career have come under my notice.

An observer of modern commercial and industrial systems cannot but note the exacting methods now in vogue. He cannot but observe that in all great commercial and industrial enterprises costs and profits are now figured out in percentages running to the fourth figure. The observation is forced upon him that the keener the growth of competition the smaller the margin of profit for the producer and distributor; and that the smaller the margin of profit, the more careful and exact must be every movement and every calculation that enters into commercial and financial transactions.

The day of the careless operator, the loose calculator and the indifferent worker is gone for good in every walk of life and in every occupation that is not in the nature of a monopoly.

This means that the business world of to-day demands men who are exact and thorough, who are reliable and dependable. The business world demands this and more besides. It demands for executive and managerial positions men who are not only exact and thorough, but who can at one and the same time specialize and generalize, who can reason backward and forward, that is, from cause to effect and from effect to cause.

The all-around business man is the one who can theorize as well as practice, who can not only do things, but who can explain the theory or the philosophy upon which things are done, who can take an idea, develop and exploit it, and who can also take a proposition, dissect and analyze it.

A man who has entered business from the grammar or high school may learn to do all this in the course of a great many years of experience. Here is where the work of the college comes in. The young man who has

put his four years in college to good account has trained his mind so that, first of all, he should be able to concentrate it upon any given task. He should have cultivated an intellectual machine that can dissect and analyze any proposition that may come before him. He should have taught himself to reason backward and forward, to trace out the causes from effects and to forecast the effect of certain causes.

With the sharpened faculties at his command, he should learn in active business life in five years what it is likely to take the man with the untrained mind twenty years to learn.

If he started with fair mentality and made the most of his collegiate opportunities, his years of study have therefore simply been a matter of putting out his time where it is likely to bring him compound interest. So that after all, a university training should, despite long years of preparation, prove in the end a short cut to reach the best practical results.

Business alone can give and does give admirable training. This has been made evident by the splendid specimens of men to be found everywhere in the business world, who had little or no early educational advantages, but business alone, as a rule, does not give the best training. That comes from college experience, broadened by actual business experience. The blending of the two should, as a rule, give the highest type of men of affairs.

Were I asked whether, in my opinion, all college men are likely to prove to be of this type, I should answer that I have in my time met college men whose university training seemed to have proven to them of great value, and I have met others who could not have been less fit, if their college years had been spent merely in counting beads. So much, after all, depends on the man. A young man with the right sort of stuff in him is likely to



land in the front rank of life's activities, even though he be a graduate of a third-rate college, or of no other college than the college of "hard knocks," and the chap without the stuff in him will fail, despite his diploma, signed by the president of the greatest college in the land.

Given a blade, for example, made out of good steel, and the grindstone will bring out the best in it, and perfect an edge that will do things to surprise the beholder. But given a blade made out of base metal and the world's finest grindstone practically fails. So it is with the student. If he has wits, and brings them to college, they will be sharpened and his powers will be increased. If he is barren, the college can do little for him.

I cannot recall one instance of a young man entering college with bad habits, low tendencies and poor mentalities, coming out of college reformed morally or sharpened intellectually. Instances, however, have come to my notice where young men of previous good habits, have been unable to stand up against college temptations, and have become dissipated in college and acquired bad habits, and despite a good mentality, have proven a keen disappointment. The things most to be feared from a college course is the undesirable habits likely to be acquired while there.

By a careful analysis, however, of the biographies in America's "Who's Who," it has been found that although but one per cent. of the men of the country are college bred, they represent fifty per cent. of the distinguished men in the various walks of political, commercial and financial life. This is a wonderful showing for the college.

The point of failure noticeable in some college men who have taken social science, commercial or culture courses, is their lack of exactness, the want of thoroughness in what they do. The problem with them seems to be how to get through, rather than how to perfect their work. They do not seem to realize that it is better to eat little food and have that well digested, than

to gobble up much that simply clogs the human system. They seem to have cultivated the habit in college of getting through the task in hand as speedily as possible, with little thought of mastering it in detail. These habits of superficiality must in active life retard their growth and impede their progress. Next to character and health, the most valuable asset that any man, the college man or not excepted, can have, is the habit of doing things thoroughly.

One of the great marvels of the present age is the wonderful strides made in the direction of the utilization of waste materials. The statement is made that in the great pork packing houses of the country everything about the hog is utilized, except the squeal and the curl in the tail, and it is said there are hopes somehow, somewhere of utilizing even these. The great achievement of the coming age will be the utilization of waste labor, so that, despite the shortening of the hours of toil more will be accomplished by each individual giving forth his highest and best, thus tending to perfect the human species, and thus also increasing its earning power.

Herbert Spencer asked the question: "What knowledge is most worth knowing?" And after a careful analysis of different kinds of knowledge reached the conclusion that science is the knowledge most worth knowing. Spencer's conclusion is as true to-day as when he uttered it. The most effective man, as a rule, is the man who has knowledge that has been gained and verified by exact observation and exact thinking. It is for this reason that the scientific training afforded by an engineering course is of inestimable value in many walks of life. It does not follow that a college man who has taken his degree as an engineer will thereafter be exact in his observations or in his thinking.

He is more likely to be so, however, than if he has followed any other collegiate career. The mathematical training, which an engineering course enforces, the exactness and correctness imposed by his studies, are likely to tend toward habits of thoroughness

and rigid mental discipline, which must prove him of great value in any walk of life.

History is important. Philosophy is important. Languages are important. General culture is important. Yet were I to advise a young man about to enter college, with a business career in mind, I should urge him by all means to take an engineering course, even though he should not intend in active life to put his scientific training to professional use. I should advise him to take an engineering course, not only for its mental training and discipline, but for the power it gives in analysis, the love that it cultivates in him for being exact in his work and in his statements.

The man whose mind has been trained in the sciences is more likely to be the one to devise ways for the utilization of waste labor, whose keen powers of observation should enable him to see weak spots and how to strengthen them.

What the world is more and more demanding is efficiency, and all other things equal, the man with the scientific training is likely to be the most efficient.

The weak spot in most men, the weak spot as a rule, in college men, is taking things for granted. Science strives to prove its case. As a rule it must see the bricks before it will believe that the house will be built. It demands proof before it reaches conclusions. The men to-day who command the world's highest rewards and who are of greatest service to their fellow men are those who have exact knowledge and use it for creative purposes. What is called unerring judgment is not generally intuitive. It is the result, as a rule, of the most exact observation and the most correct thinking. The man whose mind has not been disciplined, whose thoughts wander hither and thither, who cannot analyze a problem, who acts from impulse and not from reflection, is not in a mental condition to observe closely or to think correctly. At best, he is likely to become a mere putterer, vacillating in thought and in action.

To be a successful doer of things, one must first be a seer of things. Ruskin says, "Hundreds of men can talk for one who can think; thousands of men can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, philosophy and religion all in one."

In the decades of the past the college man seeking commercial employment was discounted. He was looked upon by practical men as a mere bookworm, unwilling to begin with the drudgery at the bottom in order to learn business from the ground up. No doubt the air of scholarism that the college of the past imparted to its graduates justified this feeling of prejudice against the holders of its diplomas. There are some countries where this feeling may be justified even to-day. It is said to be a significant fact that "a large portion of Paris cabinet are unsuccessful students in theology and other professions and unfrocked priests, and they are very bad cabinets." But the American college bred man of to-day, especially the college man whose mind has been trained in the sciences, as a rule, is of a different breed. The modern college earnestly strives to teach men how to think and how to do things. Captains of trade and industry are discovering more and more that a young man who has made the most of his time during his college years is so equipped that he can learn in five years what it may take the man with an untrained mind about twenty years to acquire.

The college of yesterday trained men almost exclusively for purposes of culture. The colleges of to-day, especially the scientific branches, strive to give an education for efficiency. It has been pointed out that "the man with brains needs a corresponding degree of education. The greater the natural fitness, the greater the need for thorough training and the more worthy the result."

The business world of to-day more than ever before is seeking efficient men, men who know the correct principles of investigation, who have the power to reason from cause to effect, and from effect to cause; who can

concentrate attention upon a given subject, whose powers have been quickened and developed. All other things equal, the man with the trained mind is more likely to possess these qualifications, hence is also likely to prove the more efficient man.

The successful men of the next generation will have to be thoroughly scientific in their methods. Their efficiency will have to be of the highest and they will have to possess the faculty of bringing out the highest efficiency in their subordinates.

The college trained man, because of his adaptability, his quickness and

alertness of mind, and because of his largely increased numbers, is going to revolutionize conditions in the coming industrial and commercial world. The college will strengthen his powers, ripen and mature his judgment, raise his apprenticeship in the field of practical affairs. This will be the advantage he will gain by virtue of his college training; on the other hand, his higher efficiency and his shorter apprenticeship in the world of practical affairs, will be the advantage gained by the business world and by society for its generous support of its numerous schools of higher learning.

Co-operation Brings Success

The Philistine

LITTLE hotels often feature their clerks. Small tailors proudly put forth their cutters. But the big business is built by many earnest men working together for a common end and aim. It is planned by one man, but is carried forward by many.

A steamship is manned by a crew, and no one particular sailor is necessary. You can replace any man in the engine room of the *Furst Bismarck*, and she will still cross the ocean in less than six days.

In an enterprise that amounts to anything, all transactions should be in the name of the firm, because the firm is more than any person connected with it. Clerks or salesmen who have private letter heads and ask customers to send letters to them personally, are on the wrong track.

To lose your identity in the business is one of the penalties of working for a great institution. Don't protest—it is no new thing—all big concerns are confronted by the same situation—get in line! It is a necessity. If you want to do business individually and in your own name, stay in the country or do business for yourself. Peanut stands are individualistic; when the peanut man goes, the stand

also cranks. Successful corporations are something else. Of course the excuse is that you send me the order direct, I, knowing you and your needs, can take much better care of your wants than that despised and intangible thing, "the house." Besides, sending it through the Circumlocution Office takes time.

There is something more to say. First, long experience has shown that "the saving of time" is exceedingly problematic. For while in some instances a rush order can be gotten off the same night by sending it to an individual, yet when your individual has gone fishing, is at the ball game, or is sick, or else given up his job and gone with the opposition house, there are great and vexatious delays, dire confusions and a great strain on vocabularies. This thing of a salesman carrying his trade with him, and considering the customers of the house his personal property, is the thought of only 2x4 men. A house must have a certain fixed policy—a reputation for square dealing—otherwise it could not exist at all. It could not even give steady work and good pay to the men who think it would

be only a hole in the ground without them.

In the main the policy of the house is right. Don't acquire the habit of butting in with your stub-end of a will in opposition to the general policy of the house. To help yourself, get in line with your house, stand by it, respect it, uphold it, and regard its interests as yours. The men who do this become the only ones who are this really necessary. They are the top-notchers, the hundred-pointers. The worst about the other plan is that it ruins the man who undertakes it. For a little while, to do a business of your own in the shadow of the big one is beautiful—presents come, personal letters, invitations, favors, is Mr. Johnson! By and by Johnson gets chummy; he resents it when other salesmen wait on his customers or look after his mail. He begins to plot for personal gain, and the first thing you know he is a plain grafter, at loggerheads with his colleagues, with the interests of the house secondary to his own.

We must grow towards the house, and with it, not away from it. Any policy which lays an employee open to temptation, or tends to turn his head, causing him to lose sight of his own best interests, seizing at the small present betterment, and losing the great advantage of a life's business is bad. The open cash drawer, valuable goods lying around not recorded or inventoried, free and easy responsibility, good enough plans, and let 'er go policies, all tend to ruin men just as surely as do cigarettes, booze, paste-board and the races.

The man who thinks he owns "his trade," and threatens to walk out and take other employees and customers with him, is slated to have his dream come true. The manager gives in—the individualist then is sure he is

right—the enlarged ego grows, and some day, the house simply takes his word for it, and out he goes. The down-and-outter heads off his mail at the Post Office, and for some weeks embarrasses customers, delays trade and more or less confuses system, but a month or two smooths things out, and he is forgotten absolutely. The steamship plows right along. Our capitalist gets a new job, only to do it all over again if he can. This kind of a man seldom learns. When he gets a job, he soon begins to correspond with rival firms for a better one, with intent to take his "good will" along.

The blame should go back to the first firm where he was employed, that allowed him a private letter head, and let him get filled with the fallacy that he was doing business on his own account, thus losing sight of the great truth that we win through co-operation and not through segregation or separations. The firm's interests are yours; if you think otherwise, you are already on the slide. The only man who should be given full swing and unlimited power is the one who can neither resign nor run away when the crash comes, but who has to stick and face the deficit, and shoulder the disgrace of failure. All who feel free to hike whenever the weather gets thick would do well to get in line with the policy of the house.

The weak point in Marxian Socialism is that it plans to divide benefits, but does not say who shall take care of deficits. It relieves everybody of the responsibility of failure and defeat. And just remember this, unless somebody assumes the responsibility of defeat there will be no benefits to distribute. Also, this, that the man who is big enough to be a somebody is also willing to be a nobody.

The Canadian Railway Commission

American Review of Review

CANADA'S Board of Railway Commissioners is a notable example of a comprehensive effort to control transportation corporations. Under what is known as "The Railway Act of 1903," the Board enjoys power and jurisdiction. This act is a complete revision of the existing railroad laws of the Dominion. During the debate thereon railroads were freely consulted and given every opportunity to be heard. As a result, the Commission is a logically empowered body, created to try certain cases which arise out of the construction and operation of railways. In particular, it has jurisdiction over matters concerning:

- (1) The construction details of new roads or of the improvements undertaken by the existing lines.
- (2) The crossings of highways, railways, power lines, and drainage mains by railways.
- (3) The rates that may properly be charged for the various services rendered to the public by the railways, the express companies, and the telephone companies.

The Commission is also charged with the collection of statistics of operation, investigations of the operation of the roads, in particular of the accidents occurring on them, and with inspection of equipment. To some extent, also, it has become customary, when public utility is made concerning any particular item of railroad practice, for the Government to request the Commission to make a report upon the matter, even if it does not lie within the ordinary field of the Commission's activities. It acts as a special adviser to the Government in matters involving the details of the act of railroad.

It consists of three Commissioners, who are appointed by the Governor-in-Council for a period of ten years, and are eligible for reappointment, until they reach the age of seventy-five

years. It is able to grasp quickly the needs of every section of Canada, although no member of the Board had been prominent in the railroad world. It is now suggested that the Commission be enlarged to include some representatives who by thought and training are especially qualified to understand the motives and desires of the railroad men. It is assisted in its work by an advisory staff of practical railroad men, chosen from the engineering, operating, and traffic departments of railroads.

Its jurisdiction extends to all railways under the legislative authority of the Dominion Parliament, and railroads operating under provincial charters are subjects to its control on "through" traffic, crossings, navigable waters, and for criminal acts. It has powers, rights, and privileges of a superior court, but an appeal on matters of jurisdiction may be taken to the Supreme Court of Canada. The Governor-in-Council may vary or rescind its orders, but does so very seldom. In matters of construction it may not authorize new lines except branches less than six miles in length. But it may authorize the expropriation of private lands for railway purposes without the owners' consent. The awards for expropriated properties are made by a specially selected board of arbitrators.

It may also fix the terms upon which one railway company will be authorized to use the lands, tracks, and buildings of another company; and it has fixed in several cases switching charges at commercial centres entered by two or more railroads, and has ordered the construction of interchange tracks to facilitate local movement. In cases of crossings, all cases are dealt with on their merits. Construction detail affecting convenience and safety of passengers is subject to the approval of the commission. Broadly speaking, it has power to de-

termine the actual cost of a railroad's construction.

Its powers in regard to rate-making are very wide. Briefly, the policy that the government has laid down and has entrusted to the board to carry out is that all railway charges shall be fully known to the shipping public; that no discrimination, either in favor of a locality or of individuals, shall be permitted; that the charges themselves shall not be unreasonably high, and that the machinery provided shall be such that the tariffs can be rapidly adjusted to the various conditions of trade. No effort, however, is to be made to discriminate legally against a locality that is favored by nature for the benefit of one that is not so situated, and the great waterways of Canada, which in extent and possibilities are perhaps unequalled elsewhere on the face of the earth, are recognized as a great factor in the determination of the cost of long-distance transportation.

These duties call for moderation, good temper, plenty of thought, hard work, and heavy traveling; for it conducts its hearings at the place where the complaint originates. No

attempt has been made to invest its decisions with a political character, and appeals therefrom have been few.

It may be said that the board is to be regarded as an experiment in government, made by a rapidly growing country in an endeavor to provide that its railways shall be intelligently built with due regard to public safety and the general advantage; that they shall be properly equipped and efficiently operated, and that the charges for transportation shall be reasonable and free from all suspicion of manipulation in favor of private interests. The Railway Act, under which the board exercises its authority, is a recent compilation and will be subjected to much amendment. The board itself has been in active service for only a little over three years, and its staff is not yet fully organized. It would be, therefore, entirely premature to express any opinion as to the ultimate success of this particular method of corporation control, and all that can be said at present is that the board has so performed its duties that the Canadian people as a whole are entirely content that the experiment shall be continued.

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; if you love the world, and earnestly seek for the good therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth.—Zimmerman.

"Weary Willie"—A Railway Problem

Sunday Magazine

"WEARY WILLIE" has drawn the concentrated fire of the largest railroads in America and of the Vagrancy Committees organized for his extinction, or worse yet, for the purpose of putting him to work. From a joke he has acquired the unsought dignity of a problem.

It suits the very practical purposes of the railroads and the theoretical purposes of the sociologists to bring about the passing of the American tramp. Therefore, the railroads and the sociologists have joined issues in a systematic, persistent, country-wide effort to force the tramp to go to work and thereby to make him cease to be a tramp.

For decades the railroads have known "Weary Willie" for exactly what he was, not for what the comic papers made him. They knew him as usually an active criminal and always as a potential one. They have studied him generally and classified him into species. They have known him as "yegg," the American criminal most unspeakable in habit, most brutal in evil, most unmindful of the value of human life. They have known him as "gay cat" and "hobo." They have fought him from coast to coast, but he still is here, half a million of him.

According to those who have given most study to the American tramp problem, the "move on" treatment that has been applied to his case is responsible largely for his existence. It takes only a moment's thought to grasp the fact that the railroads are the most valuable asset in the tramp's existence. A tramp cannot remain a tramp long unless he can move about and be a stranger to whosoever he meets. Otherwise he would have to go to work, because no community, and certainly not a small one, will endure the habitual idleness of any of its inhabitants.

Thus, the "hobo" depends on the railroads to go from city to city. He

cannot pay his fare, rarely having money, so he steals his rides and thereby becomes a trespasser. If "ride-stealing" can be prevented vagrancy will receive its death blow. And that is the peg upon which the effort to disband the army of vagrants is to be hung.

Naturally enough, the railroads have always been anxious to stop "free rides." The trespassers not infrequently steal valuable packages of freight, damage cars, interfere with signal and switching apparatus, cut trains in two and at times attack and seriously injure employees. But it has been impossible to make any headway against "ride-stealing" because the trespassers, if detected and arrested, are rarely punished by county or town officials, but are just ordered to "move on"—which means that they board the next train that comes along.

Thus, to accomplish results, there must be co-operation between railroads and authorities. To secure such co-operation several charity organizations will begin an educational campaign and seek to have adequate legislation enacted and the laws enforced. The railroads, through their regular employees and through their police departments, will work in harmony with the efforts of the charity organizations.

It is the country districts and little towns that suffer most from the tramp. At the same time they are less able to deal with the question because of the expense involved in the prosecution and imprisonment of offenders. If a tramp drops off a freight train at some village it is much easier and cheaper for the village constable to say "Get out of town in twelve hours" than it is to put the tramp in jail and feed him for ten days. This "move on" orders relieves the town of that one tramp, but some other town gets him, and some other tramp is unloaded in a similar manner upon

the town that sent the first one away.

So it goes on interminably. Every year the number of wanderers without available means of support is increased by recruits. The habit of idleness once contracted is rarely abandoned, except under compulsion. This compulsion has not been supplied by separate communities—it will probably have to be brought about by State or national action.

Records of accidents on railroads show that trespassers supply a very large majority of the fatalities in any year. These vagrants are also a great menace to the train crew, as they become enraged and violent when compelled to leave the trains. Just recently an accident injuring five trainmen severely was caused by a tramp carrying a bottle of nitroglycerine which exploded when thrown from the car by an employee who mistook it for whisky. Besides endangering the lives of the crew, scarcely a day elapses without the robbing of cars, freight houses and stations by these wayfarers.

When Jas. J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad was interviewed in regard to the matter, he stated: "Hundreds of idle men infest empty cars on the Great Northern during the summer months. Tramps attempt to secrete themselves on every train at any risk. A considerable number of these are killed or injured each year. They get on and off trains while in motion and some suffer in life and limb. Others fall off when asleep. It would be difficult to gather reliable statistics on this point because a large percentage of the tramps reported as killed on the railroads are really murdered. Men returning from the harvest fields with their wages are killed for their money by other more vicious and criminal fellows, the body is flung from the train while in motion and the reported death by railroad casualty is actually a case of homicide."

Railroad police have been mentioned as a probable cure for vagrancy, but it goes only a short way. If a tramp is arrested, but is discharged in court, the lesson is of little value;

he is then free to resume his "occupation." This failure to punish in most cases, may be laid to the matter of expense. Therefore, it is suggested that the expense of maintaining prisoners, or at least part of it, be shared by the State or Province.

Another method suggested is enforced labor. Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern, who is in favor of this plan, says, "Work is more dreaded than all the terrors of the law. If every tramp were sentenced under a penalty of a diet of bread and water to work hard before he was passed along the end would be in sight. The construction of good roads would be assisted by compelling every tramp to break stone, wheel dirt or go hungry. This, with a fine enforcement of the criminal laws by the local authorities, would probably furnish a simple and satisfactory solution of the vagrancy problem."

Railroad policemen who have had experience with "ride-stealers" are quite enthusiastic advocates of enforced labor as is Mr. Hill. Here is another difficulty to be overcome: How can they have enforced labor for tramps when labor organizations have worked up a powerful sentiment against giving work to prisoners when "honest men" go idle? This opposition to letting prisoners do work that wage-earners might do is a powerful obstacle to the "enforced labor" solution of the vagrancy problem. It is the same sort of opposition which has made it impossible for prisoners in penitentiaries to manufacture articles of commerce.

The superintendent of police of one of the large eastern lines says that the greatest blow to vagrancy would be a law passed by the Legislatures making it illegal to trespass on the right of way of a railroad. At present, the tramp cannot be punished for simply being on the property of a railroad, though he can be punished for "stealing rides."

This distinction is important, a dozen tramps may be seen lying on the ground alongside the tracks, but they cannot be arrested for so doing. Yet it is evident they are waiting to

board a train and when they have done so they may be arrested. Then appears another difficulty. It is almost impossible and always inadvisable to try to make an arrest on a moving train. If such an attempt is made the tramp is apt to disconnect the compressed air pipe or even uncouple cars in order to escape and this entails a great risk to the employees and to the equipment.

Thorough police service and the ability to make arrests for trespassing on the right of way would diminish the number of tramps. Every road that has special policemen would be dodged by tramps, and as the roads well policed grew in number the dis-

advantages of "ride-stealing" would increase.

Railroads, however, can accomplish little unless they work in harmony with the public authorities. It is the object of the charity organizations in undertaking the study of this problem to bring about such harmony. The results to society at large can be appreciated when it is realized that the number of vagrants is estimated at half a million. This great army, most of the members of which are able to work, are now a dead load to the country. In most of the countries of Europe the tramp problem has been solved by methods very similar to those it is proposed to adopt in this country.

Robert Henderson, Discoverer of the Klondike

Major H. J. Woodside in Mining Journal

ROBERT HENDERSON, discoverer of the Klondike, was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, about fifty years ago. At the age of fourteen he ran away to sea, sailed around the world, and mined in Australia, California and Colorado.

In July, 1894, he arrived at Ogilvie Post, at the mouth of Sixty-mile River, Yukon. He outfitted with Joe Ladue, and contrary to advice, started with one companion, Collins, up the Indian River. They prospected on Quartz and other creeks, and late in the autumn had a dangerous and starving trip back to Ogilvie.

During the winter Henderson started alone with a sled load of supplies for Quartz Creek. He mined there until March, but found nothing. In the early spring, through ice and slush, he moved his scanty outfit to the upper waters of Indian River, and began to prospect that district.

Here he was the victim of a ghastly accident to his leg which nearly ended his career then, and again on two perilous winter trips at a later date.

When the wound had partially heal-

ed, he spent the rest of the summer in his planned work. Toward fall he ran down to Ogilvie for supplies, and returned with Redford. They began extensive miner work on Quartz Creek, preparatory for general sluicing next summer.

After another visit to Ogilvie, Henderson spent the winter alone on Quartz Creek, working every day in "burning" holes through the frozen gravel to bedrock and drifting tunnels in search of the pay streak.

In the spring he washed up about \$600 in gold. Then he crossed the ridge separating the Indian River and Klondike River basins, and found good prospects on Gold Bottom Creek (a branch of Hunker). He at once returned to Quartz Creek and induced some visiting prospectors to accompany him back. Four of them remained, and they began regular minerlike work, ground sluicing, etc. He crossed over the ridge between Gold Bottom and Hunker branches, and staked on what is now called Hunker branch.

When food began to fail, Henderson went via Quartz Creek back to

Ogilvie. With a loaded boat he could not ascend Indian River, and was compelled to return via the Klondike.

Where Dawson now stands he found George W. Carmac, with his Indian wife and her relatives. He invited Carmac to come up and stake on his new find, then poled his loaded boat up the Klondike to the mouth of his own stream, and marked it on a blazed tree as "Gold Bottom" Creek. When he arrived in camp he found Carmac, "Skookum Jim" and "Tishie Charlie" there. After they had staked and Carmac was leaving, Henderson strongly urged him to test the gravel on Rabbit Creek, now Bonanza, just below the forks of Bonanza and Eldorado branches. While Carmac slept Skookum Jim panned the gravel and found coarse gold. Next day they panned out \$13, staked claims, and, forgetting Henderson, left for Dawson and thence to Forty-mile. Carmac's story was not believed at first, as he was neither prospector nor miner. Later a stampede set in, Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks were staked to their source, but for some weeks no one knew that the claims were of any value, and rich ones were sold for a trifle.

Be it observed that Carmac did not record his claim on his first visit to Forty-mile, but a month later, when as a result of some work, the richness of the ground was being shown. The regulations in those days allowed sixty days between staking and recording claims. By this means a new find could be tested before it was necessary to make a tedious journey to the recording office.

When Bonanza and Eldora were being staked, two of the lucky ones, Andrew Hunker and Johnson, started over to see what Henderson had found. They went too far along the divide, and dropped down the wrong, or eastern branch of Gold Bottom, and testing the creek as they went, finally staked three claims below Henderson's stakes. They washed out \$23 of coarse gold, and then hunted up Henderson's camp to show their prospect. The discoverer made the remark that they had found better prospects

than he had. Recognizing that the name of the main creek was Gold Bottom, they tossed up in the presence of Henderson as to which should have the naming of the east branch. Hunker won.

When Hunker applied at Forty-mile to record his claim, the recorder did not acknowledge Henderson's prior staking, and also changed the name of the main creek to "Hunker." He gave Andy the discovery or double claim, entirely ignoring the real discoverer.

Henderson and his four companions divided up about \$700 of gold among them, and when, still well within the sixty-days' regulations, he applied at Forty-mile for the record of a discovery claim made on Gold Bottom, one on Hunker, and an ordinary claim on Bear Creek, he was told that he could record only one claim in the "locality" (that is, one out of five staked). Having no recourse in those days from the recorder's decision, Henderson chose the half of his discovery claim on Hunker branch. It is now known as No. 3 above on Hunker. And its mate have produced up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of gold.

But before its richness became known, the yearly representation work came due, and Henderson, still weak and penniless from a surgical operation and weaker of sickness, could not get a reasonable extension of time, and was compelled to sacrifice it for \$2,000 (equivalent to \$500 outside) to Alexander McDonald, "King of the Klondike." He is from Nova Scotia, and had known Henderson in Colorado.

Owing to official carelessness and delay, Henderson also lost his claim on Quartz Creek.

He continued to prospect on the Klondike, on the Indian River, and on the Stewart River. He was the first to prospect "All Gold" and "Henderson" Creeks, which are now producing gold and will be valuable dredging propositions.

The Department of the Interior have by letter recognized the wrong done the discoverer by the recorder's refusal to record his properly staked

claims, but has done practically nothing to compensate him.

The grim irony of a pioneer or discoverer's reward is seen in the despatch from British Columbia, that the Provincial Government has settled an annuity of \$500 on Miss Fraser, the daughter of the discoverer of the Fraser River. As Miss Fraser died within a week after the generosity of the bequest is quite apparent.

Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, Yukon pioneer and ex-Commissioner of that territory, in giving Henderson the credit for the discovery, added that Carmac nearly lost the credit of being the accidental discoverer of Bonanza Creek. Two days after Carmac had staked, a party of miners searching for Henderson's new strike prospected and staked on Bonanza, several miles below the present discovery claim.

The attempt on the part of Seattle

newspapers to give Carmac the credit for the discovery of the Klondike is due to the fact that he settled in that city with his easily gotten money. Robert Henderson, on the contrary, continues his work of exploring the mineral resources of Yukon.

As already pointed out, all the Governors and Acting Governors of Yukon, and all the leading pioneers, have by letter or by affidavit given Henderson the credit for the discovery. Mr. R. G. McConnell, the well-known geologist, who has personally looked into the matter, also calls him the discoverer. His work has added over \$1,500,000 worth of gold to the world's supply, and has given Canada a wide and enduring advertisement. Personally, he is a fine type of pioneer and man, and he deserves well at the hands of his countrymen.

William Henry Drummond

By Clara Morris in Collier's Weekly

CANADA still weeps for her big, beloved, adopted son, as genial man, devoted doctor, and gifted poet; he who loved her forests, lakes, and streams, who draped the asperities of the "habitant's" life with the glittering tissue of his own imaginings and his understanding love, until, for the outside world, the "habitant" only begins to exist in William Henry Drummond's poetry. And since the very fact of my meeting this remarkable man is an illustration of his kindly spirit and hospitable impulse, I shall place before you the bright, fragrant memory of one afternoon with Dr. Drummond, in his habit as he lived.

My husband and I were in Montreal, ordered there for the benefit of my health, and Dr. Drummond, hearing of my illness, sought out "the good man," as he termed my life-partner, extended to him the courtesies of his club, and asked permission

to call upon me. So while lying there, able only to move my head and arms, I heard my husband's step approaching, accompanied by a tread of such weight and emphasis as made the floor shake. In another moment there stood the big, broad man, in a loose-fitting, rough, gray business suit; and he did bulk large in that furniture-crowded room. A quick glance up, a quick glance down, and our eyes met in dancing laughter, just as I caught the words, "Dr. Drummond, dear," and in pleased surprise I forgot everything but the desire to welcome him, and with an excited little "Oh, what a pleasure!" attempted to lift myself on my elbow and offer my hand. And there I was, caught and held by an agony of pain, rigid and motionless, unable to rise higher, unable to lie down again, unable to breathe deeply, temporarily trapped by those convulsive muscles.

Dr. Drummond quickly grasped my

hand in his left, and slipping his big, capable right hand under my shoulder, as a mother supports a babe, he lowered me to the pillow, saying, with some sharpness as he did so: "Don't do that! Let go! Groan—cry out—yell! It's an awful waste of pluck to fight pain silently like that!" He turned to pick up a magazine in the chair, and, as he did so, there fell from it a cheap paper-covered copy of "Johnny Corleau."

"Ah!" he said, then turning it over rather distastefully, he added: "I'd like you to have something a bit better than this—if you will permit me to offer it?"

"Oh, what a temptation! But I suppose I have to confess that I have at home a better copy. This we bought because the train-boy seemed to feel it was the necessary thing to do before entering Montreal."

"Little imp! I've often heard of their capers in cramming me down travelers' throats. But may I scribble a little something in the book I send?"

"You may indeed! and I'll rise up and call you blessed!"

"Not much you won't with that back," he answered grimly. Then, still holding the little book, he sat down in the armchair, and straight away the ewer danced audibly in the basin. I smiled, and he broke out with: "Oh, I say now, I'm not so mighty heavy. That ewer is bewitched. There's a spell been put upon it. I have naught to do with its rattling."

As he fell to ruffling over the leaves of his book, I dared impulsively: "Oh, doctor—I wonder if you would—and I disjunctively went on: 'It is so quiet—it would be such a delightful—such a memory for the future?'"

"What do you like in it?"

"Like? Why, I like even 'Strathcona's Horse,' but I love all the rest. Of course, 'Little Bateese' is far above and beyond praise, and is slurred in the carved ivory palace of perfection. There's one poem holds such natural heartbreak as is not to be endured unless—unless you read it—for me."

"You can't mean!" he murmured, and as I noticed his fingers instinctively

ly turning to the front of the book, I replied: "But I do! You have living hearts in that book and dead ones, but you have surely caught only one in the very act of breaking."

The color of his cheek began to climb into his temple, his eyes were as eager as any boy's. "I wonder if you really do mean the 'Hill—'"

"Of St. Sebastian," I completed. "That's just what I mean!"

"By jove, I'm glad, for that has my preference!" And straightway he began:

"I ought to feel more satisfied, and happy than I be."

He was half-reading, half-reciting, and doing it will and with tenderness, but in the second verse, at the line—

"But something's comin' over me, I feel it more and more—"

he slowed—stopped. "Confound it!" he said petulantly, "I began on too low a key"—then went back and began again. But long before the end was reached, with a blurred delivery, thickened voice, and tear-filled eyes, he stopped for good. "I'll never try to read that thing again!" he declared.

Dr. Drummond's laughter rumbled long in the small room: "It is funny how a man resents any show of excessive emotion." He turned again to the "Hill of St. Sebastian," and holding out the book, said gravely: "You read it?" I shook my head. "Perhaps, little woman, I can lift you up without causing that torment, so you can see better?"

"It isn't that, doctor—it isn't my position. It is your dialect, your patois, that calls the halt. I am not familiar with it, and it would be simply sinful to stumble through such lovely lines."

He stared thoughtfully a long moment, then urged: "I wish you'd try. You ought to do it beautifully, for you have that rare good gift, *l'arme de la voix*?" Again I shook my head, but regretfully. He looked over the lines, then suddenly asked: "Where would you get your best effect?"

"In the last half of the last verse," I answered promptly. "The whole

thing leads up to that sacrifice of self—

"*'So let de heart break—I don't care—I won't say no'ing—me—'*
An audience should be a perfect fountain of tears from there on."

As I quoted, he leaned over, and for an instant laid his kind, strong hand on the back of mine; then, shaking his head, said heavily: "Ah, it needs a woman's voice—I'll drop it!"

"No, doctor, for Heaven's sake, do nothing of the kind! But if you won't think me presuming or impertinent" (he waved across the suggestion with an imperative hand), "I would like to suggest you transpose the second and third verses, reading them in the order of first—third—second. You'll find the strain upon your feelings will be considerably delayed."

He sat reading and rereading the poem to himself shaking his head as in assent. Then when the silence began to distress me lest I had offended, he dropped the book, thrust out his long limbs before him, let his hands hang heavily over the chair's arms and his head droop toward his breast. And as I was surprisingly thinking how like he was to a stiff-jointed, tired old man, slowly, heavily, even a touch vexedly, he began—

"*You bad little boy, not moche too care*

How busy you're hipin' your poor gran'pere—'

And fairly holding my breath in the joy of it, I was listening to Dr. Drummond's own flawless recitation of his world-known "Little Bateese." Satisfying it was in every look and tone and gesture, and I recognized a strong mimetic gift, that showed particularly in the annoyance and fatigue of the old man, fading slowly with rest. His naïve trust in God's accepting to-morrow the prayer due to-night; his old-man's wonder at the boy's growing appetite, and his wonderful powers of sleep. And when Dr. Drummond, with elbow on knee, made act to remove the coverlet, and with glowing downward glance, pointing a finger, said—

"*But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,*

Look at de arm onderneat' hees head—'

I almost saw the trundle-bed, and the sturdy sleeping boy, whose physical perfections were arousing a pagan passion of pride in the adoring old gran'pere's heart; while the apologetic, half-laughing sob of—

"*'We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,*

was as perfectly artistic as it was moving.

"Have you a lancet about you?" I groaned. He lifted inquiring brows. "If so, why did you not gently but firmly remove me, when I said you required the curb of art?"

"Because, little woman, you were right. One strikes at the life, not at the truth. Now you've had my best and worst."

"Is there no middle—no in between?" I asked eagerly, setting his laughter a-rumblin' again. "No 'Cure of Calumet,' or 'Habitant's Summer,' or 'Little Cabane'?"

"Or," he added, "The Dublin Fusilier"—"Strathcona's Horse?"

"No," I objected. "The 'Fusilier' is all right, but not 'Strathcona.'"

"Very well—but what's the row between you and the 'horse'—why don't you like it?"

"Oh—because—" I answered, with the beautiful mental clarity of the woman who feels first and reasons later on. "It is too boastful; too cocksure—just as if there was no fighter on earth, no reckless rider, who might induce a Strathcona man to take a nip from that threatic 'Cup of Sorrow.' " "Tell me the most pathetic thing you ever saw."

"Oh, I say now, you're theatrical your own self!" he cried amusedly.

"I'm not! I am an actor—actress if you choose—but I am not theatrical. The poem is too pompous, artificial, and pretentious!"

Dr. Drummond asked: "Do you know 'A Child's Thoughts'?" And leaning forward, one elbow on the bed, he once more began to recite—"Oh, memory, take my hand to-day—"

"Thank you," I said, very low. "Is

that your own true mother you speak of?"

He nodded and went on speaking tenderly of the past, and gradually I understood that he was talking of Ireland; and I cried sharply: "What, in God's name, were you doing in Ireland at that age?"

And in exactly the same tone he retorted: "Where, in God's name, else would I be, since I was born in Ireland?"

"Why, I thought you were a Canadian, or a—"

"Don't say it!" he warned; "for I won't have it!"

"But the name—Drummond?" I insisted. "It sounds Scotch enough?"

"Oh, Scotch! What nonsense! Why, there's not a Scotch Drummond alive that's not Irish!"

"Tell me," he begged, "the most pathetic thing you ever saw. Let's see if you can beat my heartbreak poem." He hitched his chair about so that, instead of facing me, he sat beside me, and could only see my face by slightly turning his head.

"It's not a long story, doctor; don't prepare for a siege. You see, I was in the far West, and riding at sunset over a great level plain. On one side strange shaped mountains, like animals, crouched against the sky, while all the rest was purplish gray level, stretching till it met the horizon. No moving leaf, no sound of water or of bird—it seemed the concentrated loneliness of an abandoned world. Yet a moment later it was deepened into anguish, for there alone, between the empty sky and empty plain, bleated a tiny lost lamb. The safe, far fold not even within sight; overlooked by shepherd and dog, it stood there desolate; and there were coyotes away yonder in the mountains that hunt the plain after nightfall. That helpless lamb, on the chill, wide plain, with the darkening sky above it, was the second saddest thing I ever saw, Dr. Drummond."

He rubbed his face hard between both hands. "I'm glad you would not tell me the first." Then he muttered broken, half-completed sentences to himself: "Good Shepherd—the hire-

ling fleeth—leaveth the sheep—and the wolf catcheth them. I'll never hear the good old parable read again without seeing you and your abandoned lamb."

"Being a hunter, I thought you might smile at my pitiful tale?"

"By the way, doctor," I interrupted his vigorous disclaimer, "you are not treated as are most prophets in their own country?"

"No," he answered, straightening up in his chair. "No, no man was ever so well treated in his own home city as I am. My sales are enormous; my books are in every house, and I am in receipt of unending praise and profit; and a new poem is an event."

"That's pleasant hearing, doctor—you should be very happy."

"If I'm not it's no fault of Montreal's," he smiled.

Now these very words of Dr. Drummond's may in cold, hard print suggest a touch of boastfulness, but not so in the hearing—far from it. In the deep voice, the eager eye, and smiling speech there was gratitude, warmth and hearty. If there was any boast it was for the fair City of the Maple Tree, not for himself.

And then a clock of accursed memory struck in the next room—struck and struck and struck, until with a great, "God forgive me, what have I been doing?" Dr. Drummond sprang to his feet. He pulled out his watch, gave a sort of suppressed Indian yell, and said: "What have you done? I'm over an hour and a half behind an engagement!"

I closed my eyes and murmured: "The woman tempted me, and I did eat"—the whole apple."

"I wish I could see that good man of yours." Then he suddenly changed to: "No, I don't either. He'd be giving me 'what for' for firing you out. Say, don't tell him at what time I left—there's a good soul."

"No use to lead me into the devious paths of deception. He will know."

"I'll dodge him!"

"You can't," I answered. "He's not that kind of man."

"I'll go out the side way."

"You'll meet him surely if you do.

And he will have his watch right in his hand, so you must just 'drel yur aine weerd.'

Laughingly he put back his watch, picked up his hat, and then suddenly, apropos of nothing asked: "What was your earliest salary, Clara Morris?"

"Fifty cents a night, but I felt it to be all the wealth of all the Indies."

A sort of tremor passed over his face. He looked down into his hat a good moment or two, then he came to the bedside, and we struck hands heartily. "The world calls you a

brave woman; but there's a big fellow up here in Canada who, because he is a doctor, really knows how brave you are."

"And because he is a poet?" I justified uncomfortably.

He raised my hand, brushed it lightly with his lips, put it down gently, and stalked out of my room, and of my life. And all I have left of Dr. Drummond is a book, a few written lines, and this precious memory of his genial personality, his perfect reading, his gentle banter, and real sympathy.

Disadvantages of Family Concentration

"Vogue"

MUCH alarm is expressed in certain quarters lest the many distractions of occupation, culture and recreation that now beckon women and the younger members of the household shall have the effect of weakening family ties and bringing about a sort of social chaos most unpleasantly individualistic. It is assumed by these alarmists that the complete possible absorption of the woman in her husband and children is an altogether fine and noble feminine ideal, but the wise woman will enter an altogether emphatic protest against any such Chinese wall of concentrated interests being regarded as an ideal environment. To begin with, such exclusiveness of purpose results in great unhappiness for the wife and mother, since she is wholly at the mercy of the temperaments, the moods and the rival interests of husband and children. With her horizon bounded only by what directly concerns them, her mind inevitably undergoes a sort of treadmill existence which unfits her for companionship with any but persons of most primitive mental development.

Even when the husband is entirely worthy and considerate it is the height of folly to centre interest upon him

wholly, for beside being most dwarfing mentally, this is bound to be a source of great distress, since it is not conceivable that even one husband in a thousand would reciprocate, which indeed, is a fortunate circumstance if the nation is to continue to be distinguished by the general intelligence of its people. It is not an especially cheerful thought, but the grim fact is that each individual is bound in the nature of things to live his or her life largely alone, the love and sympathy of the nearest even being limited in its effects. This being unalterably the fact, it is only wise to take it into consideration and not expect of life or of individuals, what is impossible. Unfortunately woman was for long centuries trained to a belief in the beauty and value of emotional dependency, and one of the hardest lessons she has had to learn, since changes in industrial conditions forced large numbers of her sex to self-support outside the home, is to stand more or less alone. But it has been a wholesome lesson, and as fast as women realize what is for their best interest they will fortify themselves against the occasional indifference of husbands, and the selfishness of children, by enlarging the circle

of their own interests beyond the home circles. Thus will they get a sense of values, and realize that as neither husband nor children concentrate all their interest on their wife and mother, they do not appreciate what they make her suffer. When other interests are taken up by woman, she inevitably becomes less sensitive to family slights; in fact, comes not to be aware of many of them, and so develops into a more companionable, as well as less tormented, being. No fate is more to be shunned than

that in which the comfort and happiness of one human being is wholly dependent on the relations existing between him (or her) and another, and yet that has been the deplorable fate of women as a class for centuries. It is undoubtedly true that no man should live for himself, but it is equally true that no one should allow any one else to do his living for him, and that is what thorough-going dependence on another amounts to. What all should seek to cultivate is an ennobled self-sufficiency.

Concentration of Thought

"I didn't think," is the excuse offered by so many. Thinking is the thing in business.

Every man should take from five to fifty minutes each day and divorce his mind from the strenuous activity surrounding him and devote the time to thought.

The brain is like the muscles; it must have exercise or it becomes flabby.

Cultivate concentration of thought; study your sphere of usefulness; eat out the weeds that grow in your brain; get out of the mental rut you are in; stop drifting; keep your brain active.

Men are paid for either what they think or what they do with their muscles. Man's muscles have a limit; he can move just so much matter by physical force, but by thinking he has unlimited possibilities.

The world offers golden prizes to the man who thinks. You can cultivate your brain; you can make it expand. The brain is like a plant. Nourish it, cultivate it, care for it, and it will grow.

Excitement, striving for pleasures, indulging in reading light frothy literature are all weeds or thought killers.

Sleep and Its Counterfeits.

By Woods Hutchinson in America.

SLEEP, after thirty centuries of study and thirty thousand of experience, is still a mystery. We know all about it, but nothing of it. The results of our most laborious researches, our most painstaking studies, are mainly negative.

One great positive fact, however, emerges from the negations of all theories; sleep is not a negative process but a positive one, not a mere cessation of activity, but a substitution of constructive bodily activity for destructive. The "anabolic" or up-building processes are in excess of the "katabolic" or down-breaking processes during sleep. During the waking hours the balance is reversed. Sleep is a recharging of the body-battery.

It is the positive, constructive character of sleep which explains why babies at the period of their most rapid growth and development sleep from sixteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, a capacity which steadily diminishes until adult life is reached, when it becomes constant, in the neighborhood of nine hours. At the other end of the scale of life, the well-known light sleeping and early waking characteristic of old age, is due to a loss of this reconstructive power. It is not that an old man does not need so much sleep as the child or adult, but that he can't get it—has lost, to a degree, the capacity, the reconstructive processes involved therein. The dangers and drooping of old people during the day are mild torments from exhaustion, not true sleep—fourcursors of the final ending of consciousness.

It is the positive reconstructive quality which accounts for the differences in the quality of sleep which we have all experienced. A nap of an hour when conditions are favorable will often rest and refresh us as much as a whole night's restless, dream-ridden slumber at other times. It is also the basis of the well-known ability of vigorous, healthy men to get along with exceed-

ingly small amounts of sleep. Some exceptional individuals have been able to do immense amounts of work with only four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and keep this up for years without apparent harm.

So, generally, has this positive factor been overlooked in popular literature that it has given rise to a whole series of misleading analogies. Confusion has been allowed to creep into popular and even scientific literature between the drowsiness and onset of fever, and other morbid conditions, and true sleep. These conditions are abnormal, as a rule injurious, and in no sense tend to reconstruction. A typhoid-fever patient who has apparently slept two-thirds of the time for two weeks will wake up with a loss of twenty or thirty pounds weight, weak as a kitten, emaciated, wretched. The vast majority of these drowsy, so-called sleepy, comatose conditions—the unconsciousness of fever, of exhaustion, etc.—are totally different from and in opposition to true sleep.

The most dangerous of all counterfeits of sleep are induced by drugs. It goes without saying that there is no drug that can produce sleep any more than growth, appetite or strength. There are many which produce a state of unconsciousness resembling sleep, and some of these are unfortunately much resorted to for this purpose. Though permissible in skilled hands their habitual use is dangerous, both because they are all poisons—weak ones, it is true, but true poisons, and because they smother a symptom, suppress a danger signal, without doing anything to relieve the diseased condition which caused it. The man who cannot sleep is sick, and should reform his habits.

"How much sleep shall I take in the twenty-four hours?" This can be answered unhesitatingly in five words, "As much as you can." Here no competent authority would question the absolute safety of inaction as a guide. As the period of sleep represents the time

necessary to restore the oxygen balance of the tissues, to recharge the battery, then obviously it must last until that process has been completed, as attested by the familiar sense of "restedness" and refreshment. "Go to sleep when you're tired, get up when you wake feeling rested," contains the philosophy of the whole problem.

Obviously no hard and fast rule as to the number of hours required can be laid down. Just as individuals differ in the color of their hair and eyes, the vigor of their appetites, their tendency to be fat, or lean, so they differ in the rapidity of their recuperation during sleep. As has been already mentioned, a few vigorous, energetic individuals seem able to recuperate with such rapidity that as little as four hours' sleep suffices them.

To mention a few notable instances, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and his conqueror the Duke of Wellington, John Wesley, and in recent years, Edison, the inventor were able to refresh themselves completely within this time. On the other hand, anemic and nervous individuals may recuperate with such extreme slowness that they require ten, twelve, or thirteen hours of sleep properly to redress the balance.

At a rough working average it may be stated that the majority of vigorous adults require an average of about nine hours. Women require from half an hour to an hour more than men of their age. Any attempt to shorten this necessary period, whatever it may be, which can readily be ascertained by each individual experimentation, is not only irrational but suicidal.

As a matter of fact, the average amount of sleep taken by most individuals is in the neighborhood of nine hours. The proverb is, as usual, at sea, and have about the usual amount of influence over actual practice. "Seven hours for a man, eight for a woman, and nine for a fool," has been their dictum for centuries, but the average human being cheerfully plunks himself into the "fool" class, much to his benefit. I believe that the usual eight-hour average laid down in the text-books errs on the side of brevity, and the majority of men in active work

take more than this or else suffer for it. The average laboring man goes to bed at between 8:30 and 9:30, or, if he does not, often falls asleep in his chair about 7:30 or 8, and sleeps until 6. The average business or professional man goes to bed about 10 and rises about 8. Each class enjoys on an average nine and ten hours, respectively. How the superinduction ever grew up that there is such a thing as weakening yourself by over-sleeping I cannot imagine. Whatever may have been the source of the delusion it is utterly without basis in physiology. No one ever got too much healthy, natural sleep, or injured himself physically by staying in bed until he felt rested. It used, of course, be remembered that sleep in stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms may never produce this sense of being rested, no matter how long it is prolonged. But, again, it is not the length of sleep, but the quality which is at fault. More than this, a great majority of men and all women would be benefited by a nap of from twenty minutes to an hour after the midday meal. In the case of women who are able to control their time, this should be insisted upon as a daily rule. Many men are unfortunately so situated that for business reasons this rest cannot be obtained, but they should make an effort to obtain it even if they do not fall asleep in the time.

This average of nine hours of course, applies only to adults. For children it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule whatever. In the earliest days of infancy, fifteen to eighteen hours are required for the recuperative process. So astoundingly somnolent are young babies that I was once combed by an anxious father who expressed great uneasiness lest his baby's brain should not develop properly because it slept so much of the time. Needless to say, it was his first. From this period gradually falls until by the third year it has reached the neighborhood of twelve hours, and by the fifth year, ten. But these again are to be taken only as the crudest of averages, as individual children differ enormously, according to their vigor, rate of growth, time of year, etc. A baby or young child should have absolutely every minute of sleep that it

can be induced to take, and sleeplessness is even more emphatically a sign of disease in children than in adults. This necessity and capacity for large amounts of refreshing sleep persists up to adult life, and the amount required seldom falls below ten hours before the eighteenth or twentieth year.

To make children or rapidly growing young adults get up before they have had their sleep out, and feel thoroughly rested, is not merely irrational but cruel, and when it is done as a routine practice at boarding schools, or other institutions, by those who pretend to be fitted to have the care of children, it is little short of criminal.

When is this sleep to be taken? For choice, and as a matter of convenience on various grounds, sometime within the hours of darkness, just when makes no difference. There is no adequate foundation for the popular belief that the "beauty sleep" is that which is taken before midnight, still less that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after. This impression has grown up upon economic and moral grounds connected with the early-rising fad, and has no basis in physiology except in so far as it is involved in retarding sufficiently early to enable one to secure the requisite sleep-period before the hour of compulsory rising. It has been demonstrated by numerous experiments that the depth of sleep rapidly increases from its beginning to about the beginning of the second hour, then almost as rapidly diminishes until the middle of the third, after which it remains at practically the same level until the hour of waking. Some observers have reported a second increase in the depth of slumber about the second hour before waking, but this does not seem constant. Although as tested by the lossiness of the noise required to awaken the sleeper, the depth of sleep is greater during the first three hours, it does not appear that the process of recuperation is going on any more rapidly during this part of the sleep period. Indeed, all experiments which have been made, and practical experience as well, indicate that the last two hours of sleep give fully as much recuperation as the first two. It is by

no means infrequent that individuals will wake, from various causes, at the end of the sixth or seventh hour, with a distinct sensation of being unrefreshed, with, perhaps, a slight headache, which will have completely disappeared after two hours' more sleep.

Strangely as it seems there does not appear to be any necessary physiological connection between sleep and the hours of darkness. As a matter of convenience, most tribes and races have fallen into the habit of taking their period of rest at night, because the occupations necessary for securing food and a living are more advantageously carried out during the daylight. It is, however, perfectly practicable to reverse this completely, working during the hours of darkness and sleeping during the day for considerable periods of time without any apparent injury. That this habit, if persisted in for months, as in the case of night-watchmen, firemen, railroad men, etc., is apt to cause anemia and neurasthenia, is due to the loss of sunlight involved. Animals, of course, are perfectly indifferent, often habitually turning night into day. Most species simply utilize for sleep such part or parts of the twenty-four hours as are not needed for securing food.

To that most acutely personal question, "How early shall we get up in the morning?" physiology has little to say in answer. If under the stern stress of work-a-day life it is obligatory for any individual to arise at an early hour, all it can advise is to be to bed at such an hour as will enable him to get his nine hours' sleep before that time.

But that there is any advantage in early rising as such there seems little ground for believing. By the way its praises have been sung in proverb and homily one would think that it was the chief of the virtues but its claims have little basis in physiology. Its virtues are purely economical, commercial, and its risk among the virtues is a survival from hard-fisted agricultural ancestors, whose work had to be done in daylight. Naturally it became a peccadillo with them to get as much of this as possible. It also appealed to their commercial instinct in another sense, as it was regarded as the highest and most praiseworthy

economy to "burn daylight instead of candles." These influences have combined to elevate to a pinnacle of virtue a habit which is merely a money-making one.

One of the principal arguments in its favor, that it is natural to rise with the sun and go to bed with the same, is so absolutely irrelevant that it needs no discussion. We have neither the endurance of that distinguished traveler, nor is his appearance in any way the signal for the beginning of our activities or his disappearance for their close. Nor can the "good examples" of animals and birds be quoted with any reason. Many of them don't set it at all, but retire with the sunrise. Those that do—are simply where our ancestors were a million years ago. The longest step towards humanism was the discovery of fire and consequent ability to sit up late at night and consider things. Civilization and late hours always go hand in hand.

Nor is there any adequate support for the impression that the early morning hours are in any way more wholesome or healthy than later periods of the day. Except in summer time they are apt to be damp, foggy, chilly and answer the least desirable hours of daylight. It is quite true that during the summer there is a sense of exhilaration about being abroad in these early morning hours, but this evaporates with the dew and is apt to be succeeded by a corresponding depression and loss of working power later in the day. I have been observing my friends and patients for the past twenty years, in this respect, and am inclined to the opinion that not a little of the depression and nervousness which so acutely develop in hot weather is due to excessive exposure to light, from habits of early rising, inherited from agricultural ancestors, not counteracted by three to four hours' rest in darkened rooms in the middle of the day.

Secondly, that the exhilaration experienced during the early morning hours is an expensive luxury which has to be paid for later in the day. In fact, I have found, that as a general rule, to put it very roughly, the business or professional man who rises an hour before

half-past seven or eight, goes to bed, or loses his working power, an hour and a half earlier in the evening. Each individual has in the beginning of his day about so much working power stored up in his brain and muscle cells. If he uses this up with great rapidity in the early morning hours he naturally exhausts his stock the sooner in the afternoon or evening.

It is largely a matter of when a man wishes to be at his best. If his occupation is of such a character that he can clear off the brunt of his work in the early morning hours, then let him rise early. If, on the other hand, he requires full vigor and readiness of mind and body in the latter part of the day, or at night, then he must rise later to get it. Even in pure muscle-work it is false economy to work too long hours. The eight-hour-a-day factory-hand invariably turns out more work and of a better quality than the twelve-hour-a-day man. Much more so in intellectual work. A few hours at high tension and pitch accomplish more than a day's "dogging." It need, of course, hardly be pointed out that the stage of intellectual development of any community is in direct ratio to the lateness of the hours it keeps. All the activities, social, literary, convivial, philosophic, that bring out what is best in man, are at their highest tide after eight in the evening.

As we know of no drug or procedure which can produce sleep, it is obviously absurd to expect any "cure cure" for sleeplessness. This is invariably a sign of disturbance of balance, or of incipient disease and should be treated only by careful investigation and removal of its cause, when found. And there will be nearly as many causes as there are sufferers. We cannot even say what particular bad physical habit is most frequently to blame. So that the number of "good things to do for sleeplessness," which have any wide application, is very limited.

The one procedure which most universally disposes to sound sleep, is one which is within the reach of all, and that is getting well tired. To work hard enough every day to get comfortably tired, particularly muscicularly, is the

best cure for insomnia. Excessive fatigue may, of course, produce it. Sleep is not solely or even chiefly a matter of the brain, but of all the sensitive tissues of the body and especially the muscles. We must be symmetrically fatigued, as we say, "tired all over," in order to sleep well. While there are many exceptions, laboring men and all those engaged in active, outdoor occupations usually sleep well. Most of our "insomniacs" are men and women of sedentary habits. In fact, I have been sometimes inclined to suspect that sleep is even more a matter of the muscles than of the brain. Certainly the soundness of sleep of many professional and business men is directly related to the amount of muscular exercise in the open air which they have taken during the day. A brisk daily walk of from two to four miles is the most universally effective hypnotic. But even this rule has many exceptions.

Diet has little influence on sleep, except in so far as it may produce disturbances of digestion, and through these of the general balance of health. The hypnotic effects of certain foods, such as onions, lettuce, milk, etc., are chiefly imaginary. Even the time of the last meal of the day is of relatively little importance, except that it is well to let this be at least two or three hours before retiring. But even this rule has many exceptions, as many healthy laboring men habitually fall asleep over their pipes directly after supper, and children, after pecking the spoon into their little eyes, nod off over the teatable, with the bread and butter still clutched in their chubby fists.

The processes of digestion probably go on more slowly during sleep, but they are perfectly carried out, as is illustrated by the almost invariable habit among animals of going to sleep directly after a meal.

Indeed, a moderate amount of food in the stomach or intestines seems to promote slumber. Many night-workers, for instance, sleep much better for taking a light or even full supper just before retiring.

It goes without saying that the bedroom should be well ventilated, especially in view of the heavy storing up of

oxygen in the tissues which goes on during sleep. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pithily remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome as day air. Night fogs and rain are only injurious in so far as they frighten you into shutting your windows. No air that ever blew out doors is so dangerous, or poisonous, as that inside a bedroom with closed windows.

The temperature of the room should be about 55 degrees to 60 degrees F., if possible. If markedly below this the amount of covering required is apt to become so great as to interfere with the respiration of the skin. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal or slightly above, when lying on the side. The good, hard common-sense of humanity has solved all these problems, and the modern hair mattress, or its equivalent, single pillow and blankets, or cheese-cloth-covered "comfort," which can be cleaned and aerated by turning the hose on it, can hardly be much improved on. Beyond these there is no virtue whatever in hard beds, flat or no pillows, and cold bedrooms. Just another instance of the delinquency of the disorganizer. The hoggy feather bed, collector of the perspirations and diseases of successive generations, the bolster, the slide-down quilt, the hard sole-cloth-like counterpane, both upright, and the latter heavy as a board, have gone to the attic or the ash heap, where they belong, along with the four-poster and its curtains, the night cap and the warming pan. Baffles all of a barbarism which was either too stupid or too stingy to warm its bedrooms. The colder the bedroom in winter, the less the windows are opened and the fonder the air.

As to dreams, the less said the better. Partly because we know so precisely little about them, and partly because they are no part of normal sleep. It would also take a great many words to ex-

plain how little we know about them. All we can say of them is that they appear to be due, to put it crudely, to different areas of the brain, or tissues and parts of the body, varying in the degree of their fatigue and consequently soundness of their sleep. Either these functions, or regions, of the brain and body which have not been sufficiently exercised during the day, or on the other hand, those which have been overtaxed and unduly fatigued, may "stay awake" and make vague impressions on our consciousness. So far as dreams can be said to follow any law whatever, they seem inclined to be either continuous, or revulsive. "Like," or "contrary." Either weird and improbable continuations of our thoughts and occupations during the day, or more often wild rebounds into opposite, or widely different, fields. The merchant dreams of going to war, the miser of making love, the professor of making money, the gilded youth of thinking. Thus there is a faint physiologic basis for the belief that dreams "go by contraries." They certainly "go," or "come true," by that rule as often as by any other.

The troubled, or horrid, dreams which occur during sickness are probably due to the torturing of the brain-areas, in which the images conjured up are stored by the toxins with which the blood is loaded. Similarly the gruesome visions and nightmares, which exhibit the chambers of those under the stress of violent emotions and mental suffering, are due to similar action by the fatigue-poisons produced by these states. While perfectly normal sleep is dreamless, yet a moderate amount of dreaming, especially if the images evoked are of a pleasing, or indifferent, character, is quite compatible with good and refreshing slumber. The sleep which is accompanied by "good" dreams, is usually restful, as is illustrated by the universal good-night wish of "Sweet dreams." The sleep attended by "bad" dreams is apt to be disturbed and unrefreshing, which simply means that mild and harmless stimulations of the brain-areas during sleep produce pleasing images, while stronger stimulations or injurious irritation by toxins evoke dis-

tressing, or painful, images. A well-known illustration of the latter fact is the notorious connection between "puberles with glass-green eyes" and ebb mince-pie for supper.

Persistent or frequent bad dreams are, like insomnia, a sign of ill-health, and should be regarded and treated as such.

One thing more can fairly safely be said about average or healthy dreams, and that is that they are largely due to the condition of the skin, whether external or internal. Our alimentary canal or food tube, is, of course, only a long roll of the skin, tucked into the interior of the body for digestive purposes, our brain and spinal-cord another and stiffer fold, sunk in for telegraphic uses.

Slight changes in, or irritations of, the surface of the body, or the lining of the alimentary canal, are probably the starting points of most of our milder dreams. This faint impulse wakes up either the brain-area, with which it is directly connected, or the one which happens to be most nearly awake, and we are off.

Some of our common dreams seem to be directly traceable. Slipping down of the blankets is followed by dreams of Arctic relief expeditions or falling into snowdrifts. A gas-distended stomach, pushing up the diaphragm and compressing the lungs, produces dreams of "something sitting on your chest," or dramatic struggles against other forms of suffocation.

The common single dream, that of falling, falling, falling from a great height, to wake with a gasp of relief just as you are about to strike and be dashed to pieces, is probably due to the general muscular relaxation and falling of the head, arms and limbs which accompanies settling down to sleep. Careful studies have shown that it almost invariably occurs during the first forty-five seconds of sleep. A slip, or change of position, of a sixteenth of an inch, is enough to suggest the idea of falling to the brain. It "does the rest," and provides out of its swarming storehouse of images and propensities, flights of airy, giddy madcapness, and other scenic effects. If the impression is not vivid enough to wake you, you "strike bot-

tem" with a delicious sensation of restful warmth and repose, just such as your tired body is getting from its "downy couch."

The next common dream, which we have all had scores of times, which, as Dickens quaintly said, he was sure even Queen Victoria, with all her royal wardrobe full of clothes, must have also had, that of suddenly finding yourself in public half-dressed, seems almost equally treacherous.

The dream, and we can all recall its mortifying vividness, is usually associated with insufficient, or displaced, bed-clothes. This gives our drowsy brain-cortex the idea that we haven't sufficient clothes on. Our arms and shoulders being completely covered by the close-

fitting upper half of the nightgown, the impression of unprotectedness comes most vividly from our unmeasured lower limbs, and the hint is enough. Our well-trained modesty takes furious fright and bide ille ichthemas, "beware these wags."

We don't know much about dreams, but we know enough to feel fairly sure that they have no relation to anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, which is more than a hand-breadth outside of the sleeper's skin.

Any beliefs or deductions based upon their assumed relation to things outside of this area are, from a biologic point of view, the purest and pearliest of moonshine.

The Mongolian as a Workingman.

By Dr. Wood Hutchins in *World's Work*.

HAVING lived along the Pacific Coast from Vancouver Island to Los Angeles for nearly seven years, I have had time enough to observe the situation without remaining in any one place long enough to absorb local prejudices. Being neither a day-laborer nor an employer of labor, my point of view has not been obscured by personal interest.

First of all, no class on the Pacific Coast desires an unlimited, or even a very large, immigration of Mongolians, whether coolies or merchants, Chinese, Japanese, or Koreans. The people want to keep this coast a white man's country. Many of us are keenly alive to the complications arising from the persistent presence of an inferior race with which it is not suitable to intermarry. Yet in these seven years I have found the consensus of intelligent opinion in the community—farmers, merchants, professional men, lumbermen, housewives, in fact, all grades and conditions of people, except the labor unions, the "coolies," and the politicians and editors who trouble to such classes—

wrongly in favor of a limited Mongolian immigration.

They believe that the Chinese and the Japanese—up to, say, a quarter or half a million—would be of enormous commercial value to the coast, and of little or no social or moral disadvantage. They do not say much about it in public, for intelligent opinion goes about in fear of the noisier and more prejudiced expressions, and of the newspapers which echo them. Our politicians take their cue from the shoutings of the mob and misrepresent us on this question. A false impression has grown up in the East with regard to the real attitude of Oregon and California toward the Oriental problem.

The considerations that lead many intelligent people to favor Chinese and Japanese immigration are these:

First, there is an utter absence on the coast of any native-born or American white day-laboring class below the artisan or skilled mechanic. I have never yet met on this coast an American white man who was willing to regard himself as a day-laborer by profes-

sion, who expected to pass his life in that capacity. American laborers are too intelligent and too ambitious for that. The native-born men and boys who cultivate our ranches, pick our fruit, build our railroads, and man our lumber crews, are simply "working for a stake." As soon they have earned one or two hundred dollars, off they go to the mines, the fisheries, the timber and homestead claims, to set up for themselves. They are the finest labor on earth, as long as you can hold them, but the moment they have "made their stake" they leave. A new find at Bullfrog, Tonopah, or Rhyolite will empty the bunk-houses in a week.

There is only a small supply of Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and Russians. These immigrants come by way of New York and stop off along the whole breadth of the continent, so the handful which reaches us is wholly inadequate for our needs.

Moreover, we prefer the Chinese to any of these or to the Mexicans with their dirt, laziness, and stupidity. The Chinaman is the most industrious worker that walks the earth in human form. He doesn't seem to know how to get tired. All you need to do is to show him what he has to do, and set him at it; he will stay by it as long as he can see to work, seven days out of the week. There is something positively unmanly about his affection for work. No class of white men will work with the unremitting persistency of the Chinese. The Japanese is more human. He will quit of his own accord occasionally, but he also is a tireless, cheerful worker.

Besides, the Chinaman is absolutely trustworthy. If he says that he will work for a month, you can depend on getting thirty days of labor out of him with a certainty equalled by few other things on this planet. If he falls sick, he promptly provides a countryman to do his work and to take care of him in the intervals, if you will allow him to remain where he is; if not, he goes to the hospital. He may quarrel with you, yet he will not quit his job. He will take it out in gesticulations and Oriental "cuss-words" until you can get another man in his place. You may even

have difficulty in discharging him for cause until his time is up.

The Japanese is no quite so reliable in this respect. He will sometimes leave without a word of warning, often without any reason that you can discover. "I like you very much, but I think I go to-morrow," is all the satisfaction you can get. However, it is only fair to say that this form of desertion is not so common as among white laborers or servants, the only difference being that the latter grumble beforehand, threaten to leave, and give various alleged reasons for their action, while the Jap says nothing until his mind is made up and then nothing can change it. He is polite and smiling but adamant. "Shall I get you new boy?" is his ultimate word. One of the secrets of his troublelessness in this regard is that he is here for a purpose other than earning money. He wants to learn a language, a trade, a military secret, the geography of a town or country. Till he accomplishes this, he is your most faithful servant; the moment it is done, he goes on to the next accomplishment. It is significant that it is the student class of Japanese that gives most trouble in this respect. The coolie class "stays put" quite steadily.

Both races are very particular to get in advance every detail of the work they are expected to do, or to get it during the first few days; and then, if anything vital has been omitted, not an inch will they go beyond the limits of the original agreement—not even for more wages—during that month, or week. At the end of the term they again become elastic and will consider a new contract, but a modification of the old seems a thing unthinkable to them.

The Japanese is also very particular from whom he takes his orders. "And who my boss?" is one of his first inquiries after the preliminaries are settled, and the person specified is the only one in the family or establishment whose authority he recognizes. He is polite and obliging to everybody, but no change in the order or time of his regular duties will be made except by order of "The Boss."

A third quality that commends both

Japanese and Chinese to the people of the coast is their excellent moral character. Not only is crime distinctly rare among them but they are extraordinarily quiet, good-natured, and well-behaved. They are, as a rule, utterly above petty thieving and may be trusted absolutely with goods, valuables, or money, while in matters of business they have a high sense of honor. The mere word of a Chinese merchant or trading-house is good for tens of thousands of dollars; your Chinese steward is absolutely straight in his accounts; your washman returns every garment you sent out and seldom attempts to overcharge; and housewives have found that it is perfectly safe to pay the bill presented by the Chinese market gardener at the end of the month (made up from a row of mysterious scratches with charcoal on the canvas cover of his wagon) without troubling to check it up.

The Japanese do not bear so high a character in this regard. The paper of their merchants is not so good, and they are frequently accused of sharp practice in bargains or contracts—but since when have we been entitled to hold up hands of holy horror at this sort of thing? In the fine old Johnsonian phrase "the invidiousness of their offense consisteth not in the singularity of it." Granting all that they have been accused of, they are nearly as honest as the average white man; indeed, much of the diavafur with which they are beginning to be regarded is due to the fact that they are coming to meet us, if not to beat us, at our own game.

Apart from these merely commercial or mechanical virtues, both Japanese and Chinese have an excellent personal reputation all up and down the coast. Not only are they honest and industrious, but they are kindly, cheerful, grateful for good treatment, devoted to the children of the families in which they work, faithful to their friends, kind to their families, to one another, and to everyone in trouble. They give liberally not only to their own poor but to Christian missions and charities. "As fat as a Chinaman's horse" has passed into a proverb. The dislike of them is racial and class, not personal. I was in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake

and noted the utter absence of any personal ill-feeling toward the Chinese on the part of the other refugees. White men and Chinese squatted side by side in the parks, stood in the same breadlines, and jostled against each other as they tumbled up the streets away from the fire, loaded with bedding and food, but there was never a word nor a sign of other than cheery good fellowship and mutual helpfulness.

The terrors of the "Yellow Peril" exist chiefly in the imaginations of walking delegates and Congressmen. "Chinese cheap labor" has not to date "ruined" any white man, for the simple reason that it does not compete with him. It fills a gap which no white man or woman on the Pacific Coast is willing to fill, except temporarily under stress of circumstance. It is not a question of wages. The fact of the matter is that we cannot get, at any price, more than half the white labor that we need here now to build and keep in repair our railroads, run our mines, work our farms, pick our fruit, our hops, our rums, grow our vegetables, and do our household work. A good general servant in California, for instance, commands from \$30 to \$40 a month, with the washing "put out," and few are to be had at that price.

To speak of "Chinese cheap labor" provokes a smile on the coast, for the Chinese laborer gets at least as high a wage as the white man of the same class, and usually a little higher, on account of his superior industry, honesty, and trustworthiness. Chinese working-men earn from \$2 to \$4 a day in the orchards, the mines, and the canneries, while a fair Chinese servant gets \$40 a month and board, and a good cook or steward receives from \$50 to \$100. One such cook, with a helper, will provide meals in a lumber or mining camp for forty or fifty men.

Nor does the great mass of Japanese interfere with any class of white labor. Certain of them are more enterprising and versatile, however, and are beginning to enter the lower grades of skilled manual labor. Hence their unpopularity with the labor unions and the recent agitation for their exclusion. The chief

trouble with the Japanese is that he is a little too much like ourselves.

The Oriental influence upon our social or political life need give little concern since both races come here with the fixed intention of returning to the Orient—the Chinese after he has made some money, the Japanese after he has learned some particular thing. They show not the slightest desire to intermarry with the white race, even if this were permitted; they take no more interest in politics or in any form of social life outside of their own colonies and towns, or guilds, than so many horses.

As to the nameless Oriental vices and diseases about which we hear so much, I think I may be allowed to speak with some positiveness. For two years I was State Health Officer of Oregon, and one of my first duties was a thorough investigation of the Chinatown of San Francisco and Portland with reference to the bubonic plague, which was at that time smoldering in the former city. If there was anything in those colonies that I did not see, it was my own fault, as I was always courteously accompanied by Federal, state or municipal officers. When in search of a suspected case of plague, every door which was not promptly opened on demand, was smashed in with an axe. In addition, I have been for years keenly interested both in tropical diseases and in the forms assumed by European diseases in Oriental races.

I have no hesitation in saying that neither the Chinese nor the Japanese has a single disease or vice which does not exist among white men, except certain geographical infections like beriberi, nor is he subject to them in any higher degree than white men of his grade of intelligence. Leprosy, for instance, is no more prevalent among them than it was in Norway and Sweden fifty years ago, and in Scotland and Ireland 150 years ago. More lepers have actually come into the United States from northern Europe than from all Asia, and since the United States Marine Hospital Service began inspecting intending immigrants in Chinese ports, scarcely a single case has entered by the Pacific port. Whatever danger threat-

ened from this disease is already abated.

The same may be said of any further danger from the bubonic plague. While both Chinese and Japanese suffer severely from tuberculosis this is little more prevalent among them than among Irish, Scandinavians, Italians, Russians, or Hungarians, and can with equal readiness be absolutely excluded by competent sanitary inspection and quarantine regulations. Diseases peculiar to men are neither more frequent nor more virulent among them than among white men of the same class. Most cases have been contracted since coming to this country.

The sanitary (or, more properly, insanitary) conditions of Chinatowns are only such as result from overcrowding. The chief difficulty in the way of their complete removal is the shameful opposition of the white owners of the property, many of them pillars of society and of the church, whose enormous revenues from the rickeries are in direct ratio to the number of tenants they can crowd into them. Money greed and the dishonesty of politicians and police who blackmail its vices and necessities are the sole hindrance to the cleansing of these "Oriental plague-spots."

The Chinese contribute to the situation simply by their patient submission to overcrowding and their willingness to pay rent for space in which a white man would suffocate. Contrary to popular impression they are not dirty in their personal habits. I have physically examined scores of Chinese and Japanese, and they strip cleaner than any European immigrants of their class. Their bedrooms are neatly kept and their kitchens are cleaner than those of the average restaurant. In fact, they must be clean, as a matter of stern survival necessity. I have frequently seen hippo-crisis fifteen feet square, without windows or airshafts, their only opening being a door into a dark, narrow passage, in which cooked, ate and slept ten to twelve Chinese; and yet there was little or no offensive odor.

Chinese and Japanese servants are models of neatness and cleanliness, and usually report for duty in white duck jackets. They keep both kitchens and

bedrooms far cleaner than the average foreign-born hired girl.

Any Chinatown can be kept in good sanitary condition, merely by a little energetic and honest health-policing and by enforcing the building and lodging-house laws already in existence. Make the owners of the property pay a special license tax out of their enormous rentals, use this to provide a special sanitary inspector, and the thing is done. Chinese stand in holy fear of the law and its officers, and one or two lessons would be enough. They take very kindly to overcrowding; if permitted they will take a room or floor, "split" it into two stories, if the ceilings are more than twelve feet high, by putting in an extra floor six feet above the original one. If the ceiling is lower, they build there of bunks clear to the top, with, perhaps, a gallery four feet below it. These quarters are then sublet to a dozen or a score of sub-tenants. But a few arrests and a tearing out of these "improvements" would soon stop all this. They do not love overcrowding and dirt for their own sake, but merely put up with them to save money; the rooms of the more intelligent and wealthy Chinese are often light, airy, and spotlessly clean.

Many disgusting things are to be seen in our Chinatowns, but nothing that cannot be matched in any city slum or "tenderloin." The worst "joints" are those which are run for the benefit of white visitors and white patrons. We pay too high a compliment to Chinese intelligence when we imagine that he can devise anything more ingenious or complicated in the way of vice than we. He gambles, of course, but fan-tan is his only substitute for the race course and Wall Street. In the absence of family life, he invents all sorts of ingenious devilries—just like New York or London chaps. He smokes a good deal of opium and probably shortens his life considerably by so doing, but for some strange racial reason it seldom makes the abject physical and moral wreck of him that morphine does of the white man. So far as I can learn, only

about 50 per cent. of the Chinese and scarcely 20 per cent. of the Japanese "hit the pipe" at all. Of these probably not more than a third do so to excess, and even they "carry it" surprisingly well. Unless thoroughly familiar with the symptoms, you might see a Chinese every day and never suspect that he was an opium habitué. Unlike Mark Twain's prospector who "never let his business interfere with his drinking," the Chinese never lets his pipe interfere with his work—until the last few weeks, or months before the end. He smokes only out of business hours, or at the end of his work or month, when he can get a day or two off. It is not a handsome nor attractive vice, and the only white who are led to indulge in it are of the lowest class.

On the other hand, the great majority of Orientals either abstain from alcohol or take it in strict moderation. There are a few saloons in each Chinatown, and they can generally be picked out by the group of white men hanging about the door. Of late, the Japanese is showing a little tendency to take kindly to whiskey as a substitute for his native sake (rice brandy). Occasionally he will even take enough to become boisterous and come in contact with the police, which occasions much shaking of heads and wagging of beards over "steins."

Managers of canneries which have to handle promptly and regularly every day of the season large amounts of valuable raw material or have it spoil on their hands, will tell you frankly that they prefer Chinese or Japanese to white labor, because they never get drunk or go on spree at critical periods and require no holidays or days off.

In fact, while the Chinese and the Japanese have their defects and the coast has no desire to "gush" over them or urge them to become citizens, we regard them as a valuable commercial factor, and as a race as free from vice or other drawbacks as can reasonably be expected of mortals.

The Good Features in Christian Science.

By Rev. F. Engle in Modern Miracles.

PRIMITIVE Christianity has been sadly and woefully departed from, since the times of the third century churches. The sick have not been taken care of and healed, as they should have been. Because of this, fraternal organizations and numerous secular charities have been formed, to offset the lack of the church and to meet the needs of humanity. The great threat of the race, alive in the Christ principle, "wept over Jerusalem" and sought in its own crude way to alleviate misery. The remnant in Israel deplored the departure of the Church from its true mission of healing, cleansing, casting out and its unnecessary emphasis placed upon the non-essentials of creeds. Therefore its members co-operated with any measure tending to the carrying out, even in a small measure, of the Christ Commission. They realized that "faith without works is dead being alone."

During the centuries between the third and the twentieth, God-inspired persons have "done what they could" both in and outside of the Church. Still, the Church, as a whole, spelt in large letters the fact that the "age of miracles was past." That "healing was only for the early dispensation" and the error became an established fact. To-day finds the Church impotent in that which should be its greatest power. The result is only too glaringly apparent when the small average attendance at services is seen, in comparison to the large number who are seeking elsewhere what they should find within the Church.

It is a part of the world's history that the Nation or Church which neglects a fundamental part of God's truth shall become obsolete. Its work and destiny shall be determined by some other organization or peoples for "truth is mighty and will prevail." So the neglected work of healing will find its advocates outside of the Church if they are not to be found within its walls. For God intended all to be healed and Christ came for "the healing of the

multitudes." "Hail, O ye Heavens" and the righteous are crying out "How long, O Lord; how long."

If Christ came to teach the world through His disciples, one fact more than another it was His "joy might be in them and that their joy might be full." So the Christian Scientists greet light, cheerful, joy-giving edifies. It is a positive delight to enter one of them and inhale of their radiant atmospheres while listening to their uplifting and inspiring hymns. In the majority of them white obtains, and most restful and peaceful and purifying are its influences. Why should the orthodox churches put such stress upon the Crucifixion as to utterly overshadow the Resurrection? Christ came that all might have life and have it more abundantly. It is a deplorable state of affairs that the Church is always typifying death by somber mists, heavy incense, depressing and gloomy interiors. "Awake thou that sleepest," "Thy Christ is upon a throne," "He ever liveth and reigneth," "Shout the glad tidings exultingly unto" "O Church of the living God put white robes on only upon their boys, but make those interior and exterior "altogether lovely." When thou dost "heal" and "cleanse" and "cast out demons" it will cause thee to build a new and thy forbidding cathedral of gloom will give way to temples that shall be poems of beauty and joy.

To the writer another powerful and good feature in Christian Science is the unity of all its members for one whole week at a time upon one very definite line of thought. "Concentration is power." The orthodox Church is prominent for its diversity in unity rather than for its unity in diversity. No matter in what city, town or village throughout the world a Christian Scientist may be, upon a given Sunday, he knows what portion of the Bible and "Science and Health" will be read at church. So he is not compelled to consult a newspaper as to whom and what

he will listen to, but he is simply concerned in going to the nearest church for the subject and its interpretation will be positively in harmony with his belief. As he sits in silent and reverent meditation he feels his attention with thousands upon thousands of others in realizing the all-powerful Goodness of God. Oh! orthodox church, is this what Christ meant when he prayed that "all might be one?" No wonder the growth of Christian Science keeps commanding universal attention. They are "all of one accord in one place at one time." They do not fritter away time nor lose energy by giving themselves "to idle disputations." "Believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things," "they dwell together in unity" of thought and thus are enabled to let their "light shine" without flickering, wavering, growing dim, or being obscured by private belief.

Another good feature of Christian Science is the emphasis laid upon Demonstration. This creates a positive Brotherhood of Helpfulness. They are brotherhood on the alert to prove their faith by their works. If they fail to do this they lose good standing in their church. This is a good trait or article of religion. It puts a premium upon good health, good thoughts, good acts. It denies sickness, evil meditation, hardness, by affirming the realities of all good. A most commendable way, for in the orthodox church too much importance has been given to Faith and too little attention paid to Works. This is why so many "backslide." Mrs. Eddy recognizes the vast value of a good life for in "Science and Health" (1909), page 185, she writes: "A wicked man is not the idea of God." She also deplores the fact that, "It is easier for Christianity to cast out sickness than sin; for the sick are more willing to part with pain than to give up sinful pleasures." Science and Health (1908), page 32). So she insists upon belief being demonstrated. The denial of Error to be immediately followed by the action of Truth. This makes each Christian Scientist anxious to live the good life and also makes him ever ready to help another to so live. And, after all, is this not the real total of true brother-

hood? For with all good living will come all good results Godward and Manward.

Another good feature of Christian Science is the readiness with which its members contribute to its support. The writer has personally known of the building of some of its largest and best attended Churches, and in each case when the members have moved into their own church, they have always had money to spare. There was in each case a surplus in the treasury. He, when in attendance at their services has never heard any "begging" such as he has done in the past, as he has heard other clergymen do. The Christian Scientists seem to have so grasped the meaning of the word gratitude as to find it a pleasure and not a task to support their church in a beautiful manner. In my judgment, it proves that "all that a man hath will be given for his life," and if the orthodox Church would practice healing, as it should, there never would be any need of the usual make-shifts in raising money to support the cause.

Another good feature of Christian Science lies in the fact that it places woman where she belongs—beside man. Christ's religion has done more for woman than any other teaching the world has seen. Woman, therefore, should never be a denier of the claims of Christ. She should rather be his warmest advocate. Mrs. Eddy furnished her this opportunity and places her on an equality with men. In the Christian Science church she occupies a most prominent place and the wisdom of this is seen in her warm espousal of "Science and Health." The orthodox Church could have held within its precincts many a stalwart and devoted woman of the past who became famous in philanthropic work if she had been alive to her true opportunities.

Another good feature of Christian Science lies in the fact of its practical utility in business life. It not only cures the sick to be healed the victims of bad habits to cure themselves, but it also aids in producing gain in financial transactions. This is the testimony of hundreds. And only recently one of our greatest playrights stated that three of his great and money-making suc-

cesses were produced because he was a Christian Scientist. This is quite a contrast to the orthodox Christian who tells his pastor he "cannot be religious in business." Surely the point at issue here is worthy of careful investigation.

For surely Christianity as taught by Jesus should be taken everywhere. Did he not say, "Go ye into all the world," teaching them to observe whatsoever things I command you?" Then if the orthodox Christian cannot carry this Christianity into his business and the Christian Scientist can carry his, it is the duty of the Church to find out why these two followers of Jesus differ in action.

In closing, let me quote a few statements from Mrs. Mary Glover Eddy's "Science and Health" (1909) that have impressed me as good features in Christian Science. As to the logical conclusion of her philosophy, or idealism, or metaphysics, or Science, or as to its interpretation, I am not concerned at the present writing. At some later period it may be the subject of a different paper. But he that as it may, Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science is being of great help and encouragement to thousands and its good features should be recognized and commended by all who love humanity as Jesus loved all persons.

As you read the following passages from Mrs. Eddy's book may you join

with me in according her due respect and honor as one whom God raised up to honor Christ's statement, "and these signs shall accompany those that believe. In my name shall they cast out demons."

"The discords of corporeal sense must yield to the harmony of spiritual sense." "Few will turn to God till all physical supports have failed, because there is so little faith in His disposition and power to heal." "No intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner, but sound morals are most desirable." "Christian Science is natural, but not physical." "Mind governs the body, not partially, but wholly." "God is the Principle of Christian Science. The vital part, the heart and soul of Christian Science, is love." "God is a spirit; therefore, the language of Spirit must be and is spiritual." "Christian Science is the designation of the scientific system of metaphysical healing." "The criminal mind is enmity against God. The central fact of the Bible is the superiority of spiritual over physical power." "Spiritual evolution alone is worthy of the expanse of divine power." "When the Science of Being is understood every man will be his own physician, and Truth will be the universal panacea." "As mortals begin to understand Spirit they give up the belief that there is any true life outside of God."

Forget evil imagination. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the meanness of small souls. Forget the faults of your friends. Forget the misunderstanding of yesterday. Forget all malice, all fault-finding, all injuries, all hardness, all unlovely and distasteful things. Start out every day with a clean sheet. So be lovely, by loving. See how much sunshine you can produce.

THE FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL SITUATION.

By Hon. Leslie M. Shaw.

What Men of Note Are Saying

THE FABRIC OF LABOR.

By Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux.

The complex and highly-interdependent conditions under which modern trade and industry are carried on, have brought about a situation in every industrial community that the well-being and progress of the whole is in no small degree dependent on the continued and uninterrupted operation of certain underlying factors of production. If, for any cause, injury is received in any of these essential parts, the fabric as a whole is liable to suffer a total or complete paralysis.

Of these factors the great systems of transportation and communication, and the supplies upon which they depend, or, in other words, the great public utilities, are the most important and underlying foundation of the whole structure. One has but to make mention of the disastrous effects of prolonged industrial disputes, either on railways or in mines, such as have been occasioned to a limited extent in this country, and witnessed on a much larger

scale elsewhere, to realize the importance of the State doing all in its power to prevent and minimize the frequency of such occurrences, provided a way to this end can be found, without abridging the just rights and privileges of employers and employees as citizens of a free country.

Parliament has shown a courageous and independent spirit in grappling with this problem, which is, perhaps, the greatest of all problems confronting the industrial world at the present time. The Conciliation Act of 1900, the Railway Labor Disputes Act of 1903, and the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of the present year, are all evidences of the interest and attention given to this phase of the labor question by the people of Canada through their representatives at Ottawa. It would require more than human wisdom to devise a means whereby industrial strife any more than individual conflict could be totally effaced.

Our farms produce more than \$6,500,000,000 per annum, and the prospect is good for an average crop. Our mines yield more than \$1,500,000,000, and our forests more than \$1,000,000,000, and some of these sources of wealth have been exhausted. The output of our factories in other than food products, is approximately \$12,000,000,000, and no fires have been extinguished. The railways earn more than \$2,000,000,000, and they are all in successful operation. The pay rolls of our factories and railways aggregate approximately \$3,500,000,000, and the scale of wages has not been reduced.

In other words, the real sources of the people's wealth have not yet been affected, and the ability of industrial concerns to pay dividends is not measured by the market price of their stocks. Logical reasons for serious reductions, are therefore, not wanting.

If I judge correctly, the people will have exactly what they expect. If those who have money in the banks withdraw it and lock it up; if the banks refuse to grant accommodations, and if the consuming public decline to place orders, then we will very soon witness the effect.

Let those who think that times of

disaster follow each other at regular intervals bear in mind that this country never yet experienced a period of severe depression that was not traceable to financial or economic agitation or legislation, and usually to both.

In 1893, the redemption of greenbacks in silver instead of gold was only advocated; the party in power was under obligation to remove the protective tariff from our industries and the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one was championed by prominent members of both parties. The country might have survived any one of these sources of alarm, but it could not survive all three.

At this time no one questions our financial system, and the tariff will not be touched for at least eighteen months. Some check in the speed at which we are going is most desirable, and the checking process has probably begun. It will now require a fair measure of confidence and courage to prevent undue retrenchment in our industries. Capital cannot be forced to activity, but it can be forced out of activity. I have never seen the time when universal sanity was more essential to our well-being.

DUTY OF THE CHURCH PEOPLE OF CANADA.

By Bishop Ingram, of London.

There are four things I want the Church people of Canada to do. In the first place, to be cheerful, to show that cheerfulness in your every day lives. Religion does not mean you must have dull, sour faces, far from it, it makes every one happy. You must reflect that happiness and show the world that Christianity teaches the laws of human happiness.

Secondly, hold fast to Church principles. The future of the Church depends on this. Two-thirds of the human race do not yet know these principles and it is your duty in this young country to preserve these principles intact and so help to mould the Christianity of the future on the right lines.

Thirdly, be forward in all that makes

for goodness in everyday life, and in the common advantages of civil life. Don't lag behind and grumble if things go wrong. It is your own fault, unless you do your part. Come boldly forward and take your share in the work of building up your cities and nation for the common good.

Fourthly, I want to see our grand old Church take the foremost place in the missionary work of Canada. There is lots of hard work to be done. There is the whole of the Northwest to look after and keep in the Christian faith. I trust you will ponder over and set upon these four things so that when I visit you again, as I hope I may, I shall find you a more numerous, happy, contented, harmonious family.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION.

By Hon. T. Noma, Japanese Consul-General.

The enactment of any anti-Japanese immigration law in Canada would give immediate rise to an international question between Britain, Canada and Japan, for the reason that, by the treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation made last year between Japan and Canada, this country is bound, under Article 2, to give to the Japanese the same entire freedom of entry, residence and business occupation as the Dominion extends to any of the European nations, to say nothing of our position as an ally of Great Britain, to which bond Canada is herself a party.

The Japanese Government, moreover, would never entertain any idea of al-

lowing their people to be discriminated against.

As to the special arrangement between us in the matter of immigration, by which you claim we are still bound, I should explain that this voluntary understanding was made some time since, and that by it the number of Japanese coming to the Dominion was restricted to five or six hundred per year, exclusive of merchants, students, and of those of our people, about three thousand in number, who have been naturalized in this country, together with the families of the latter, and that there is no obligation on the part of the Mikado's Government to observe it.

It is purely voluntary restriction on

the part of the Japanese Government made out of sympathy to the Canadian Government, for the benefit of our own people, and with the desire of preventing any irritation on the part of British Columbia by the flooding of the labor market.

Under this understanding the number of Japanese immigrants into Canada was limited to five or six hundred yearly, exclusive of students, merchants

and of Japanese who have been previously naturalized in this country, whose number is some three thousand.

This understanding has been faithfully observed by the Japanese Government, and I have no fear of its being departed from on the part of the Dominion Government, as I have perfect confidence in its good faith and in the sound and impartial judgment of its distinguished leaders.

CANADA'S GREATEST FUTURE.

By Lord Strathcona.

I came from Morayshire, Scotland, to Canada, seventy years ago, when I was a mere clip of a boy, ten years old. I went into the employ of the Great Hudson Bay Company. Canada was one tremendous wilderness, but even then she had great possibilities, which I soon learned, and have since seen developed. At present her progress is as tremendous as was the wilderness. By the close of the century, if not, indeed, long before that time, she will have a population of equal the present population of the United States. Then there will be two great sister countries, side by side, living, I hope, in the same positions of amicable regard that characterizes their relations now. Canada has possibilities almost unlimited in scope.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

By Chas. M. Schwab.

There are a lot of persons who consider the possession of money means that a man is successful. It does to a measure. It is the gauge by which to some extent we may measure the success of a man, but it is not success.

Take me, for example. I have some money. Quite a lot of it, in fact. What good does it do me? I have a nice place in which to live, good meals to eat and clothes to wear. That is about all, except that Mrs. Schwab is able to spend a few pennies and enjoy herself. Still I have a pet project that if I can I shall push through before I die. I want the Pennsylvania State College to have the finest engineering school in the world. The other day I was able to promise

\$1,000,000 toward this end. If I can do so, I am going to give a lot more, and it is only when a man begins to go in for this kind of work that he really appreciates what money can do. Its limits spent on oneself are so confined, as I said before, they are hardly worth considering, and this scheme of engineering school may prove too big for me. But even if it does, I shall have had the pleasure of planning on it and figuring it out, and so if I don't succeed and have to get some one else to complete the work, I shall still have had the fun of planning and figuring, and that, after all, is about the greatest pleasure in life, and about the only one that wealth has given me.

Canada's Greatest Fair

The Canadian National Exhibition recently held at Toronto reached the high water mark of its history, both in attendance and in the quality and variety of exhibits. Exhibitions have been held in Toronto each year since 1877, and it is interesting to note the improvement of each over those of previous years. As the Fair is an impressive symbol of the growth and development of the Dominion, this explains the great popularity of that of 1907. Many Americans and English visitors were present, and that

testimony of the extent of Canadian industries may be taken are representative of the different processes of manufacturing. The educational value of this department cannot be estimated. The Dominion are paying special attention to this branch of the Exhibition, and hope to have every line of manufacturing represented.

As agriculture has been the most potent factor in bringing Canada to the front, it would be only natural to look for a large display in this line. And no



Exhibit of the Western Warehouse Co.

they had false conceptions of this country was plainly shown by their amazement at the extent of the display. Ideal weather did much to swell the attendance, while the increased accommodation provided by the magnificent new buildings which replaced those recently destroyed by fire gave a better opportunity to show the Canadian industries.

The manufacturing, mercantile and agricultural interests were well represented. In the Process building, an insight was given into the different stages of manufacturing of many Canadian products. However accurate our com-

disappointment awaited the visiting multitudes in this respect. Even the keenest expectations of those in closest touch with agricultural developments were surpassed. A director stated that the number of animals exhibited this year exceeded the total number of exhibits at the Fair in its first year of existence. Special attention was paid to the resources of Western Canada, while the Governments of the Western Provinces showed convincingly the great possibilities awaiting the settler there.

A magnificent collection of pictures loaned from the public and private gal-

houses of Great Britain was on view in the Arts building and did much to advance the cause of art. Canada is too young to have accomplished much in this line, but Canadians were not slow to show their appreciation of such work.

Space in the new hall devoted to horticulture and floriculture was taxed to its limit.

The products of the Canadian factory were shown to advantage in Manufacturers' buildings. It was amazing to see the number of lines represented. "Think of the immense manufacturing which will be carried on in Canada, say, at the close of the present century," ex-

claimed a visitor. "Who would not wish to have a forecast of life in this country a hundred years hence, when all the Canadian resources will be developed?" But the mind of the Exhibition visitor was taken up with the progress made during the last century.

The Weir Wardrobe Co.

One of the greatest innovations in store fixtures is the wardrobe system. A few years ago this system would have been considered a luxury instead of a necessity, but its introduction has solved the problem of successfully handling and selling ready-to-wear stocks. The credit of solving this problem cannot

be denied the Weir Wardrobe Co., of Canada, whose head office is in Mount Forest, Ontario, and whose fine exhibit of store and house wardrobes in the Process building attracted much attention.

Mr. Roderick Weir, managing director of the company, made a thorough study of the handling of ready-to-wear garments. The custom of piling them on tables in the middle of stores was a great handicap to the merchant. It required a large amount of floor space, which was not always available, at the same time rendering it impossible for the salesman to show the goods to ad-

vantage. The average store hand was inclined to show only the fresher goods, leaving the other stock at the bottom of the pile. This resulted often in leaving stock on the merchant's hands which he could not dispose of.

By using the Weir Wardrobe, goods can be hung and classified, according to their sizes. The salesman, in drawing out the extension slide, shows the customer every garment to advantage, and clothing which formerly remained at the bottom of the pile find as ready a sale as those on the top. The great benefit of the wardrobe system is that space is utilized from the floor to the ceiling, instead of merely utilizing the



The McIntyre Ideal Silent Salesman.

centre of the floor. All garments are kept in shape, being fresh and free from dust.

The house wardrobes which this company are putting on the market are having an enormous sale, and to meet the demand the company have had to make several additions to their factory.

The D. R. McIntyre Furniture Co.

Those connected with the retail trade who visited the Exhibition were deeply interested in the display of the D. R. McIntyre Furniture Co., whose stand was at the east end of the Process building. This firm have an up-to-date fac-

torie at Tillsonburg Ontario, fitted out with the most modern equipment. Their line of manufacturing is confined to silent salesman, store fixtures, hat and wall cases. Their high-class workmanship, combined with the best material, enables them to put on the market goods that are unsurpassed.

One of their specialties is the ideal silent salesman. Unlike all other cases of its kind, it is set on legs. The frame is made from selected quarter-cut American white oak, and finished in polished oak with rubbed and polished surfaces. The shelves are glass, with edges planed; the top is bevelled glass.

Goods displayed in this shily-designed case are shown to best advantage. The doors are run on ball-bearings, with metal track, thus avoiding all binding so common in the ordinary show case.

The Ideal Notion Case came in for much inspection. This is used to display notions, cutlery, druggists' sundries, etc. The drawers are roomy and strongly made. The bottom being plush-covered shows the contents to best advantage. The whole frame supporting the drawers, can be removed to permit of cleaning the glass.

This firm did a very extensive business during the Fair. Those entering



Display of Henry and Company.

the retail trade will make a huge mistake to fit out their stores before getting particulars concerning the cases manufactured by the D. R. McIntyre Co. All who are now in business should have one of the company's catalogues, as at some future date they will be overhauling their store fixtures. A card forwarded to Tillsonburg will bring the latest ideas and information about fitting out the store.

Henry & Company.

It was generally acknowledged that Henry & Co., of Toronto, had the finest display of office components. A full line

of the Shaw-Walker system and filing devices were on exhibition. The superiority of these time and labor saving devices over all others made it easy for this display to occupy the premier position. The Shaw-Walker line includes a system for every purpose, a file for everything to be filed. This proficiency is the result of years devoted to designing and installing business systems and manufacturing filing devices. No matter what line of business a man is in, no matter what branch of it is bothering him, there is a Shaw-Walker way to overcome the trouble. This means dollars to the man who wishes to cut down his expenses.

Humphrey's Sectional Bookcases, for which Henry & Co. are the sole Canadian agents, were also on exhibition. The Humphrey metal dove-tail construction gives the bookcase a superiority over all others, and a heavy load of books in the Humphrey, instead of making the case shaky, draws all parts together, increasing the strength and rigidity of the case. The doors are operated on easy-running bearings. There is absolutely no binding, no matter in what way the door is shoved back. Another feature of great importance is that these cases are absolutely dust-proof.

Henry & Co. also carry a full line of steel vault fittings, furniture for banks and libraries, reprograph copies, desks, chairs, etc., which every business man should inspect.

The Helion Light.

Crowds were attracted to the booth of the Helion Light. To even those whose curiosity brought them there, it was plainly demonstrated that a great improvement had been made on the Edison Electric Light. The superiority of electricity as a lighting medium is universally acknowledged. After years of experiment had proved the Edison lamp, it was not thought that an improvement would be made on this lamp resulting in a light as much superior to the Edison lamp as this latter was over previous methods of lighting. Professor Herschell C. Parker, of Columbia University, New York, and Mr. Walter C. Clark, of New York, sought to improve

the Edison lamp, and their experiments produced the Helion.

In cabinets, side by side at the Helion Light booth, was shown the Helion Light along with the ordinary lamp. The rays of each falling on a variegated background. The marked difference in the intensity of the two lights prompted the spectator to inquire the reason. It was simply due to the difference in the filament. Messrs. Parker & Clark, experimented ten years on the carbon filament used in the Edison lamp. They found that a combination of elements, of which silicon forms a prominent part,



The Helion Electric Lamp.

with a small strand of carbon as a basis, made into a form of filament, gave a light many times more powerful than the Edison lamp and at a reduced cost. Notice the difference in the color of the two lights. The light of the ordinary electric lamp is yellow, and, consequently, articles on which this light falls, do not show in their original color. The Helion light is pure white, and shows everything in the same shade as they appear in the light of the sun.

Helion Electric lamps reduce the cost of electric lighting to one-third of the present price by requiring only one-third the current used with the ordinary

lamp. At the same time, a much more pleasing light is obtained. The advantages of electric lighting are acknowledged by all, but heretofore it was impossible to reduce the cost of production to that of gas. The advent of the Helion light will reduce the cost below that of coal gas, and make this light extremely popular.

The electric light companies will gladly introduce the new light. Even if it does reduce the current used, people will use three times the volume of light instead of reducing the current. Many who were prevented from using elec-

tricity many times greater in cross-section than the wire. The current, which melted the copper wire did not affect the filament.

The market in Canada for this new light is assured. It is estimated that the Dominion of Canada consumes over five million lamps per annum at the present time. What will be the consumption when the cost of electric lighting will be reduced, as previously stated? It need hardly be said that the Helion will be introduced into every home. The Helion Electric Company, Limited, has been formed with its head office at To-



Exhibit No. 1 of Helion Electric Co.

tricity owing to its cost, will now install the new system. A greatly increased current consumption will result.

The durability of the Helion filament has been thoroughly tested. It will stand the every-day uses to which the electric light is subjected, while there is nothing to be feared from an overload of current. The Helion filament has withstood an overload of one hundred per cent. beyond the point of maximum brilliancy, without rupture. The overload which one of these filaments would stand was demonstrated by melting it on two pieces of copper

rods, to acquire the patent rights of the Helion lamp for Canada, and to manufacture this lamp in Canada. A modern factory, employing hundreds of hands, will be erected, and a slight estimate of the output of this factory may be obtained if we consider that the electric lamp companies all over the world are experiencing great difficulty in meeting the demand. The newly-formed company have already a proposition from a reliable firm to supply a couple of million lamps within a few months after commencement of operations in the company's factory.

The cost of manufacture of the Helion light is comparatively low, thus allowing the lamp to be sold to the consumer

The Helion Electric Co., Limited, will be capitalized at \$500,000, and will have the exclusive rights to manufacture and



Exterior No. 2 of Helion Electric Co.

at a reasonable price, leaving a good margin for the company and retailer. As an example, the profit realized on an order similar to the above, at the price

and the Helion lamp in Canada. Capital stock of the company is now offered for sale at \$100 per share. No preference has been made for preferred stock;



Display of Berliner Gram-o-phones

offered, would be sufficient to pay a dividend to the shareholders at the end of the first year.

all shareholders will be on the same footing, and will receive the same percentage of profits. An incandescent elec-

tric lamp is an everyday necessity, and since millions are consumed annually in Canada, the public are assumed as to the soundness of the investment. The shares are being rapidly sold, and it will not be long before the entire stock will be disposed of.

The company's office is at 209 Stair Building, corner Bay and Adelaide streets, Toronto, where the public are cordially invited to call and witness a demonstration of the new Helion light, which will shortly replace the ordinary Edison lamp.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone Company.

Much interest was centred in the display of the Berliner Gram-o-phone Company, in the Manufacturers' Building. Crowds were continuously in the

neighborhood of the booth during the show. The refining influence of good music is acknowledged by all. By means of the Berliner and the Victor Gram-o-phones, Mr. E. M. Berliner, who had charge of the booth, showed conclusively that a great variety of music could be economically brought into every home. As a result of his demonstrations, it is needless to say, the gram-o-phones will find its way into the homes of many hundreds of the Exhibition visitors. The clear and distinct tone of this machine makes it possible to render any musical selection, from the light comic piece, to the grand opera. Every leading bookstore carries a full line of the Berliner gram-o-phones, or full particulars may be had from the head office of the company at Montreal.

Easiest Thing to Find.

The only thing that can easily be found where it does not exist is fault—that is, you can easily find it in others. But in yourself, though you be blackened with it, you can't see it so easily. If the other fellow has a fault, and sometimes if he hasn't, you are quick to perceive it. You incessantly find fault with the weather. It is either too warm or too cold, too wet or too dry, too sunny or too cloudy, and you have a good deal to say about it. And the times never suit you. It's either hard times or else some other people are making too much money by the methods you don't know anything about and so don't approve. Deep in your subconsciousness you are quite sure that money making which you can't comprehend and can't imitate can't be honest. And the government is all wrong, too, in your opinion. As a matter of fact, you may confess to yourself that you are unable to vote with real discrimination for county sheriff, but you do think you know all about running the national government and settling all international differences. You may be loudly preaching for world wide peace when you can't get along amicably with your own wife. You may not be able successfully to run a little corner grocery, but you think you know all about regulating the big trusts. You don't know what are the elements of failure in your own business affairs, but you think you know just exactly what are the faults of the great railroads. The trouble with you is easily diagnosed. It is one of the most common disorders under the sun. You are "far-sighted" in your mental vision. You see only the things that are beyond the reach of your hands and are blind to those that are about you. You see the faults of the other fellow, but not your own.—Our Young People

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. **E. B. W.**

ARMY AND NAVY.

- Old-Time Naval Officials. Capt. Mahan.....Harper's
Disarmament and Facts.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
The Turkish Army. A. de Bhaqui.....Contemporary Review
Army Reserves on a Militia Basis. Lieut.-Col. A. Pollock,
The Supposed Warlike Proclivities of Germany. Baron
Wartburg.....Empire Review
The Happy Cavalryman.....Saturday Review (Sept. 7)

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

- The Art of Margaret Dickson. Arthur Lath.....Windsor
The Duel in Art. Rodolph de Cordoba.....Pearson's
Gothic Architecture and the Gothic Race. March Phillips
The Purpose of Art. F. Wake Cook.....Contemporary Review
The Art of Accompanying. Geo. Cecil.....English Illustrated
Saint Gardens and American Sculpture. E. Knauff
The Sculptors MacNeill. Jenn S. Holden.....World's Work
Picture Books.....Saturday Review (Sept. 7)

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

- Modern Science in the Industrial World. Henry S. Williams,
L.L.B.Everybody's
The Romance of India Rubber. T. N. Christie.....Chambers' Journal
The Formosan Camphor Forests.....Chambers' Journal
A Visit to a Lobster Nursery. A. P. Knowles.....London
The Late Vineyard War in France. Jas. W. Thompson.....World's Work
Why not Business Insurance? Chas. D. Whitefield.....World's Work
The Realm of Credit and Its Rules.....World's Work
How to Find Good Men in Your Own Shop. Geo. F. Shearson
When to Use a Lawyer.....World's Work
The Consequences of Business. Alphonsus P. Halro.....System
Along the Line of Least Resistance. Daniel L. Hanson.....System
The Greeting at the Door. Jas. J. Roberts.....System
The Business That was Sifted. Daniel V. Casey.....System
General Offices.....System
Selling Campaigns That Have Won. C. L. Parsons.....System
The Chance for the Small Business. O. N. Manners.....System

- Appealing to the Woman Buyer.....System
Follow-up on Consumer Through Salesmen. R. A. Morgan.....System
Filling Orders with Accuracy and Despatch. David Law.....System
Condensed Analysis of Working Accounts. Jas. F. Mahour.....System
Securing a Prompt Settlement of Claims. R. E. Rowenath.....System
A Dorsetshire Flower Farm and Distillery.....Spectator (Sept. 7)

CHILDREN.

- The Nations at School. Chasman A. Herrieh.....Metropolitan
Bella Culture for School Children. Susan B. Sipe.....Garden
The Child and the Imaginative Life. Emma L. McGandy
How Children are Made Drinkards. Wm. L. Howard, M.D.
The Baby Mimic.....Ladies' Home Journal
Denny of Family Life and Increase in Child Crime.....Royal
Child Education Among the Ancient Greeks.....Education
The Nations at School. Chasman A. Herrieh.....Metropolitan
Working Men and the Older Universities.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
The Common Schools and the Farm-Youth. Prof. L. H. Bailey.....Century
Explicatives. Prof. Loonsbury.....Harper's
The Culture Value of Modern Languages. G. Stanley Hall, New England
Education as an Instrumentality of the State.....Education
The Teaching of English in the Secondary Schools.....Education
The School and College Counselor. Supt. J. S. Brown.....Education
Child Education Among Ancient Greeks. Prof. J. Patterson.....Education
Communication on Teaching Arithmetic.....Education
Are Secret Societies a Danger to Our High Schools?.....Education
M. Melius.....Am. Review of Reviews
Dancing as a Part of Education. Dr. L. H. Gullik and H. J. Smith
.....World's Work

FICTION.

Complete Stories.

- The Fifth Robbery. Henry G. Paine.....Am. Review of Reviews
The Hammer Hurler. Mervin Hill.....Am. Review of Reviews
The Return of the First. Margarita S. Geary.....Am. Review of Reviews
The Packer Joe's Guardianship. Roy Norton.....Am. Review of Reviews
The New Book. A. M. Chisholm.....Metropolitan
The Surprises of the Lottery. Owen Johnson.....Century
The Play is Not the Thing. Anne Warner.....Century
The Pursuit of Happiness. Bevan D. Lloyd.....Harper's
A "High Finance." Foster E. Brown.....Appleton's
Bonds Bulletin. Lieut. H. S. Johnson.....Appleton's
The Ten Thousand Virtues. Franklin Clarkin.....Appleton's
Through the Telescope. Jas. Hoppe.....Appleton's
In the Nick of Time. Jas. Barnes.....Appleton's
In Blackwater Pot. Chas. G. D. Roberts.....Everybody's
The Lawn Mower. Geo. Hibbard.....Everybody's
The Hickory Limb. Parker H. Pillsbury.....Everybody's
Cupid and Sweet Car Cards. Everhard J. Appleton.....Everybody's
A Marriage of Convenience. I. Ostroff.....Chambers' Journal
A Romance at Liscand. Jane Barlow.....Cornhill
An Ely of the Road. Josephine D. Benson.....McClure's
Mr. Weeks. W. Roseboro and W. C. Morrow.....McClure's
Klemer's Horse. Ellis R. Cutler.....McClure's
Slaterville's Apostate. E. S. Johnson.....McClure's
An Alias from Burke's. Brecken-Rowland.....Popular

The Dead One. A. M. Chisholm.....	Popular
On Board the Nephthys. Anne O'Hagan.....	Smith's
Father's Role of Love. Grace D. Goodwin.....	Smith's
The Tiger's Tail. Eden Phillpotts.....	Smith's
For Sale: Shares in E. Bodge. Holman F. Day.....	Smith's
The Strategy of Stringer. George Barton.....	Smith's
Katie Callahan's Car Fare. Joe. Colquhoun.....	People's
Dream Land. Leo Crease.....	People's
The Mate of the "Cora Boker." W. P. White.....	People's
The Turning of Teak Mulberry. Forrest Gossage.....	People's
Their Rich Uncle. Israel J. Zevin.....	People's
The Turning Point. Jack London.....	Windsor
The Doctor's Parrot. Eden Phillpotts.....	Windsor
The Lock of the Gnome. Fred. M. White.....	Windsor
A Parental Birthday. Ethel Turner.....	Windsor
In Snow and Candlelight. Kate Jordan.....	Windsor
The Black Man. Oliver Onions.....	London
Master Dersby Lester. Percy J. Reimer.....	London
The Dog of our Cook. Joe. Barnard.....	Royal
The Winner. Ruby M. Ayres.....	Royal
The Gentleman Banglar. Eleanor H. Brainerd.....	Royal
An Enterprising Man. Alfred B. Langhugh.....	Royal
Johnny's Account of It. St. John Bradner.....	Idler
The Bubble Reputation. Jos. Haslett.....	Idler
Charles and I. T. D. Bayley.....	Idler
The Amazing Equipment. M. C. Lindsay.....	Idler
The Measure of the Rule. Robert Barr.....	Idler
An Aggressive Fox Terrier and a Porcupine. Irene Hallie. Red & Green.....	Idler
A Conspiracy and Its Pretext. Eleanor Trease.....	English Illustrated
The Mystery of Minford Grange. J. L. Hambrook.....	English Illustrated
A Psychic Possibility. W. B. Northrup.....	English Illustrated
The Red-Headed Star. Edgar Jepson.....	Pearson's
That Contemptible Miss Alister. Kathleen A. Millard.....	Pearson's
Proving the Rule. Ruby M. Ayres.....	Pearson's
The Barge and the Battleship. Rupert M. Heath.....	Pearson's
The Navin. S. L. Bernsman.....	Pearson's
The Beginning and the End. Geo. S. Searcy.....	Pearson's
Wild Oats. W. Graham.....	Pearson's
Hester's History. Lady Gilbert.....	Irish Monthly
The Football. Mrs. T. Hinkson.....	Irish Monthly
The Shade of Dorell. Chas. T. Waters.....	Irish Monthly
The Hair of the Broken-O. Alfred H. Lewis.....	Irish Monthly
The White Sepulchre. W. L. Comfort.....	Lippincott's
Miss Carmichael and the Junior. Adèle M. Shaw.....	Lippincott's
The Fat Falcon. Alfred D. Ringgold.....	Lippincott's
The Swan Song. George L. Knapp.....	Lippincott's
The Whale Hunting. Edith Rickert.....	Lippincott's
Her College Visit. Robert Sterling Hoar.....	Lippincott's
A Most Story from Utah—Told about Quebec.....	Lippincott's
A. D. Burdette.....	Recreation
Salt of the Earth. Robt. W. Hartwell.....	Overland Monthly
Broken Jim. Herbert Goodier.....	Overland Monthly
An Light of the Circle L. Stella F. Wynne.....	Overland Monthly

Social Stories.

Swing's Lady. Harry Leon Wilson.....	Ainslee's
Rose Molested. Alice Brown.....	Atlantic Monthly
The Romance of a Floating Dock. A. Marshall.....	Chambers's Journal
Satan Sanderson. Hallie R. Rives.....	Home Magazine
The Menorah Life. Percival Gibson.....	McClure's
The Devil's Palpit. Mariott Watson.....	Popular

FOR THE WORKERS

Hints and Helps Toward Happiness.....	Irish Monthly
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HEALTH.

The New Treatment of Cancer. C. W. Salsbery, M.D.....	Contemporary Review
Opium—A New Hope for Health. Dr. Edward A. Ayres.....	World's Work

HISTORY.

The Mexican War. Dr. McElroy.....	Metropolitan
Capture of Paris by the Germans. Sarah Bernhardt.....	Appleton's
Of Certain Bygones in France. H. H. Yoxall, M.P.....	Cornhill
The Lost Land of King Arthur. J. Cuning Walters.....	English Illustr.
St. Paul's Philosophy of History. Sir W. M. Ramsay.....	Can. Review

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

Manure in Front-Proof Buildings. Wm. McCollum.....	Garden Mag.
Making a Frost-Proof Storage Cellar. A. T. Haven.....	Garden Mag.
Trees and Shrubs for Fall Planting. L. Benson.....	Garden Mag.
How to Get the Highest Price for Eggs. E. Granger.....	Garden Mag.
The Easiest Way to Have Flowers All Winter. Henry Maxwell.....	Garden Mag.
What Makes Hickory Galls? E. F. Fell.....	Garden Mag.
Ideals in Grape Breeding.....	Garden Mag.
Making Sweet Butter. Wm. H. Dexter.....	Garden Mag.
Things Every Gardener Should Know.....	Garden Mag.
Markets and Market Methods. F. H. Valentine.....	Garden Mag.
A Brightly Colored Self-Supporting Woodhouse. Jns. Benson.....	Garden Mag.
Shrubs for Landscaping. Tarkington Baker.....	Home Mag.
A Seven Room Gambrel-Roof House. Chas. S. Sedgewick.....	Home Mag.
Home Furniture Making. Eugene Clute.....	Home Mag.
The Popular Low-Cost Bungalow.....	Ladies' Home Journal
The House Dignified. Lilla H. French.....	Putnam's
Three Notable Suburbanities and Their Homes.....	Putnam's
Royal R. Stearns.....	Suburban Life
My Suburban Farm. Chas. F. Pidgeon.....	Suburban Life
Original Ideas of Other Home Makers. R. G. Joelyn.....	Suburban Life
Make the Garden Gate a Thing of Beauty.....	Suburban Life
Geo. R. Stuyvesant.....	Suburban Life
Fall Planting Table of Bulbs and Roots.....	Suburban Life
The Vegetable Cellar. N. S. Storewell.....	Suburban Life
A Hunting-Tree Sapper. T. C. Cummings.....	Suburban Life
Concessions of the Modern Stable. Alfred Stoddart.....	Suburban Life
Modern Houses. T. Raffles Davies.....	Idler

HUMOROUS.

A Flyer in Matrimony. W. MacLeod-Bainie.....	Popular
Made with Charms. B. M. Bower.....	Popular
The Stuffed Cat. Edward J. Appleton.....	Popular
A Legitimate Transaction. Joseph C. Lincoln.....	American
Some Celebrities' Pigs. A. W. Myers.....	London
Letters of a Wellesley Girl. H. B. Adams.....	New England
Farming As I See It. Kate Sanborn.....	New England
John Bull As Seen in Germany. Lenora Van der Veer.....	Pearson's

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

Reclaiming an Empire. F. H. Newell.....	Pacific Monthly
The Home-Seeker in the West. Fred. Lookley.....	Pacific Monthly
What Irrigation in California Offers Immigrants. E. Edwards.....	Pacific Monthly

Effect of 8th. American Immigration on the 9th. American Trade.

R. FROSTMAN.....World To-Day
The Englishman in Canada.....Spectator (Sept. 7)

INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATION.

Cognate and Common Sense.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
Hazing in Wall Street. W. G. Nicholas.....Appleton's
Why is Interest High? Geo. Hes.....Am. Rev. of Revs.
Investing Money by Small Installments.....World's Work
General Factors in Choice of Investments. Geo. O. Henry.....System
Insurance and Total Abstinence.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 7)

LABOR PROBLEMS.

Organized Labor. Jas. C. O'Brien.....Putnam's

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

Mr. John Burns.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
Joseph Joachim.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
A Daughter of the Revolution. Leroy Scott.....Everybody's
Walt Whitman. Horace Traubel.....Appleton's
Henry James and His Double. W. A. Gill.....Atlantic Monthly
Tommaso Salvini: A Great Tragedian. J. R. Torrey.....Putnam's
Governor Hughes. Frank R. Hammons.....Putnam's
The Scottish Professor in Life and Literature.....Chambers' Journal
Sir Spencer Walpole. Horace C. Hutchinson.....Cornhill
Reminiscences. Ellen Terry.....McClure's
The Confession and Autobiography of Harry Orchard.....McClure's
Henry's Fight in Oregon. Lincoln Steffens.....American
John Johnson, of Minnesota. Wm. Herd.....American
Colonel Wm. Hall Walker, M.P. Alfred E. T. Watson.....Bend Sinister
Paderewski at Home. W. G. Fitzgerald and R. C. Trafford.....

Richard Mansfield. Lyman B. Grover.....Windsor Mag.
Heroes Who Are Not Soldiers. C. B. Clancy.....World To-Day
The New Head of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.....World To-Day
Jean August Ingres. Count S. C. de Sossues.....Contemporary Rev.
Miss Helen Miller Gould. By a former Private Secretary.....Cosmos
Louise Michel. M. M.....Irish Monthly
The Life of Sir James Graham. Sir Francis Channing.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Autobiography of Harman. May Moss.....Lippincott's
Tad: His Work in the Philippines. Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.....World's Work
Edwin Markham. Henry Meade Ward.....Overland Monthly

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our Other Race Problem. Day A. Willey.....Metropolitan
The Chapter on Love. Eugene Wood.....Anslee's
The Morris Dancers: A Picturesque Survival. Max Beerbaum.....Harper's
Mr. Roosevelt's Speech.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
The Port of London and the Thames Barge.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
The Wherry and the Wherryman.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
Real Color and Pure Vinegar. P. H. Valentine.....Garden Mag.
Where Did You Get it Gentlemen? Chas. E. Russell.....Everybody's
Hardships of the New England Herring Fleet. P. E. McGrath.....
.....Chambers's Journal
The Great Colorado Diamond Swindle.....Chambers's Journal
The American Negro To-day. Broker T. Washington.....Putnam's
The First Rule for a Husband and Wife. Wm. J. Bryan.....

.....Ladies' Home Journal
The Yakima Project. C. J. Blaneard.....Pacific Monthly
The Way of the Land Transgressor. Lute Pease.....Pacific Monthly
Experiments with Criminals. Hugo Munsterberg.....McClure's
The British Museum Reading Room. Sir E. Maunde Thompson.....
K. C. B.....Cornhill

A Fortnight of Failure. Cygnus.....Cornhill
London: An Impression. Bart Kennedy.....London
True Jewels. Rhode Knight.....London
Rhode Island: The State on the Up-Grade. Frank Putnam.....N. England
The Hillman. Herbert Vanderhoof.....World To-Day
Achievements in American Handicraft. Frederick W. Colburn.....World To-Day

In the Outposts of Germany's Advance. Chas. E. Russell.....World To-Day
Friends of Living Crocodiles and Jao. Enskin.....

K. MacDonald Goring.....Fortnightly Rev.
East and West in Connell. Mary C. Fraser.....Fortnightly Rev.
Sidelights on Latter-day Montenegro. Edith Sellers.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Irish Prisoner. Katherine Tynan.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Angola Slave Trade. H. W. Newman.....Fortnightly Rev.
Going in With a Survey Party. R. C. P.....Red and Gun
How to Carry Firearms. Jno. A. Hope.....Red and Gun
How to Build a Club House on a Duck Preserve. Jno. A. Hope.....

.....Red and Gun
Decay of Family Life and Increase of Child Crime.....Education
Influence of Ice-melting Upon Oceanic Circulation.....

Dr. O. Petterson.....Geographical Journal
Has Arkansas a Disputed "Field"? Robt. S. Lanier.....Am. Rev. of Revs.
How Long Will Our Coal Supply Last? Jno. L. Cochrane.....

.....Am. Rev. of Revs.
The Crusade Against Millboards. C. B. Woodruff.....Am. Rev. of Revs.
Our Town Life: What is it Worth? French Brother.....World's Work
The Dawn of a New Era in the Philippines. Percival E. Frazier.....

.....World's Work
Modern Fiction and Modern Life. Edward S. Holloway.....Lippincott's
The Promenade Concerts. Arthur Symonds.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 7)
Thunder and Lightning.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 7)
Old Age Precedes Old Men.....Spectator (Sept. 7)
The White Man's Nightmare.....Spectator (Sept. 7)
Snow, Mead and Flowers. L. Rayner.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)
A Freak. Max Peckham.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)
Papaout of the Sea. A. B. Deane.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)

MUNICIPAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

The Philadelphia Gas Works Under Private Operation.....
Thos. L. Hicken.....World To-Day
City Government by Fever Men. Chas. W. Ellis.....World's Work
The Humanitarian Rule in Paris. Chas. E. Russell.....World's Work
Des Moines Plan. Sidney J. Dillon.....Overland Monthly

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

Animal Paints.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
Barberry Gardens.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
Hunting the Aeneas Elephant in Fayum Desert.....

Prof. F. Osborn.....Century
The Muskrate are Building. Dallas L. Sharp.....Atlantic Monthly
About the Raining of Water. Ford. Miller Purvis.....Home Mag.
The Wolf. Ernest Thompson Seton.....American
Swan Upping on the Thames. F. G. Callcott.....Windsor
Marvels of Insect Mimicry.....London
Ornamental Water Fowl. Chas. S. Brooks.....Suburban Life
Do Animals Reason?.....Suburban Life
Fall Harvest of Wild Fowls. Maude G. Peterson.....Suburban Life
Spiders as Pets. Henry Hill.....Royal
The Bears of Bem. Leonora Van der Meer.....Royal
Wild-Flower Hunting in the Canadian Rockies.....Pearson's
Julia W. Bendish.....
Rainbow Trout and Their Habitat. P. E. Burke.....Red and Gun

Nova Scotian Woodcock. E. F. L. Jenner.....Rod and Gun
Developing a National Type of Horse. A. Chapman.....Am. Rev. of News
A New Game Fish: The Pickle Tuna. Chas. F. Holder.....Recreation
Who and What the Airedale Terrier Is. "North Country".....Recreation
Great Bastards. Willoughby Vermer.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 7)
Gross Leaves and Dry.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)
Griffin Vultures.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL.

To-day and Yesterday in the South. A. J. Dimock.....Metropolitan
The House of Lords and the Land Bills.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
The Political Drifting of the Papacy.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
The Portuguese Paradox.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
The Outlook for Tariff Reform. Samuel W. McCall M.C.....Century
The Meetings of Kings.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
Pennsylvania's Graft-Cankered Capitol. Owen Wister.....Everybody's
Christian Socialism. W. H. Mallock.....Putnam's
The Witch of the Atlas. Calhoun.....Fortnightly Review
The Trades Disputes Act and Freedom of Contract.....

Alfred Fellows.....Fortnightly Review
The Balkan Problems. Chedo Mijatovich.....Fortnightly Review
The Development of an International Parliament.....

Prof. H. S. Jevons.....Contemporary Review
The Conditions of a Japanese-American War. Cruiser.....

The West Indies in Commerce. L. R. Frothingham.....Am. Rev. of Revs.
The Prohibition War in the South. Jan. Corvign.....Am. Rev. of Revs.
The Hindu Theory of Government. A. M. J. Jackson.....English Review
The Ebb and Flow of Commerce. G. Wm. Barnum.....System
England's House of Lords. H. N. Dickinson.....World's Work
Trade Unionism and Socialism.....Saturday Review (Sept. 7)
The Re-Settlement of the East.....Saturday Review (Sept. 7)
The Crisis in Portugal.....Saturday Review (Sept. 7)
America and the Philippines.....Spectator (Sept. 7)
Free Trade and Socialism.....Spectator (Sept. 7)
Anglo-Russian Agreement.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)
Indian Reform.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)
The Unionist Party and the Tariff Groups.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)
The Conference Nuisance.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)

RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.

The Railroads, the Government, and the Public. Henry A. Ballock.....Smith's
The Railroads and the Small Town. Blount Thompson.....World To-day
Louis Brennan's Gyro-Mono-Rail. Robert Barr.....Idler

RELIGION.

The political Drifting of the Papacy.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
New Virtues for Old.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
St. Luke.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
Christian Science. Georgine Milne.....McClure's
Testimonies and the Plain Man.....Spectator (Sept. 7)
Christian Socialism. W. H. Mallock.....Putnam's

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

What Science is Doing for the Farm. Prof. Henry Snyder.....Harper's
Modern Science in the Industrial World. Henry S. Williams, LL.D.Everybody's
Louis Brennan's Gyro-Mono-Rail. Robert Barr.....Idler
The Marvelous Feats of Lifting-Magnets. M. Tindal.....Pearson's
Flying Machines and Air-Ships of the Present.....
W. Koenigsberg.....Compendium
The Rise of the American Motor Boat. Edward Greene.....Recreation

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The Modern Craze for Athletics. P. Kinloch.....Chambers's Jests
The Winning of the International Balloon Race. C. Moffett.....McClure's
Swimming and Diving for Ladies. Mrs. E. M. Myers.....Badminton
The Motor Car of To-day. Major G. G. Maitson.....Badminton
A Talk About Beaters. By a Gamekeeper.....Badminton
Cricket Now—and Then. Sir Home Gordon.....Badminton
A Day's Fishing at Almerston. Capt. S. E. Bradford.....Badminton
The Art of Modern Venery. Mary Clifton-Hodkin.....Badminton
Kite Flying as a Fine Art. Lilian E. Zeh.....World To-day
Rugby Football on the Pacific Coast. Karl A. Bickel.....World To-day
Cricket of 1907. E. H. D. Sewell.....Fortnightly Rev.
One Day's Salmon Fishing in Newfoundland. N. M. Browne. Rod and Gun
Our Deck Shooting Expedition. Sagwa.....Rod and Gun
My Lucky First Shot at the Ducks. J. B. Temple.....Rod and Gun
The Alberta Game Laws.....Rod and Gun
Fishing in Northern Quebec. W. H. Allison.....Rod and Gun
Why Should Dogs be Prohibited in Deer Hunting?.....
E. R. LaFleche.....Rod and Gun
Changes and Prospects of the "New Football".....

Walter Camp.....Recreation
The Ideal Sport of Prairie Chicken Shooting. A. D. Burbanck.....Recreation

Bait-Casting the Newest Art in Angling. Edward Care.....Recreation
Observations of an Amateur Aeronaut. Alan Hawley.....Recreation
Golfing Out and Coming Home.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)

THE STAGE.

The Business Side of Vandewater. Hartley Davis.....Everybody's
My Interpretation of "Othello." Thomas Salvis.....Putnam's
Does the Actor See His Audience? E. H. Sothern.....Ladies' Home Jnl.
Plays of the Day. Vivian M. Mason.....People's
The Baby Mimes.....Royal
The Moody-Manners' Open Season. George Cæll.....Idler
The London Stage. Oscar Parker.....English Illustrated
"Artists" at His Majesty's Theatre.....Spectator (Sept. 7)

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

In the Emerald Code. Capt. Frank E. Fowkes.....Metropolitan
In the Land of Mammoth. Louise C. Hale.....Harper's
A River of Papaya Land. Chas. E. Russell.....Harper's
Highest Mountain Climbs Ever Made by a Woman.....
Mrs. Fanny B. Workman.....Appleton's
A Tour of the West.....Canada
A Trip to Chioschini.....Canada
International Exhibition at Dublin. Maudie L. Bedford.....Everybody's
Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Henry van Dyke.....Ladies' Home Jnl.
Naval Bases of the Empire. C. de Thierry.....Wanderer
By Airship to the North Pole. Walter Wellman.....Travel
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A Little Journey in Greece.....Travel
The Land of the Garden of Allah. Alice Lounsberry.....Travel
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Amongst the Madly Climes of India. Dr. W. H. Fishell.....Cornhill
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Through Cloudland by Rail. H. G. Archer.....London
Acclimation. B. M. Hook.....London

Bogdad, Home of Simeon. Edgar Jas. Banks.....New England
 Journeys in North Mesopotamia. Mark Sykes.....Geographical Jral
 The Depression of Turfan in Central Asia. Ellsworth
 Huntington.....Geographical Jral
 Sunny Boulogne. Arthur Plante.....English Illustrated
 A Corner of Scott's Country. A. Clarke Little.....English Illustrated
 Strange Fields and Pastures New. B. Dale.....Rod and Gun
 In the Heart of the Rockies. Chas. D. Ellis.....Rod and Gun
 The Grotto of Han. An Impressionist.....Joker
 Ranch-Life in British Columbia. E. Conyngham-Craven.....Empire Rev.
 Life in Rhodesia. Gertrude Page.....Empire Rev.
 From Tokio to Koko. Chas. Lorrimer.....Overland Monthly
 A Nigerian Day.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 7)

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

Highest Mountain Climbed Ever Made by a Woman.....
 Mrs. Fanny B. Workman.....Appleton's
 The New Woman of Japan. K. K. Kawakami.....Putnam's
 The Evils of Girls' Secret Societies. Grace L. Jones, Ladies' Home Jral
 What I Found Out as a Business Girl. Laura A. Smith.....
Ladies' Home Jral
 The Woman Who Marries a Minister. Elizabeth W. Scott.....
Ladies' Home Jral
 The Most Feminine of all Problems. Mary M. West, Ladies' Home Jral
 As Stout Women Should and Should Not Dress.....Ladies' Home Jral
 Rascaldom Combined with Strenuosity. Lillian B. Wilson.....
Ladies' Home Jral
 Girls Who Have Overcome Lechery. A. Preston, Ladies' Home Jral
 The Housewife and Her Helper. Frances A. Keller, Ladies' Home Jral
 Some Real Home Economists. Martha Van Ness, Ladies' Home Jral
Ladies' Home Jral
 The Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes. Katherine V. Holden.....
Ladies' Home Jral
 Strengthening Home Ties. Mrs. A. Polhemus.....Home Mag.
 The Church Wedding. Marion Harland.....Home Mag.
 Captivating Coiffures. Mary Thorpe.....Home Mag.
 Where Women Never Speak. W. G. Fitzgerald.....Smith's
 The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. Grace M. Gould, Smith's
 Revisiting an Old New England House. Ellen S. Thompson

Electing Women to Parliament. Ida H. Harper.....New England
 Women's Rights in Reels. Jan. Davidson.....Westminster Rev.
 Votes for Women. Edith Colkun, B.A.....Empire Rev.
 Women of New Zealand. Edith S. Grossman.....Empire Rev.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

THOREAU'S WORKS. Biggs Edition (Five volumes). New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Per set, \$1.50. Admirers of the eccentric, yet lovable, naturalist, Henry D. Thoreau, will appreciate this dainty edition of his more famous writings. The set includes "Cape Cod," "Excursions," "Maine Woods," "Walden" and "Week on the Concord." Each volume contains a frontispiece and introduction, while in the "Excursions" appears a biographical sketch by Emerson. The set is neatly boxed and labeled.

Business.

BUSINESS AND EDUCATION. By Frank A. Vanderlip. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50. A collection of noteworthy speeches of Mr. Vanderlip, dealing with financial, industrial and educational questions of the day.

CANADA'S CENTURY. By R. J. Barrett. London, England: Financiers and Bullionist Publishing Company. This book contains valuable information for those who wish to know what Canada is doing along the lines of industrial development.

THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS. By Andrew Carnegie. \$3. A valuable volume which may be read with profit by all, but particularly by young men. To those who have their way to make, it will be an inspiring guide.

SUCCESS IN LIFE. By Emil Reich.

New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.50 net. A book crammed full of vitally interesting suggestions as to how to succeed in life. Anybody, whether a clerk or the president of a corporation, who applies the direct and potent advice given must profit by it.

Fiction.

DIANA. By L. G. Moberly. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25. A work of fiction, pure and simple. There are no weighty social problems, no historical groundwork. And yet Diana is in herself a character study and a delight throughout. There is love, adventure, sensation and a curious and involved plot which keeps the attention at a high pitch of expectancy. The book is written for entertainment and to leave a pleasant impression.

EMPIRE BUILDERS. By Francis Lynde. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50. The financial control and operations of railroads are the themes which Mr. Lynde so successfully works into his novels. In this, his latest effort, he has drawn a splendid picture of the young superintendent of a branch line in the middle west, who sees the great future before him, and, if only he can convert it into a business plan, and proceeds to transform his vision into reality. The story tells of his fight against men and corporations, who place all manner of

obstacles in his path, and his final success through the agency of the young woman he loves.

GAFF LINKUM. By Archie P. McKelue. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25. The scene is laid in a small town on the shores of Lake Erie. Gaff, a little wad, and Dorothy, a small blind girl, divide the interest of the tale, which is chiefly concerned with the doings of a band of gipsies. A tragedy, a rescue and restitution form the groundwork of the plot.

THE SHUMLITE. By Alice and Claude Ashew. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25. One of the powerful novels of the day. The beautiful Boer woman, its heroine, to whom the name of King Solomon's enchantment is applied, becomes the central figure of a romance and ultimate tragedy, worked out by relentless fate, on a South African farm. In its entirety it is a novel that grips and holds the interest.

Travel

OUR LITTLE ALASKAN COUSIN. By Mary F. Nixon Roslet. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 60 cents net. A tale of a small Alaskan boy, and his daily life. How he hunts and fishes, and the manner of life of the Alaskan Indians are described pleasantly in simple language.

OUR LITTLE ARABIAN COUSIN. By Blanche McManis. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 40 cents net. Tells of the daily life of some Arabian children, both in the camp of the Bedouins of the desert and the Arabs of the walled city of Medina.

OUR LITTLE HINDU COUSIN. By Blanche McManis. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 60 cents net. Designed to show something of the habits and customs of the people of India, through the medium of a little story of the daily doings of a small Hindu boy.

POEMS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. With an introduction by Albert H. Smyth. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Astor edition; 60 cents. Bayard Taylor is probably better known as the author of numerous books on travel, but he was a poet of no mean attainment as well. His poems, here collected

in a serviceable and cheap form, contain many gems, which will well repay the reader who spends his time in scanning them.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE STARS. By Frances Campbell. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. Cloth, \$1.25. This book is chiefly valuable because it gives much information gleaned at firsthand, about a country and its people now very much to the front and about whom but little is known. The author has made Morocco a study, and the setting for a very pretty story. The same delicacy of treatment and tender pathos that characterize "Dearlove," are reproduced in the description of the two young girls who are the central figures of the book.

Miscellaneous

PURE GOLD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents. A summary of the vital forces in nineteenth century literature—the authors who seemed destined to live.

EVERY MAN A KING. By O. S. Maude. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. A book showing the value of optimism in every walk of life. This work even surpasses the high standard of Mr. Maude's many publications and should be in the hands of every young man.

COMRADESHIP IN SORROW. By James Stark, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferner. Cloth, 2s 6d. The author of this book has written with sympathetic tenderness and intuitive insight of the common experiences, hopes and aspirations of humanity.

TANGIBLE TESTS. By Albert G. Mackubin. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferner. Cloth, 2s 6d. In this admirable book the author has interpreted the spirit of the times and its effect upon the attitude of the young man of to-day towards religion. To meet and combat that attitude the arguments advanced are tangible and of the nature of facts, founded upon experience. The writer abundantly establishes his claim that Christ is still a vital force in the lives of men.



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Humor in the Magazines

At the close of a wedding-breakfast a gentleman noted for his bluntness rose to his feet, causing keen anxiety to all who knew him. "Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, gravely, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom! May he see many days like this!"

♦♦

A schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "concocted." "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal of Latin, for instance—or I said that I was a handsome man, what should you say I was?"

"A liar, sir," was the too ready response.

♦♦

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "what would you be?"

♦♦

The barber was feeling cheerful that afternoon, and as he lathered his customer's face he chatted pleasantly.

"No, sir," he said. "I used to give credit, but I never do now. In fact, nobody ever asks for it."

"Why is that?" queried the lathered one, with languid interest.

"Well, you see, sir," the barber explained, trying the edge of the razor on his thumb-nail, "I once had a set of customers who used to ask me to chalk it up, and they kept me waiting so long that I got tired of keeping books, and adopted a new system. Whenever I shaved one of these stand-bys, I put a little tick in his name with my razor, and kept tally that way. It was wonderful how soon they came back to the old plan of paying for each shave at once."

There was a tremor in the customer's voice as he asked, from beneath the lather:

"Does one object to being paid in advance?"

Mrs. TURNOUT, of Sleepy Hollow, had rather a dull and backward son, who had been apprenticed to a grocer in a neighboring town, and she was eager to know how my boy was progressing in his new sphere of life. Accordingly she wrote a letter to his master.

"Dear sir," her missive ran,—"My boy, whom you have as apprentice, not having much education to write letters, and you kindly inform me how he is getting on at the grocery, and tell me—oh, please tell me—where he sleeps at night."

The grocer was an obliging man, and wrote back at once:

"Dear madam," he replied,—"In answer to your letter about your son, I write to let you know that he sleeps in the shop during the day. I regret however, that I do not know where he sleeps at night."

The youth in question was not told of this correspondence, and he was pleased



THE QUICKEST WAY.
Old Gentleman: "Shave, which is the quickest way to the doctor?"
Shaven Boy: "See!"—Judge.

ably surprised when his mother arrived on a visit of investigation.

♦♦

The wise old doctor was impressing on his patient the essentiality of moderation:

"My lad," he advised, "no matter

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what you eat, always chew each mouthful thirty times."

But Jimmie shook his head with significance.

"That wouldn't do at our house, doctor," he said.

"And why not, my boy?" queried the medico.

"Because," explained the youth, "I'd always be hungry. The rest of the children would clear the table before I got through with that ore mouthful!"

And, in view of this convincing argument, the doctor thought fit to reduce the prescribed number of bites.

Just before the boat capsize, Rees Rea had been boasting of his "practical common-sense."

"I am nothing if not a man of practical common-sense," he averred.

"When there is a difficulty to be solved, Rees Rea is the man to solve it."

Then, when the boat sank, Rees's fellow-emotionist, John Jones, found that the plank to which both clung was unequal to the support of their united weight. At this critical juncture he remembered his companion's boast.

"Prove yewer practical common-sense now, Rees!" he pleaded, with true Welsh eloquence. "En are a single man, with nobody dependent on en. I am married, an' got six children. If en drowns, nobody do suffer; but if I do drown, then there is my wife an' six little children to starve; an' yewer practical common-sense do tell en that it is better en to drown than me. Prove yewer practical common-sense, Rees, an' let go the plank—or I will push en off it!"

The large room was in almost complete silence, save for the scratching of pens and the soft footfall of a watchful stamper, for an examination was in progress.

Suddenly the eye of the prowling sleuthhound caught a student who was studying his watch with more than usual interest, and that student was at once accosted.

"Oh, Smith," said the watcher, "I will have a look at your timepiece, if you please."

Smith seemed worried, but he handed over the watch.

The other opened it, and saw pasted across the dial a tiny slip of paper bearing the laconic legend, "Fooled."

Of course, Smith was allowed to resume his work, but the examiner kept his eye on him, and soon he thought fit to have another look at the watch.

But this time he did not go for the face. He opened the back instead. And there, sure enough, he found a small folded paper.

Examining it eagerly, he read: "Fooled again!"

Then Mr. Smith was allowed to work in peace.

Two minutes after the train had left the station, the occupants of a certain compartment were startled by one of the number suddenly slapping himself on the thigh and giving vent to an exclamation of horror.

"What's the matter?" inquired his vis-a-vis anxiously.

"Matters," he cried. "Matter! Why, I think I'm the most absent-minded idiot that ever walked the earth! My wife," he explained, "came with me to the station to see me off, and while I



A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

Mrs. "Well, you, how is Casey getting along with that typewriter?"

"Pat!" The dear old lady has a shining cheek.

Mrs. "It's a fighting chance to her, with a bit of a show for the best!"—Judge.

was talking to her at the door of the carriage the porter came up to me to tell me that he had put my baggage in the van all right. Just at that moment the grand New his whistle, and I suppose I got flustered, for hang me if I didn't give twopenny to my wife and a

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JOSEPH BUZAGLO

Family Courier, Gibraltar

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kms to the poster! It's only just struck me!"

• • •

A very lazy man was asked by his wife to dig the potatoes in the garden. He consented, and after digging for a few minutes went into the house remarking that he had found a coin.

He washed the dirt off, and it proved to be half-a-crown. He put it in his pocket, and went back to work.

Presently he returned to the house, and said he had found another coin. This he also washed. It was a two-shilling piece this time. He put it into his pocket.

"I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife, "I think I'll take a short nap."

When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. It then dawned upon her that she had been "had."

• • •

A gentleman, by way of a joke, placed a golf ball in the nest of his ancient parrot Polly sat with exemplary patience on her novel egg, and appeared pretty nearly heart-broken when the wee-wee went by and she found herself unrewarded. At last she could stand it no longer. A terrible screeching brought her owner downstairs at four o'clock in the morning.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he asked, as he noticed that the bird's nest was clapped through trying to get at the interior.

"Matter!" screamed Polly. "Great Scott, I'm hunkered!"

• • •

While traveling recently, Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, pulling meditatively at his cigar. "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of \$5 or public chastisement."

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and as he seemed to

think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the \$5."

"At that period of my existence \$5 was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so—" here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first \$5."

• • •

Bridget Malone had lately been spending too much time away from her home, and her husband, Mike, was displeased.

"Bridget, where do ye spend yer time? Ye've been out w'ry avenge' for two weeks," he asked her one night on her return.

"Sure, Mike, I'm gettin' an education up at the new teacher's," she answered.

"An' what are ye learnin'?" said her indignant husband.

"Way, to-night we learned about the laws of compensation."

"Compensation? What's that?"

"Way, I can't explain, but for instance, if the cause of smoot is poor, the same of laurie is all the shanter, and if ye are blind, ye can hear all the better."

"Ah, yes," said Mike, thoughtfully. "I see; it's like this. For instance, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."

• • •

An old lady was visiting some relatives, one of whose sons had recently entered the ministry. She had not seen him since his boyhood, and was, therefore, anxious to attend service at his church.

At dinner, subsequent to the Sunday service, she heard delivered by her nephew, it was observed that she was singularly reticent. Suddenly she broke her long silence by asking her nephew:

"Frank, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Why, aunt?" exclaimed the young man. "What a question! I entered the ministry because I was called."

Just a suspicion of a smile came to the old lady's face, as she responded:

"Are you sure, Frank, that it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

• • •

Mrs. Young watched her husband carefully fold a piece of paper and put it in



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a corner of his collar drawer, and the fact that he seemed ill at ease aroused her curiosity.

"What's that, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, trying hard not to smile.

Still she wondered what it was, and reasoned with herself that as he had said it was nothing of importance she would look at it, and she did at the first opportunity. This is what she found scribbled on the paper:

"I'll let you a new hat your easiness will not permit you to leave this alone."

Now she is facing a problem. How can she claim that new hat without betraying herself?

"Oh, can see red rowen bloomin'!" sang the street vocalist inharmoniously, and he was about to launch the second strain when a carpenter's apprentice beckoned him to his side.

"I'll give you tuppence," he declared generously. "If you'll stay in this shed and sing till I come back, I'm dyin' for a drink o' milk." And the songster assented.

Soon the apprentice reappeared, wiping his mouth, and paid over the two pence, as he had promised. "I s'pose," said the vocalist knowingly, "that my voice is about the same as yours, an' you thought your boss wouldn't know the difference—eh?"

The other looked at him indignantly, and then replied:

"Your voice the same as mine! I should hope not. If you want to know, it's the same as my cow's, and I wanted the gu'nor to think I was workin' hard on these planks!"

He had expected a tender embrace from his sweetheart, but her greeting of him was cold. He could not understand it.

"Darling," he exclaimed in agony, "what is the matter?"

But she remained silent, her lips tightly closed, and motioned him from her. He fell upon his knees.

"My love," he cried, "tell me what I have done to offend you? I swear I have done nothing wrong. I confess I kissed the Simpson girl last night at the

party, but on my oath I—I thought she was you."

Her lips closed even tighter, but she uttered not a syllable, and, in despair at her unfeeling demeanor, he fled from the place, he knew not whither.

Would you know, oh reader, the reason of the conduct by which a woman blighted two young lives? 'Twas simply this: She had left her false teeth in the bathroom. ***

The brawny Irishman craned over the big glass case in the chemist's shop and eventually managed to locate the diminutive proprietor.

"Wud ye please give me somethin' to kill moths?" he asked, and was promptly supplied with a packet of camphor balls.

"Good-day, sir!" said the business-like chemist, briskly. "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

He saw him again quite soon, but, as it happens, it was with no particular pleasure.

"Arre you th' monkey-faced little devil that sould me these balls?" shouted the Hibernian, rushing in later on in the day. In his nervousness, the man of pills said he was. "Well, then," howled the Irishman, "jest you come home wid me, an' if ye can lift a single moth wid me iv these little, haphazard pellets I'll spare ye th' thrashin' ye'll git otherwise, an' say nothin' about th' looking-glass an' ornaments meself an' the missis broke!"

A brawny farmer presented himself at a country grammar school, dragging an overgrown boy reluctantly through the door.

"What's yer figure here? This boy's arter an' education," he demanded.

The master replied that the curriculum embraced reading, arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry—

"That will do," interrupted the farmer. "Lead him up heavy with trigonometry—he's the only poor shot in the family."

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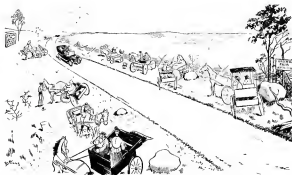
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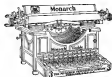
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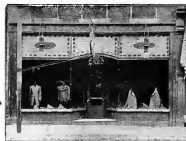
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